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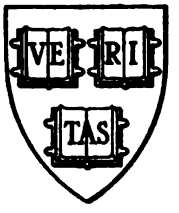

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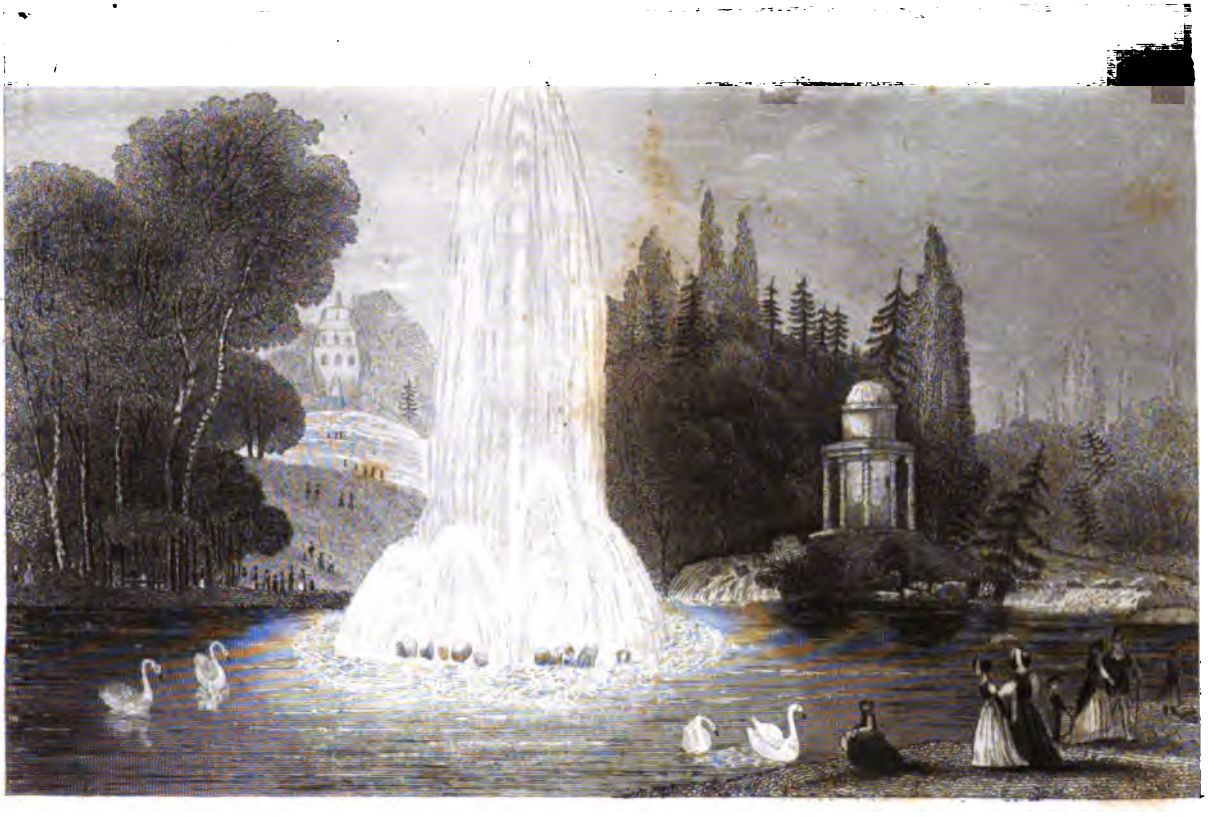

La Fontaine de Nischnei-Nowgorod.

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[illegible] LADY'S [illegible]

[illegible]

EDITORS:

MRS. H. B. PRATT, | REV. C. STONE,
WM. C. BROWN, | REV. H. CLARK.

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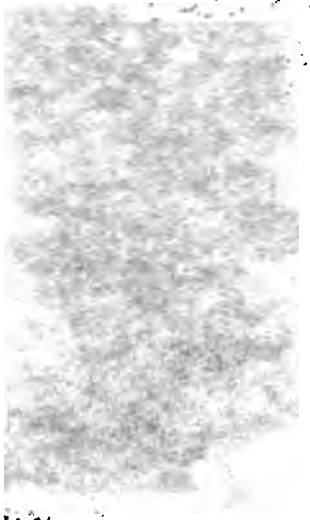

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT,

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY MANUAL.

EDITORS:

MRS. H. B. PRATT, | REV. C. STONE,
WM. C. BROWN, | REV. H. G. PARK.

"Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her." — POLLOK.

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Dec. 12, 1925
Emily M. Hussey

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POWER OF HOME INFLUENCE.

BY REV. E. B. HOOKER.

1. It is great in the *family circle itself.* Character is forming there. Each member of the family exerts a measure of influence upon every other member. But of vast power is the influence of those who preside over the household. They operate with increasing energy for good or for evil, according to personal character, upon all beneath them.

2. The Home acts with great power upon the *common school.* Here is a deeply interesting form of social life. Our common school brings the whole mass of our youthful population into most important relations to each other. Not far from two hundred thousand of them are enjoying that privilege in this State alone. Now all these children and youth come each from a place called Home. And they bring with them the character they have acquired, and are acquiring in those homes. Other things being equal, the common school will be what those homes are. The stream flows directly from the one into the other. A home, characterised by ignorance, ill-manners, insubordination, slovenliness and uncleanliness, will make such traits upon the youthful inmates, and send the children into the common school with those traits upon them. The spirit of the family will be carried into the school. And such children will act with great power to its injury. But the cheerful and happy goers-forth from a home where Christian principles predominate in parents; where God is honored, and his truth is brought to bear on the young conscience and heart; where sinful passions are promptly met by a strong repressing hand; where a wholesome discipline follows quickly and firmly, yet kindly, upon the footsteps of the wanderer; where knowledge is loved and praised, and the love of it is sought to be inspired in the youthful mind, I say, the goers-forth from such a home, go as blessings into the common school. They are the comfort of the teacher. He cannot fail to see where they come from, nor can he fail to

honor the social circle, that so strongly sustains his hand and cheers his heart. How much does the cause of education owe to the right kind of home influence!

3. But Home acts powerfully upon the *Sabbath School.* This institution has become a most important feature in the history of the world, and is operating with vast power upon all its most precious interests. But every individual Sabbath School, how much its character and influence depends upon the kind of home from which the pupil comes! If there preside over that home parents who are deeply interested in the religious instruction of their children, intelligent and godly themselves, and honoring and praising Sabbath School influences, inspiring the same respect in the bosoms of their children, feeling the responsibility of seeing that they shall never enter the Sabbath School without a well-prepared lesson, — if such be the spirit and conduct in such a home, how it shall cause the face of the faithful and anxious teacher to shine! How he loves to welcome pupils from such a home! And how sure are such scholars to sustain the honor and prosperity of the school.

But, how unhappy the influence of the home where it is a contrast in character to all this! The home, where there is little family discipline or subordination; where the parents take little or no interest in the question, whether children attend or not; where parents take no pains to know where the child's lesson is, or whether learned or not; where the tide of influence at home is that of opposition to religion, or even that of indifference, then the Sabbath School cannot but be a deep sufferer. The children from such a family are likely to pain the teacher by no lesson, or by a seriously imperfect one; will come to spend their time in merriment and sport with their fellows; will come to show how sadly the influence of the fireside may enter the house of God, and defeat the best means of having the souls of the children good.

4. Home influence powerfully affects also the *Christian Church.* There is a youth over whom home influence has been seriously defective. He was accustomed to none of the

restraints of religion. Family prayer was not among the sounds that early fell on his ear. Passions were not rebuked by sanctified parental instruction and authority. There was no faithful, kind, resolute parental discipline. The child grew up ignorant, self-willed, vain, selfish and ungovernable. Suppose the grace of God does reach such a soul. Yet how much strength of long-indulged passion is there here, and how much of strong, sinful habit, and how much of deplorable ignorance, all of which must have more or less influence upon his religious character! There may be a changed heart; but how likely is such a disciple to be an unlovely one. How likely to disgrace his profession by sallies of passion, by an ungoverned tongue, by meanness, by selfishness, by rude treatment of fellow-disciples. That home has followed this convert into the church, and how great a sufferer has not the church been in consequence of such homes!

On the other hand, what have not sanctified homes done for Zion! How pure and precious the streams which have flowed from such fountains! What have not such homes done to produce enlightened, decided, consistent, enduring piety! All the influences of such a home have been contributing to throw around the disciple a most powerful and salutary guardianship, and to cause him to be an honor and a joy to the kingdom of God.

Since such are the influences of Home, how imperative the obligation to make it what it ought to be! Its own power upon itself, how great, and its power over the common school and Sabbath School, and the church of God, how great! And, operating through such channels, how vast its influence upon the whole community and the whole world! Around the fireside circulate the influences, which, shooting forth in all directions, hurt and destroy, or beautify and bless our race. How comprehensive the prayer, that in Christ all the *families* of the earth may be blessed! And on how vast a scale for human well-being we operate, when we seek to make the home of the young an abode of holiness!

LINES FOR MOTHERS.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

Mother, watch ever — let thine earnest eye
Scan thine own heart, its secret motives try;
Weigh every thought, and word, and action well,
For slightest act, or word, or thought may tell
For weal, or woe, on those whom God has given
To thee to live for, and to train for Heaven.
Mother, watch ever — let thy whole life be
Without reproach, of spotless purity.

Mother, trust ever — let thy faith be strong;
Yield not to doubts, although thou waitest long
For thy reward for all thine anxious love,
For bitter tears shed for thy wandering dove, —
For sleepless nights, for days of grief and pain,
For earnest prayers, breathed as it seems in vain.
Mother, trust ever — thy reward will come,
Thy dove at last shall fold its wing at home!

Mother, hope ever — let thy heart ne'er fail,
Although thine eye grow dim, thy cheek turn pale,
With tireless vigils and with ceaseless care,
Bear nobly on, and yield not to despair.
Sow the good seed, and after years may tell,
That not in vain on the heart's soil it fell.
Mother, hope ever — toil with brave heart on,
The looked-for goal shall sure at last be won!

Mother, love ever — though thy loved ones prove,
All, all unworthy of thy holy love!
Although they wander, bowed with guilt and shame,
And bring dishonor on thy once proud name,
Cling to them still, and let them never know
The want of love in all their guilt and woe.
Mother, love ever — love hath power to win
The dear ones back from error, shame, and sin!

Mother, pray ever — should thy spirit tire —
Thy lamp of Love be ready to expire —
Should thy Faith falter — should thy Hope grow dim,
Turn thou from earth, with steadfast eye to Him
Who knows each wish, each want, each anxious care,
Who listens ever to a Mother's prayer.
Mother, pray ever — "prayer is the golden key
That unlocks Heaven," and brings its aid to thee!

Mother, so live that all thy life may tell
For weal on those whom thou dost love so well;
Mother, so live that each young spirit's tone
May take its cadence safely from thine own.
So watch, so trust, so hope, so love and pray,
That, when from earth thou shalt be called away,
Before God's throne, thy joyous words may be,
"Here Lord am I with those Thou gavest me!"

Jeffrey, N. H.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

EDITORIAL.

THE closing of one year, and the opening of another, teaches an impressive lesson on the worth of time and the speed of its career. Of all things having wings, time alone flies neither in curve lines, in a zigzag course, nor retrograde, but only and ever onward, *onward*, ONWARD, straight as an arrow, and with the speed of thought.

In the dead solitude of midnight, as at busy noon-day, the sands keep falling from the glass, revealing perpetually new and important events. "No year transpires without serious mutations in the family circle." During the past, husbands, wives, children, brothers, and sisters, have been committed "dust to dust, ashes to ashes." It affords consolation, that the richest blossoms of hope and love often spring from the grave. As to our deceased Christian friends, we will look for a better resurrection in an incorruptible state. To all, "that life is long which answers life's great end." "It is only when standing on the verge of the grave, with eternity in endless perspective before us, and time in blank desolation behind us, that we fully realize the dreadfulness of a mis-spent life."

May it not be our lot thus to review a life of indolence and folly. While we are not slothful in business, may we be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

EDITORIAL.

Eddystone Lighthouse in a storm.

THE apostle exhorts to be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom *ye shine as lights in the world;* holding forth the word of life. Phil. ii. 15. Allusion is here made to light-houses in which a bright flame is kept burning during the night, for the benefit of mariners. Our own coast is studded with these lights.

In erecting them, two objects are to be secured; namely, sufficient brilliancy, and the means of easily distinguishing one from another.

In order to give intensity of light sufficient for dark and hazy weather, highly polished silver reflectors are used.

That the lights may be readily distinguished from each other, some are stationary and some revolving; some are single, some double, and some triple. Some cast a white, some a red, and some a purple flame. All are so marked, that the mariner can learn his exact position, and safely navigate the most winding channel, by observing the bearing of these lights.

At ancient Rhodes, a colossal statue of a man held in one hand a flame which enlightened the whole port.

Sometimes, these lights become dim ; or men who live on plunder erect false lights, and thus the mariner is bewildered, vessels are wrecked, and merchandise and precious lives are lost.

Now, says the apostle, ye are designed to be lights in the world, by which others may learn their position, and be guided to the port of peace. Men are sailing on a dangerous, rock-bound coast,

> Where storms arise,
> And breakers frown.

If the light of Christian example goes out, becomes dim, is hid, or if false lights are set up, the peril becomes imminent.

And when spiritual disasters take place, who can calculate the loss ?

> "For sadder sight the eye can know,
> Than proud bark lost or seaman's woe,
> Or battle fire or tempest cloud,
> Or prey bird's shriek, or ocean's shroud, —
> *The shipwreck of the soul.*"

THE DOMESTIC ALTAR.

FAMILY PRAYER, says Cecil, may be made a vast engine of power to the whole circle. It says there is a God, and inspires a reverence for his character. It proclaims a life to come, and points to the spirit land. It fixes the idea of responsibility in the mind, while it diffuses sympathy through the soul. "It furnishes a judicious parent with an opportunity of gently glancing at faults, where direct admonition might be inexpedient." It greatly conduces to the maintainance of family government and order, while its spiritual advantages are invaluable.

PHYSIOLOGY IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS.

BY REV. WILLIAM PAGE.

It is not too much to say, that there are as great responsibilities resting upon mothers, considering the extent of the sphere in which they ordinarily move, as upon any class which can be pointed out. And we rejoice that this responsibility is to some good extent *felt*, not only by them, but by the community generally; and that the light and influence of the press is not only called to the assistance of merchants, mechanics, statesmen, and ministers of the gospel, but *Mothers*.

To *every* mother there are subjects of *local* interest; some of which, from their nature, cannot be generally known, and cannot therefore secure the sympathies and co-operation of others. And there are those of *general* interest, especially to mothers, which are as important to one as to another. One of those subjects to which I here refer, as being of *general* interest to you, is Physiology.

By a knowledge of Physiology, we here simply mean, a knowledge of the human system; not as it sometimes is, but of its original construction and relations. Were it *practicable*, it might be very convenient for mothers to have a thorough knowledge of symptoms, of the nature of diseases, and of efficient remedies. But, however desirable, that is a subject which we do not now propose to discuss. We do not suppose that every mother will, or *can* secure a perfect knowledge of the human system; or that it is practicable, generally, to make an effort to attain such an end. Such an effort could not ordinarily be made without a long neglect of important duties. It is true, that mothers generally are not to become public lecturers or teachers of Physiology, or conductors of physiological journals; and that we are not to expect that each in her retirement will be able to define all terms, and explain and illustrate all relations. Yet perhaps it is not too much to say, that the facilities of the present day

are such, that every mother, who is so disposed, may secure such a knowledge of the human system, as may greatly increase both her usefulness and the happiness of her family. Let us now look at *some* of the reasons which show that a knowledge of the human system is important to mothers, — not as individuals, or as members of families, or of communities, — but as *mothers*. This is desirable, *First*, Because the human system is exceedingly *complicated*. In it there is a union of a great number and a great variety of parts. It is so with that of the little child, whose expanding mind fills the bosom of its parents with those emotions which can be much better felt than described. Look at its little wrist and hand, which seem as lovely and spotless as those of an angel, as though they could never be raised in rebellion against God, or in rejecting and persecuting His Son. Look at that little hand and wrist as illustrating the whole system. In that wrist, which is softer than the finest velvet, there are eight bones. And in that tiny hand there are nearly twenty, surrounded with muscles, under that beautiful covering, which run in different directions. There are also arteries and veins. And there are also nerves, so numerous, that that little hand cannot be touched with the finest needle without producing a painful sensation throughout the whole system. Thus, by this very superficial examination of the hand, it is obvious, that the human system must be very complicated, especially those parts which are the most intimately connected with the existence of life. There is no piece of mechanism so complicated. What is all the variety connected with a cotton-mill compared with this? Yet what manufacturing corporation would select a country farmer, who knew as little about machinery as about Greek or Hebrew, to superintend successfully their establishment? Then is it not important that *mothers* possess a knowledge of the human system, — this most wonderful piece of mechanism, — in order that they may be successful in the discharge of *their* duties? This is desirable, *Secondly*, Because each part sustains a relation to each of the other parts in the system, however numerous, and also

a relation to the whole. Each was so designed, and so fitted by the Great ARTIFICER. There is no independent part. Each is a part of the whole, and sustains a relation to the whole; and consequently if one suffers, all must suffer. If by placing the foot upon the earth, no result is to follow but simply an impression of the foot, then we may feel but little concern. But if there is such an established *relation*, that that step is to move the *world*, and cause a vibration throughout the *universe*, then how desirable that we understand, at least, so much of existing relations as shall enable us to use those means which shall result in the greatest good! Then what shall we say respecting the subject under consideration? When the mother can scarcely press the cheek of her beloved child to her lips without leaving an impress throughout the whole system, which may be as lasting as life, shall we say that a knowledge of Physiology is of no practical importance to her? No. It seems to stand next to an experimental knowledge of regeneration, — a principle of love to God and love to man implanted in the heart by the Holy Ghost.

A *third* reason is, that children whom God has placed under the special charge of the mother, are in a *forming state*. We do not reject the doctrine of an overruling Providence, — we *love* it, and *rejoice* in it.

Yet, in a very important sense, *mothers make the constitutions of their children*. The twig is put into the hand of the mother; and as she bends it, so it inclines. The child has not the frame, nerve and muscle of a man; but a most delicate structure, somewhat like the tender plant, which receives an impression from the slightest touch. This God designed; and He *also* designed, that *no* one, ordinarily, should have so much to do in forming the physical constitution of the child, as the mother. She has been selected from all others as *the* one who is to make the *earliest*, the *deepest*, and the *most enduring* impressions upon those she so tenderly loves, impressions which shall have their influence over mind, until those structures, now in so interesting a state, shall fail under the withering hand of death; yes, impressions which will have

more or less to do in the formation of character, until the trump of God shall sound and proclaim, that Time shall be no more.

A *fourth* reason is, the physical system of the child is very easily deranged. This is sometimes done by mothers, through the kindest intentions, by their erring in judgment, by their mismanagement in permitting their little children to partake, and not unfrequently, of large quantities of certain kinds of food, which, if suitable for any, can be only for those of firm health and of mature years. Such gratifications are sometimes granted by the kind mother in order to pacify the child, when, at that moment, there is a struggle between nature and disease, which shall have the ascendency. And if no such contest exists, such a course is in itself enough to derange the whole machinery of life. It has often done it; and it has often carried the *sweet, blooming, promising child to the grave*, when the fond mother has wept, under what she regarded a mysterious Providence, and would not be comforted, "because her child was not;" when, had she had a knowledge of Physiology, and managed her child accordingly, her child that now lies mouldering in the grave might be one of her circle, — alive, in blooming health, a little prattler by her side. We are thus plain, *not* to probe anew the wounded heart and make it bleed afresh, *not* to bring to remembrance the dear departed, but to save the *living*.

Did the limits of our sheet permit, there are other reasons why every mother should, if possible, secure a knowledge of the human system. We could show that God has established certain laws in the human system, which must be *understood* and *regarded*, in order to hope for life and health. But, *Mothers*, we have not room; we must leave this subject with you. We rejoice to leave it with you, who feel so much for the dear children, whom God has given you. May God not only help you to understand your duties as mothers, but give you grace to do it.

Hudson, N. H.

THE WELL OF BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. A. W. M'CLURE.

In countries blest, like our own, with an abundant supply of pure water, the value of it is comparatively unfelt and unknown. But in the unwatered regions of the East, the highest estimate is put upon it. How intense was the desire of David, when he "longed, and said, O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" At the time of uttering this exclamation, it was the harvest-season, which is usually the hottest part of the year, when the sensation of thirst is most intolerable. David was then quartered, as it should seem, with his valiant band, in some strong-hold of the wilderness of Engedi; and Bethlehem was occupied by a Philistine garrison. His fit of desire for the water of that well was intense, and breathed in a fervent wish; but without a thought, that any rash attempt would be made for his gratification. He was astonished and troubled, when three of his brave followers made a dash at the well; and, at the peril of their lives, brought him the draught he coveted. The promptness with which they went upon this desperate and chivalrous adventure is a striking proof of their devotion to their leader. They well understood how intense was his longing; and breaking, with a sudden surprisal, through the Philistine guards, they stormed the city-gate, and hastily drew from the well the desired water, and brought it to their generous prince. It was a trifle,—but such trifles are not to be despised.

> "'Tis a little thing
> To give a cup of water; yet its draught
> Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
> May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame,
> More exquisite than when nectarean juice
> Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

Let it not be thought strange that our Saviour should have said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little

ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

If the cup which his panting warriors held to the parched lips of David was a trifle, it was a costly one. It would seem, that they did not return unwounded from their daring exploit. For refusing to drink of it, as being too precious for his use, he poured out the water as a libation to the Lord. And he said, "Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this. Is not this the *blood* of the men that went in jeopardy of their lives! Therefore, he would not drink it."

It is natural to ask, Why David should long so ardently to drink from this particular well? It is easy to account for his desire. Bethlehem was his native city. It was there, that he spent the pleasant season of his childhood and youth. How often, when heated by his sports, glowing with excitement, and faint with thirst, he had dashed to that well, and slaked his thirst with delicious refreshment. Can we wonder, he should retain a grateful remembrance of this natural luxury? Who has not felt the same? Who has not sighed, amid the toils of manhood, for the "old moss-covered bucket,"

"All dripping with coolness, as it rose from the well,"

to whose brim he so often pressed his lip in early days? Nothing can be more natural than the longing and the exclamation of David; — and nothing can better illustrate the Abiding Power of Early Impressions.

We shall not need to prove the greatness of this power to readers, every one of whom is a witness to the fact. How often have we smiled or wept within ourselves, as the remembrance of one thing has led on to the remembrance of a train of connected incidents, which, in the lapse of years, had well nigh faded from the memory.

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise,
Each stamps his image as the other flies."

The memory is like a paper written over with what is called "sympathetic ink," which is invisible till you hold it to the fire; and then, while the heat is on, the writing rises to view, and becomes distinct and legible. Thus, multitudes of matters are penned upon the tablets of the mind, which yet do not appear, till the force of congenial circumstances, by the warmth of sympathy, restores the long-lost record. Or we may liken the memory to those ancient manuscripts which are known to scholars by the name of *palimpsests*, or re-written manuscripts. In the middle ages, before the invention of printing machines, there was a great demand for popish prayer-books and fabling monastic legends. In the scarcity and costliness of writing materials, the monkish scribes were in the habit of taking old parchments which had been once used; and, erasing the writing from them, they scribbled thereon their superstitious liturgies and legends. Modern science has taken these twice-used parchments in hand; and, by the use of chemical agents, has restored the original characters. Thus have been recovered some of the lost treasures of ancient literature. Now the memory is very much like these old palimpsests, — "only more so." The earlier inscriptions upon its pages have been rubbed out by the hand of time, which has traced many successive records in their place. But, by-and-by, something occurs to bring back those earlier inscriptions with living truth and distinctness. So the extreme thirst which David felt during that time of harvest-heat, carried back his thoughts over all that had befallen him in camps and courts, in cities and wildernesses, to the happy days when he, a ruddy shepherd-boy, returning from his labors or his sports, rushed to that famous well of his native village, and quenched his thirst with an unequalled delight.

> "Full often, at noon, when returned from the field,
> He found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
> The purest and sweetest that nature can yield."

How fit to express his desires are the words of our admirable American song, just quoted!

"And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will obtrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well."

This simple incident in the experience of him who was afterwards Israel's royal harper, may serve to remind us how ineffaceable are early impressions. They are like the letters carved upon the tender sapling, which, when matured to a tree, still shows upon its rugged bark the lines which have grown with all its growth. At last, there comes an old grey-haired man to look at them; and, pensively smiling, he tells his merry grand-children, "Ha! I cut those words myself, with a knife, many a long year ago, when I was just such a sportful boy as you are now."

It is a solemn reflection, that thought is imperishable. Aye; all things whatsoever we have done, every idle word that we have spoken, every vain and sinful thought which has polluted the mind in passing over it, all, all have left an indelible imprint. Though now we see them not, they wait but for the touch of recollection to bring them back to our full consciousness. The soul will be a book of judgment to itself, opened to its own inspection in the dreadful day of God, when it shall read itself like a scroll of destiny, written within and without with the characters of life and death. Let us never think, that early impressions can pass so clean away, as to leave no vestige behind.

"Whate'er the vase may first contain,
That odor longest must remain." *

The old man experiences what his youth prepared him to experience. The stream which stretches and widens along the lengthened valley is tinged throughout by the properties of its far-off mountain-springs.

Let the Christian mother accustom her children to drink at the well of Bethlehem. That hallowed spot was not only

* Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu. HORACE.

the native city of David, but of David's Son and Lord. For it was written in the prophet, — "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." It came to pass as the prophet foretold. The well-spring of salvation was opened there; and thence the water of life has flowed for man. Happy is he who draws therefrom for his soul's supply. "Whosoever," says our Lord, "drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." As the water so bravely brought to David was the blood of those mighty men, who won it for him by their swords at the peril of their lives, so is the water of life the price of the blood of the Son of God. The three worthies gained the water from Bethlehem's well, by overcoming the enemies of Israel; and Christ hath made the water of salvation ours, by conquering the enemies of his spiritual Israel.

Then let the "mother in Israel" train her children to repair often and habitually to this well-spring of life. We may hope that they will never forsake its "still waters." But should they yield to the impulses of a sinful heart, and to the allurements of a deceiving world, so far as to forsake "the Fountain of living waters," and waste their time and strength in hewing out to themselves broken cisterns, let us still hope for them and pray for them. It may be, that sobered by misfortune, or depressed by affliction, they will be convicted of their guilt and folly. Faint with exhausting thirst, and nigh unto death, they may remember a mother's teachings, and cry out with earnest longing, "O, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of life, hard by the gate of heaven!" With the wish may come the blessing; and they may at last lift the healing cup of salvation to their parched and fevered lips, and so drink that their souls may live forever.

FILIA FORMOSA.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

On lady's bosom never yet one floweret found repose,
Whose boasted beauty might compare with Sharon's sacred Rose;
The lily breathes its fragrance sweet, the pink its perfume there,
Yet wafts no incense up to God, like that of humble prayer.

The light of beauty's smile may send its sunshine through the soul,
And mirth and music fascinate, and pleasure crown the whole;
But there's a light which streams from Heaven, enrapturing the heart
With purer, deeper, holier joy than earth can e'er impart.

The brow, as alabaster fair, may gleam 'mid raven curls,
And witching beauty be the boast of vain and thoughtless girls;
But nought to me is beauty's brow, or form adorned with grace,
If Jesus' image on the heart I strive in vain to trace.

Give me the modest maiden blush which shuns the passer-by;
Give me the brow, where love, enthroned, lends lustre to the eye;
Give me the lip which never curls at Jesus' name in scorn;
Give me the meek and lowly heart, of God's own Spirit born.

Since all the bloom which pleasure gives must in the grave be hid,
And beauty's light so soon is quenched beneath the coffin-lid,
Can it be wise at Fashion's shrine to bend in worship long,
Forgetting that the soul should learn to sing a deathless song?

O ye, who in your maiden prime with pride the mirror seek,
Put on that beauteous ornament, a spirit calm and meek;
Then, though the giddy multitude may spurn the chaste attire,
One FAIRER THAN THE SONS OF MEN your beauty shall desire.

Hingham, Mass.

THE DAUGHTER'S LOVE TO HER FATHER.

Of all the knots that nature ties
The sacred secret sympathies,—
That as with viewless chains of gold
The heart a happy prisoner hold,
None is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
Stronger stern trials to endure,
None is more purged of earthly leaven,
More like the love of highest heaven,
Than that which binds in bond how blest
A daughter to a father's breast. DE RANCE.

SARA MAY, OR HOW TO BE SOMEBODY.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

"Now she has come home to *stay!*" shouted the little ones, clapping their hands, as the mail-coach stopped before the door, and Mr. May handed out his eldest; they ran out to meet her as she ran up the steps, while her father was directing about the luggage. Kiss followed kiss, as the little ones again shouted, "Now she has come home to *stay;* Sara has! oh!"

The sitting-room was jubilant, the fire sparkled, the children skipped, the canaries sang, puss ran under the sofa, while Mrs. May busied herself in having the tea-things brought up. The newly-arrived was a bright, intelligent-looking girl of seventeen or thereabouts, — possibly eighteen; not handsome, certainly, as heroines are handsome, but handsome with youth, health, and intelligence. Sara May had just graduated from one of the popular boarding-schools, and graduated with honors too; the medal for mathematics had been awarded to her. Dr. Johns could not trip her up in Virgil, and her composition had been asked for by the village editor. Sara's father was proud of her; so was her mother; although she was not Sara's own mother, but a second mother, who nevertheless loved her tenderly, and whom Sara loved, or ought to love; in fact, they were not very well acquainted with each other. After her mother's death, Sara had lived with an aunt; and for the last four or five years she had been kept at a boarding-school, and had only been at home on vacation visits, when she had been regarded more as company than a regular member of the family circle. Then the vacations themselves were broken-up seasons; there was the excitement of her arrival, the coming to and fro of the girls to see her, her paying visits to them, a flitting perhaps to her mother's relatives, — her trunks were to be overhauled, old dresses repaired, and the selecting, buying and making new ones, — so that the vacation visits did not give her time or op-

portunity to take her place as a child and sister in the family circle. She was the visitor for whom much was to be done in reference to her wishes and movements; then she was always looking forward to going away, going *back;* thus home was not the sphere of her activities, of her proper personal interests; it was rather a convenient stopping-place, to get recruited and furnished for duties elsewhere. At school she had been a great favorite; the teachers admired her correct scholarship, and the girls, after fairly yielding to her the palm, were content to sit beneath her influence, not haughtily or imperiously exercised. On the contrary, she was generally willing to lend a helping hand to lagging or faint-hearted learners, who came sidling up to her desk, with woful and disheartened looks, "O, Sara May, you know *so much!* Do explain this, or that." This perpetual acknowledgment of her superiority, we may well suppose, was not wholly disagreeable to her. Altogether, she had been a young lady of considerable importance at school. Then the compositions she had helped write, — prose and poetry! One would have thought Sara a Prime Minister, by the documents that sometimes lay on her desk. But school-days had had their ending. Sara's class had graduated, and Sara had graduated at the head of her class. Her father had brought her home to stay; that seemed the delightful part to the little circle of brothers and sisters, who welcomed her with almost uproarious joy. The first week was a happy one indeed. The girls flocked to see her. Some of her father's friends, Judge Fenton, and Rev. Mr. Brown, made calls, particularly upon *her;* and not only for his sake, but also for hers. Her father had a pretty book-case placed in her chamber, and brought some of the books from his library to hers. Altogether, everything looked promising, — a delighted father, a kind and judicious mother, brothers and sisters, a large acquaintance, her own chamber and her own library, — what could be pleasanter? So Sara thought until the third week, when she began to miss the *expectation* of a change, — the bustle and excitement, the preparation and arranging for going back. The *settling*

down to be a daughter and a sister in quiet, every-day life, became distasteful to her. She was not exactly unhappy, but restless and dissatisfied; she sighed, hardly knowing for what. She consulted her father about a suitable course of reading. Her father got her books; but she found reading *by herself*, and acquiring knowledge for *itself*, was not so agreeable a thing. She had not to be examined in it, — she had not to write on it, and so Sara did not relish the course as she expected. As to interesting herself in household affairs, it was dull business. Who would think of admiring her stitches on papa's shirt, and what *eclat* was there in baking a sheet of gingerbread? Yes, the first sheet was particularly noted, tasted, eat, commented upon and admired as *hers;* but the third, fourth, fifth, and so on, they were eat, and nobody thought whether she had a hand in them or not.

Sara's want of interest in house matters pained and perplexed her mother. Had she been an own mother, in many things she would have gently corrected; but, wisely or unwisely, she shrank from that which, in a step-mother, could be so readily misrepresented and abused. At last, she became backward about asking Sara's aid, until Sara gradually, as it were, receded from the important empire of home sympathies and duties, — and perhaps it may be justly added, *affections* likewise, — to a little world within herself, where she was all in all. In that world, Sara spent many moments; and moments make hours, hankering after something else, an imaginary something, which she conceived would make her very happy. "I want to be *somebody*," she sighed; "I want to distinguish myself, — I want to be known, — I cannot sit down and become nobody." If Sara was nobody, it was because she had made herself so; for there was enough for her to do just around her. For the twentieth time she opened her portfolios, and began to look over the compositions, scraps of poetry, and extracts which it contained. She read them over and over; especially two, prepared for the examination, which appeared to her particularly fine — "as good as you would generally find *anywhere*," she uttered aloud. How far did

anywhere extend, — to the pulpit, the plea, to Johnson or Addison? Probably it was a large anywhere; for Sara now determined upon what she had long meditated, — becoming an author. "To be known and read! how delightful!" she thought. A poem was concluded upon, through which to make her *debut* into the world of letters. How many hours and days, nay, weeks — how much trying, scribbling, studying, were given to the work! She wrote and re-wrote, copied and re-copied it, until one midnight hour it was completed; and a note was written, commending it to one of the leading monthlies of the day. The next morning, after breakfast, Sara went up for her bonnet and shawl to carry the important document to the post-office. "Sara, my dear," spoke her mother, as she passed through the little side entry. She thrust her head into the sitting-room, with an impatient expression, as much as to say, "Pray, do n't stop me on any account, — I am on business of the utmost importance!"

"Ah, you are going out, then?" said her mother, looking around. "It is no matter," — although Charley was crying with a cut finger in the kitchen, the breakfast things were waiting to be washed up, Ellen was wishing somebody could show her about her parsing lesson, and Mr. May was hunting up a newspaper, which he had not the least skill in doing; his wife, or some of the children had always to join in the pursuit. Sara's business was of course more important than home comforts or helpfulness, — poetry was about to herald her to the world. She deposited it, post-paid, then bent her steps toward the east side of the river, where she walked and thought, and thought and walked, until late in the forenoon, altogether unmindful of the interests of any one in the wide world but herself; and Sara had now something to *expect* for herself. This important beginning having been made, Sara projected a story, in prose; and for a time her literary projects completely absorbed her, to the exclusion of every home tie. The coming of the children to her chamber annoyed her; her mother's messages, to step down and see company, — and her mother's requests now seldom extended

farther, — annoyed her. She grudged even the time bestowed upon an afternoon walk with her father. Time passed on, and Sara grew impatient of the long silence which followed the departure of her poem; it created surprise and wonder; the sixth and seventh week, and no news, no appearing of her poem. At last, after hope long, very long deferred, her father came in and tossed a letter into her lap. Sara trembled and withdrew. On reaching her chamber, it was some moments before she could break the seal. Behold its contents: "The poem put aside among the rejected, — lost, — misplaced," — so the letter ran. "Verse is not my *forte!*" she exclaimed, on recovering from the shock; "it is prose! I *can* succeed in prose!" and, nothing daunted, Sara began to revise her story, adding here and substracting there, until it suited. Her brother, who was on his first term at school, complained in every letter of Sara's neglect of him. "Why do n't Sara write?" "Tell Sara to please keep her promise." "Tell Sara, I counted a good deal upon what her letters would be." Writing to James! did she not regard it as quite an unimportant and small affair in comparison with her story? A brother's claims before her authorship! The story was sent; aye, and it came back too — "good deal of such matter on hand — no market," — ran the letter returning it. Vexed, mortified, disappointed, angry, Sara came home. Passing by the nursery-door, which was half open, "O, I'm so lonely," said Fanny, leaning over the bed and looking wistfully into the entry. The pitiful tones of the child's voice caught her ear, and she stopped. Fanny stretched out her hand. "Do stay," said the child, "mother's gone." Fanny's tone and manner touched her heart. She remembered the time when she had no mother, and all the desolation consequent upon having nobody with her.

"Where is mother, and the rest of the children?" asked Sara, going in.

"Mother has gone to see grand-mother. She's sick, and sent for mother to come down. Ellen has not come home from school; no have n't Dick and Willie. Nancy has gone down to get supper, and so I am all alone."

Fanny had sprained her ancle, and was confined to the nursery. Sara went in, swept up the hearth, placed Fanny's chair, put several things away; all her movements were closely watched, Fanny's large blue eyes following her about. "Will you go now?" asked she, seeing her sister stop, as if no more was to be done. "I wish"—Fanny hesitated, and looked up timidly.

"Wish what, Fanny?" asked Sara; "speak out."

"That you would tell me a story. Such beautiful stories as you used to tell when you came home in the vacation. You don't tell us any now." Her face looked pale with the confinement in doors; her little arms were purple, and her hands thin. Sara laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and sat down on a cricket beside the sick child. Sara thought she did not care much what she did. She did not dream, that she was at that moment doing a nobler and better work than whole weeks before had witnessed.

"Which will you have?" asked Sara, taking Fanny's hand. The child chuckled, shoved to and fro her well foot, and asked for Cowper's puss, who went to sleep in the bureau drawer; then about the silver trouts. It was not long before the rest came dropping in; and as they came, each uttered an expression of delight at finding Sara in the nursery.

"Good!" shouted Dick. "It is better than mince pie to have Sara tell us a story." Now Dick was particularly fond of mince pie, and Sara might well take it as one of the biggest compliments she ever had; it was certainly the heartiest.

That was a beautiful group gathered around the eldest. Willie knelt before her, his hands on her lap. Fanny nestled under an arm. Dick's head was on her shoulder; his face smelt of mince pie, but somehow or other, Sara did not mind it, while Ellen and Charley sat near, all eyes and ears.

"You beat Peter Parley out and out!" cried Willie, when the silver trouts were disposed of.

"O! if you would *oftener* tell us good and beautiful stories," said Fanny.

"Why, I do often," spoke Sara.

"No! no!" the children all exclaimed at once. "Not *now* you do n't; you used to, but it is a *great* while since! You say you forgot your stories, when we ask you, or you push us away and say, 'Not now, not now, children.'"

Thus a mirror was held up before Sara, and she glanced at herself as others saw her.

When the supper bell rang, for once the children were loth to answer to its call. "Rather hear Sara, by half!" cried Dick, grabbing her round the neck, and giving her a hearty kiss with his mince pie mouth.

"Dear sister, you *won't* let so long time be again without telling us one, will you?" pleaded Fanny. Charles and Willie seized her hands, as she and they arose to go. As the young lady looked around upon the delighted group, she forgot her disappointment in the love which shone from their eyes, and it shone into Sara's heart. It had to thaw through a crust of selfishness; but it was very warm, and could do marvellous things.

"Then, for the first time, I began to see where I could be somebody," she afterwards said, "because I then saw where the true sphere of my duty and influence lay, — it *is in doing the duties nearest to us.*"

Ah, yes, Sara was now on the right track. A woman's true empire is at home; and it is a mistake to suppose it narrow or unimportant, especially if there are children in it. Her power is chiefly exercised through her affections, and her sympathies; and, if these are under the guidance of clear judgment and sound sense, her sway is for unspeakable good.

If you are ever prompted by a selfish or ambitious spirit to look out upon the great world, and feel that you are doing nothing, unless you can play a more conspicuous part in it, pluck it out and cast it from thee. By a God-fearing and self-forgetful discharge of the duties conferred upon you as a sister, a daughter, a wife, a mother, you are doing your part better toward influencing and elevating society, more toward maturing and perfecting your own character, than in any other way. No convention, however loud or vociferous

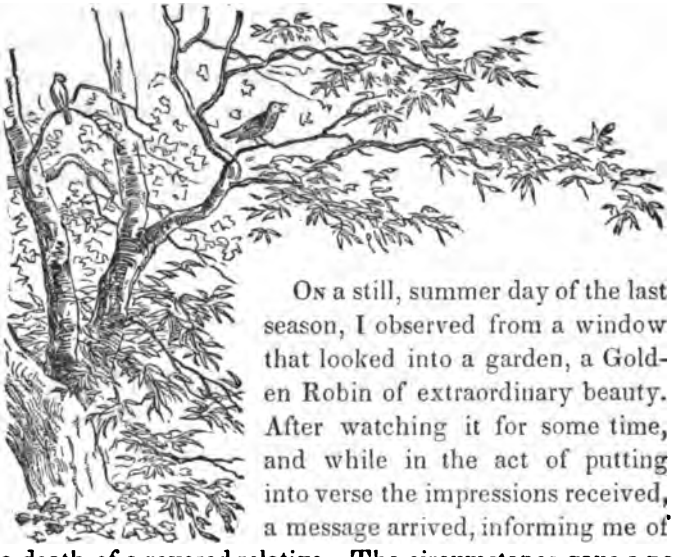
it may be for woman's rights, can confer upon you higher and more responsible offices than God himself has done; no string of resolutions, however unanimous, can supersede or suspend the duties appended to those offices. The Family is a divinely-appointed institution; it was given to us in Paradise, and *its* love. Family love, whether parental, filial, or wedded, whether brotherly or sisterly, is the best and dearest element among human instrumentalities for our own peace and purification, — the best and truest through which to make others better, wiser, happier.

THE POWER OF A MOTHER.

A YOUTH who had been piously educated, had long grieved his parents by his misconduct. Reproof, expostulation, correction, had been repeatedly tried without success; and he had arrived at an age when parents can no longer exercise absolute control. He left home under circumstances truly distressing to his parents; but which seemed to produce no effect upon his mind. Not long afterward, he received a parcel from home. As he examined its various contents, and found one proof after another of a mother's tender, considerate care for the health and comfort of one so undeserving; and found, too, a letter fraught with kindness and affection, and without one word of upbraiding, the rebel's heart melted within him. He fell on his knees and blessed God for giving him such a mother, — wept bitterly over his own ingratitude and disobedience, — implored pardon through the blood of atonement, and sought the strength of Divine grace to enable him to be their comfort whose grief he had long been. The expressions of genuine penitence that accompanied his acknowledgment of that communication, led the parents to give utterance to their feelings of joy and gratitude in the language of the Jews of old: — "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." — *Mothers of the Wise and Good.*

THE GOLDEN ROBIN.

BY M. A. C.



On a still, summer day of the last season, I observed from a window that looked into a garden, a Golden Robin of extraordinary beauty. After watching it for some time, and while in the act of putting into verse the impressions received, a message arrived, informing me of the death of a revered relative. The circumstance gave a new turn to the thought in the latter half of the verses: —

Where the ripening russets hang,
The joyous creature sprang,
Gayly the softly stirring leaves amid,—
Now on a tiny stem,
Hung like a living gem,
And now once more among the branches hid.

Creature of joy and light,
Born of the sunshine bright,
Thou leapest onward through the foliage green;
The apple boughs among,
How gayly hast thou sung,
Then bathed thy breast in the day's golden sheen.

Thy home is in the tree,
O being blithe and free!
The quivering leaflets all around thee play;
Companions of thy life,
They move in playful strife,
And woo the beauteous one with them to stay.

My heart is in me stirred,
At sight of thee, O bird!
With gorgeous tinted wings and breast of gold;
I hail the vision fair,
Sweet dweller of the air,
And solemn thoughts within me fast unfold.

Art thou a spirit bright,
From yonder fields of light,
A messenger from that far world unseen?
From some lone gleaming star,
Didst thou descend afar,
To wake unwonted thoughts my soul within?

A spotless cloud I see,
Above the apple tree;
Was that thy car of glory to the earth?
And is thy joyful song
An echo from the throng
Of spirits won from woes of mortal birth?

Sweet nature's darling child,
Art thou, O robin mild!
Yet thought, — deep, earnest thought thou givest me,—
Dreams of a world unseen,
Where mortal hath not been,
And e'er returned that we its home might see.

There is a Life in God,
Serenely shed abroad,
To cheer the heart that faints at earthly grief;
Gently from Heaven descends
The love that sweetly blends
With the heart's yearnings mid our sojourn brief.

Of old the sacred dove,
A pledge of plenteous love,
A beam of brightness from the sapphire throne,
Gleamed o'er the parting wave,
When He, who came to save,
His Father's will mid wondering crowds would own.

By no unearthly word,
Is yon fair concave stirred;
Yet thou, sweet wanderer, art a pledge of grace;
And He who tuned thy song,
To float the woods among,
Hides not from lowly hearts his smiling face.

Boston.

THE FOUNTAIN AT WILHELMSHOHE.

EDITORIAL.

THE beautiful engraving in our present number presents to the American reader objects of special interest.

Wilhelmshohe, or William's Height, is the name of the palace belonging to the Elector of Hesse Cassel, and is his summer residence. It is situated one league from his capitol. The whole distance between the two places is a vista lined with linden trees. Nature and art have vied in adorning this locality. The most prominent object, as seen in the engraving, is the great fountain, which, rising to the height of two hundred feet, descends like a moving veil of silver light, touching the earth with feathery spray! Back of the lake from which this fountain rises, is an aqueduct built over fourteen arches, through which the water is driven with a fall of a hundred feet. Still farther in the rear, there is a triple cascade nine hundred feet long and forty feet wide, containing basins at intervals of one hundred and fifty feet, from each of which, beautiful sheets of water flow down. In one of these basins rises an artichoke-plant of vast size sculptured in stone. From the leaves of this plant ascend twelve fountains in arches, the central one rising to the height of forty feet. From another basin rise the head and shoulders of the colossal giant Enceladus, with a mouth seven feet wide, capable of throwing up a jet of water fifty-five feet. By a smaller basin is seen the statue of Polyphemus in a sitting posture. This one-eyed monster is made to play, by means of water, seven different tunes on seven pipes. Near this, on one side of a grotto, is a centaur, and on the other, a fawn, both of which blow a blast from copper horns as long as the water plays.

Such are some of the wonders of Wilhelmshohe, the expenses of which were so enormous, that it was deemed expedient to destroy the accounts thereof in order to guard against the reproach of future generations. We may, however, gain

some idea of their cost from the fact, that two thousand men were employed in their erection for the space of fourteen years. This whole subject is invested with special interest by the consideration, that the government of Great Britain paid the Elector fifteen millions of dollars for Hessian troops employed against the Americans during the war of the Revolution; and the money thus obtained was expended mainly in beautifying the capital and summer residence of the monarch.

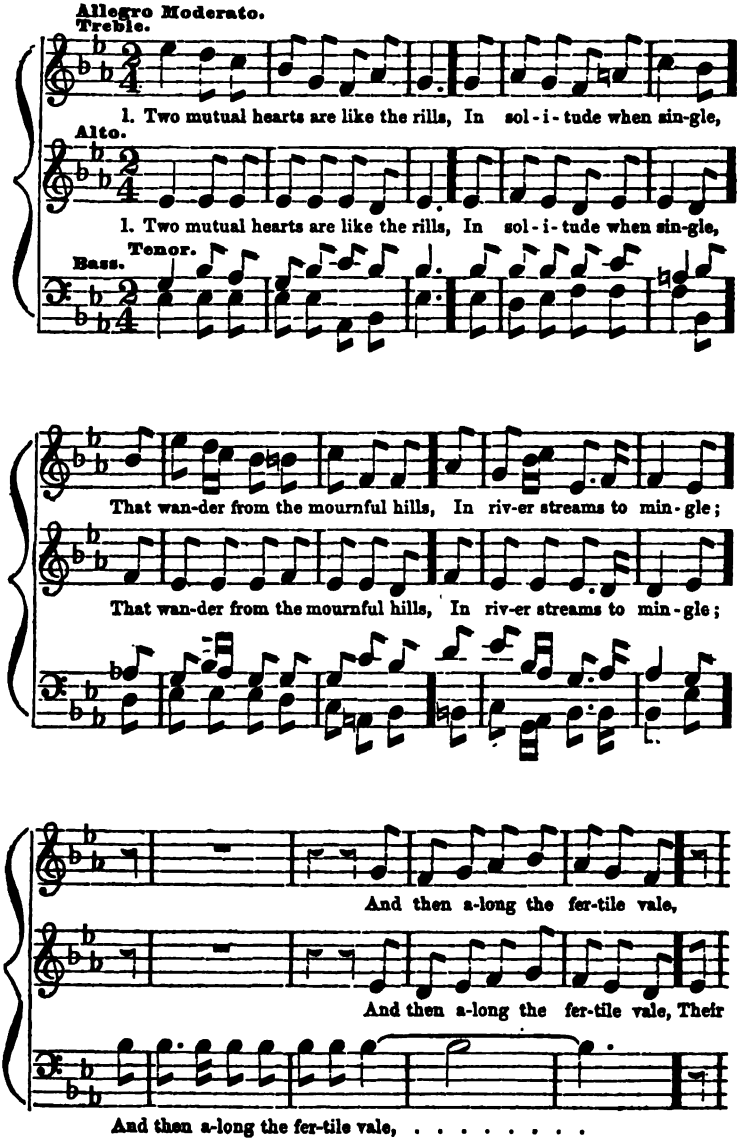
These splendid specimens of art are rapidly going to decay. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" There is no prospect that they will ever be repaired, — certainly not from such resources as were used in their construction, — for the Elector can spare no troops from his own domains, threatened as they are by foreign invasion.

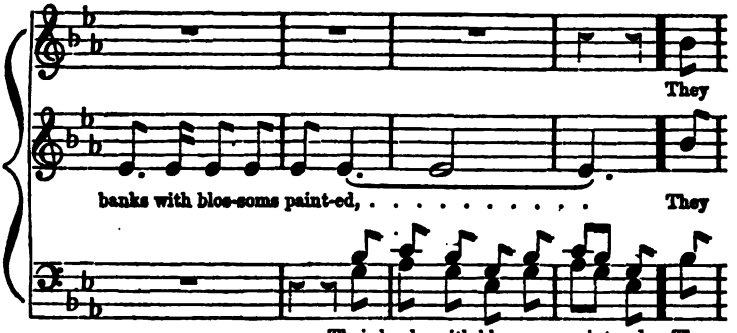
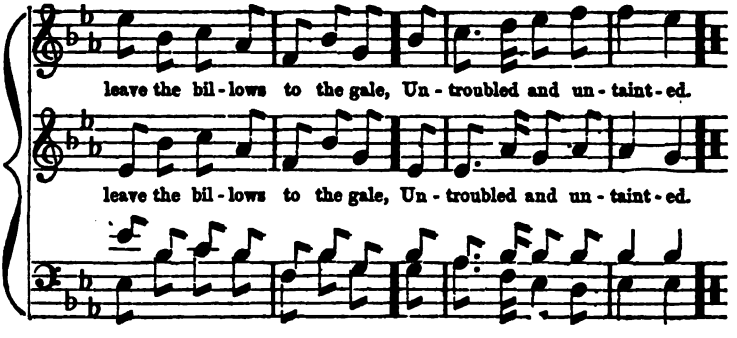
Says an American traveller, who recently visited that country, "It detracted much from the pleasure of viewing the splendid palaces and parks in the vicinity of Cassel, to think that they were the price of blood; and I could not resist telling our German friends, that, were I a citizen of Hesse, I should rather see these monuments of my country's infamy entirely obliterated."

DOING GOOD.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any." Good is done by degrees. However small in proportion the benefit which follows *individual attempts* to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments. — *Crabbe.*

MUTUAL HEARTS.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.
Treble.
1. Two mutual hearts are like the rills, In sol-i-tude when sin-gle,
Alto.
1. Two mutual hearts are like the rills, In sol-i-tude when sin-gle,
Tenor.
Bass.
That wan-der from the mournful hills, In riv-er streams to min-gle;
That wan-der from the mournful hills, In riv-er streams to min-gle;
And then a-long the fer-tile vale,
And then a-long the fer-tile vale, Their
And then a-long the fer-tile vale, ...



2. Two mutual hearts are like the stars
That aid each other's shining,
When gates of day the evening bars,
And roses are declining;
And through the long and lonesome night
That spreads its pall of sadness,
They mingle their etherial light,
To fill the world with gladness.

3. Two mutual hearts are like the flowers,
That twine themselves together,
When morning sends the gentle showers,
Or evening comes to wither;
And when they fall — as fall they must —
They will not, cannot sever;
But sleep togather in the dust,
Then rise, to live forever.

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING SISTERS.

EDITORIAL.

The above engraving represents a piece of statuary by the celebrated Francis Chantrey. He was the son of a widow, and destined for a lawyer, but was so desirous to become a sculptor, that while a mere school-boy, he made models in clay. He first displayed the principles of his free, natural style, in a bust of the celebrated Horne Tooke. The city of London next instructed him to execute a statue of George III. He then produced a statue of a lively girl, the daughter of a duke, standing on tiptoe, and caressing a dove in her bosom, for the Abbey at Woburn, and also a kneeling female, Lady St. Vincent. His busts of Walter Scott, Benjamin West, and Wordsworth, are highly esteemed productions. His reputation as an artist was greatly increased by this group of two sisters in the cathedral of Litchfield, embracing each other in the gentle slumber of death, whose childish forms exhibit tranquil repose in every outline and in every member. The design of the sleeping child in Mount Auburn Cemetery may have been suggested by this. One of the last works of Chantrey is the statue of Washington in the State House at Boston.

THE TWO FAMILIES UPON THE TWO HILLS.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

"The other child, that held the parent hand,
With eye undimmed by shadows or by tears,
(Her gentle name is Love,) doth smiling stand,
With glowing heart, which hath no place for fears;
But peace upon her open brow doth shine,
And joy is pencilled on her aspect bright:
Whoever to her presence may incline,
Will find their sorrows vanish at the sight;
She doth but speak a word, and fills them with delight."

On a green sloping hill, with a flower-garden in front, and an almost interminable field of corn in the rear, sat cozily among the clover a farm-house, long known as belonging to the "Darling family." At the time of which we write, the proprietor of this house and farm was known, in the towns adjoining Orland, by the name of "Mr. Solomon Darling." By his own town's people he was called "Uncle Saul;" Mrs. Darling was called "Aunt Debby;" and the children by their various nicknames, such as Solly, Lizzy, Abby, Willie, &c.; — names, as the reader will perceive, which could not be given either in anger or with malice aforethought, — names which were in unison with the gentle spirit of home and kindred, the easy spirit of patient well-doing and kindly fellowship always pervading the old farm-house, which, in summer time, sat cozily among the clover.

In this part of the town, (as in the place where the armies of Israel and Philistia were drawn up in battle array, army against army,) were two hills, and a valley between them. On the hill opposite the one whereon lived the Darling family was another house, owned and occupied by Mr. Zebulon Flint. In front of this house, also, was a flower-garden, and fields of corn, grass, and grain in the rear. Upon this garden and upon these fields came the gentle dew, the genial sunlight, and the early and the latter rain. Who then could tell why the blessed warmth and hearty good cheer distilling from even the old well-curb at Uncle Saul's, were wanting at Mr. Flint's? Answer me in all sincerity, honest reader. Are

you a keen observer? No, — would you become one? Then go into the country and take a district school, and board around. If at the end of three months your head does not ache with its overgrown perception, your eyes turn blacker, and your face grow sharp and hatchet-like, then give it up. You will never become a keen observer. Such were my humble convictions with regard to myself, when, after a week's sojourn at Mr. Flint's, I was still perplexed with the following queries: "What is the matter here? Are they not very polite to me, attentive to my tastes, and to my comfort in every respect? O, very; and yet I am not comfortable, neither are they. They are continually running against sharp corners in their household arrangements, in their family discipline, and even in their family devotions. Unskilful mariners upon life's sea, spreading all sail to catch the prosperous breeze, yet setting no watch for the hidden rock or the lee shore. Yet I had not discovered the secret principle working out this cold improvidence, this toil without rest, this stinted meting out of hearts' love where there should be a fountain, a rill, yea, a river, like that which makes glad the city of our God.

My next boarding place was at Uncle Saul's; and, once within the broad circle of their lovelight, I felt as did Noah's dove when from the waste of waters she folded her weary wing within the ark. I plied Aunt Debby with my queries relative to the Flints, and in her gentle, extenuating way, she replied, "they are in a hurry, my dear."

"But," said I, "you have as large a farm as they, keep as many cows and sheep, and have as many children. Why are not *you* in a hurry?"

"Because," answered Aunt Debby, smiling, "we can't be in a bustle about our work, without neglecting our duties toward each other. We must do and say the little agreeable things which make home pleasant, or there is not much use in having a home, you know. Our *hearts'* comfort must be looked after. Solomon and I have always thought alike in this respect. When we were first married, he said to me,

'Debby, we shall probably never have great wealth and a splendid house; but one thing we may, and by the blessing of God *will* have, and that is, a comfortable, inviting home; won't we?'

"I said, yes; and thus far I have tried. It is true, that, as our farm grew larger and demanded more labor, and an increasing family demanded a mother's care, I have sometimes found it difficult to possess my soul in patience; but whenever I have felt a spirit of anxious hurry and feverish impatience stealing over me, I have compelled myself to sit down and reason calmly upon my duties, — what they were, and how much a good conscience really required of me. I have always felt at such times, that, to save a few dollars, I must not risk what was beyond price, namely, the souls and bodies of my dear children. My husband was of the same opinion; and, when help was needed in the house or out of doors, it was always procured, and we were never the losers by it."

"But," said I, "allow me to ask you one more question, Aunt Debby. I suppose that it is some time since you have hired help; yet your work is nicely done up, and you never seem to be in a feverish hurly-burly?"

"I have never hired help," said the old lady, "since Lizzy and Abby have been old enough to assist me. I taught them to be handy and quick of motion, so that their work might be easy; and I have always required them to finish up their household work for the day with neatness, but despatch, that they might have time for other pursuits; for there is nothing, my dear, which will make young people so slovenly and drone-like as to keep them for ever delving, without any hope of getting through. Let a mother do this for her daughters, and then find continual fault with their work, and she is sure to injure, if not ruin them, both for this world and for the next."

"Aunt Debby is right," thought I; and then my thoughts reverted painfully to poor Hannah and Alice Flint, dragging themselves about from morning till night, so slatternly, and low-spirited withal, seldom speaking to each other without

using some bitter, fault-finding word. Then I glanced through the open door at Lizzy and Abby, who were gliding over the white, polished floor, doing up the morning's work, rosy, and light of foot; and, inasmuch as every thing was neatly and expertly done, their mother did not chide them for an occasional fit of hopping over the chairs, or for giving each other a sly pinch! But, though Abby and Lizzy were almost young ladies, there were small children at Uncle Saul's. Among these, (but sometimes it appeared to me not *of* them,) was Master Willie, a good-natured, warm-hearted boy, but so full of adventure, fun, and frolic, as to put the better principles of his head and heart in continual jeopardy. I had spent nearly a whole summer in striving to teach this curious "idea" how to shoot; and had learned, that neither Paul nor Apollos can make a consistent tree of an eccentric twig. Willie was not the only adventurer in the district school. Fred Flint, (though in no wise a kindred spirit to Willie,) was another. Fred was the victim of fault-finding. It takes but little time to discover the faults of children, because they are not, as is often with older persons, covered by a veil of seeming good-intent. Still less time is required for scolding and blaming them. Parents can go on with their work, and at the same time call their children little blockheads, hussys, plagues, torments, &c.; but if they would find the precious little germs of better promise, which often seek water and find none, let them not be chary of time; let them not be discouraged, but dig deep, and, as a rich reward for their patient toil, they may find the good which seldom floats upon the surface of childhood's character. The parents of poor little Fred were in too much hurry for this — perhaps they had no faith in this thought; and so, from infancy, one of blighting power had been branded upon his forehead, and upon his heart. It was this: "You were born for a plague." What wonder, then, that the boy should have a burning desire to answer the end of his creation!

Hard by the school-house, in a scowling little hut, lived a most unlovely, unloving old woman, whose name was Mrs.

Roxy Brastow. In front of this old house were two stunted, unfledged apple-trees, so contrary, that they never would blossom "bearing years;" but, when other apple-trees had a jubilee, they would start up and bear a few knotty, crabbed apples, so sour as to disclaim all relationship to Eden's garden apples; but knotty, sour, and crabbed as they were, they were all the fruit which Roxy had; and the rusty-looking old black cat that glared out from the naked branches, was all the thing of life which the desolate old woman called her own.

I am sorry to say, that, being within arm's-length of the school-room windows, these apples, though they were neither "pleasant to the eye, nor to be desired that they might make one wise," still awakened curiosity, or some other Eve-like feeling in the little rebels occupying the "back seat." The apples thus purloined were frequently thrown back to the trees again, which would snappishly let fall more upon the ground. Then Mrs. Brastow would appear at the door, and pour out a flood of indignant eloquence upon the teacher and her tribe of Ishmaelites, threatening that their violent doings should be handed over to a school-committee, and with awful vengeance brought down upon the teacher's own pate. What wonder, then, if, in view of this terrible retribution, the teacher should make a sudden jump from the mildest moral suasion to the most decided of Solomon's *rod* laws. This argument as regarded the apples, was conclusive; but Fred ached for an opportunity to labor in his calling, and Willie panted for another burst of old Roxy's eloquence, so they undertook to pelt her poor cat, and the old lady held forth again from the cottage door. Solomon's law was again magnified; but poor Tab had become so sensitive, that they could drive her distracted by "making faces." This manœuvre, so maddening to the old lady and her pussy, was not apparent to the teacher, save in its effects. These were terrible, and she resolved to call parental authority to her aid.

In mentioning this matter to Mrs. Flint, I intended to be very cautious, for I loved Fred in spite of his mischief, and

thought that I had discovered beneath the hasty tide of passion an undercurrent of generous purpose. If possible, said I to myself, I will see Mrs. Flint alone; but on approaching the door all thoughts of a private *tete-a-tete* vanished. I was reminded of the kitchen under-ground, where, in preparing the nuptial dinner for "Riquet de le Taft," twenty-five men cooks were flourishing rolling-pins, beating syllabubs, and turning custards, while a vast number of servants, scullions, &c., were calling to each other, "Bring me that kettle!" — "Fetch the great boiler!" — "Put some coals on the fire!" When I entered the door, Mrs. Flint was weaving; but scarcely had I obeyed her bidding and taken a chair, when she was in the kitchen chopping meat, hurrying her elder daughters, and scolding the younger children. I walked leisurely toward the kitchen door, intending in a quiet manner to speak of Madam Roxy and her poor cat; but once there, Mrs. Flint was gone, and I heard her voice behind the house, calling for water for her lye-tub. I went to the back window; but she was now in front of the house getting wood. All this time she had kept up a kind of running conversation with me. I had an engagement to take tea at Mr. Darling's, and wanted to be gone; therefore, as she came in, throwing her wood upon the fire and running down cellar to skim some milk, I took my station in the cellar-door, and when she came up, said, "Mrs. Flint, I am sorry to tell you that Fred troubles poor old —"

"Yes, I dare say," she replied, scampering to the fire-place, where her soap was boiling over. At that moment Fred came in whittling, and looking innocent enough: "Here!" said Mrs. Flint; "what have you been doing?" at the same moment seizing a long stick which hung over the mantel by a leather strap, with the other hand she twirled Fred into the middle of the floor. It was in vain I begged her to stop to hear me, at least to tell the child what he had done!

"Tell him what he has done, indeed!" she exclaimed, while the pliant withe whizzed through the air, and poor Fred screamed with pain.

"It would take a lifetime to tell him what he has done. It is provoking to have every body coming here complaining of my boys. O you plague! you torment! Are you sorry, you wicked wretch?"

This was generally the winding up of such scenes, and according to an established custom Fred roared out "Yes!" But what a face, what a tone of voice for a *penitent!*

Mrs. Flint must have read in my excited visage the thoughts that were passing through my mind, which were these: You are a professor of religion, a church member, and yet put yourself into a towering passion with your children. Perhaps a "still, small voice" said the same thing to her, for she tried to smoothe over the matter by some religious reflections, after this manner:

"You are such a naughty boy, Frederick, that I have to almost kill you. Your teacher is plagued to death with you, but she do n't dream of the trouble you are at home. I do n't know what will become of you. The Bible says, that wicked folks shan't live out half their days; you had better behave yourself, or you will die. *Then* what will become of you?" This was truly solemn talk; but it came in the same tone in which Hannah was told not to be for ever ironing, and Alice not to go to sleep over her darning; and then, too, it was difficult to tell whether the exhortation came from the lye-tub back, the wood-pile front, the cellar under, or the garret over the house. Mrs. Flint was in too great a hurry to sit down and reason with her little boy of righteousness, and a judgment to come. Fred now sat in the door, calmly whittling; and in passing out, I said to him, "You compelled me to tell your mother; and how it has grieved me to see that you must be treated like a horse, that has no understanding." The boy looked up with surprise, and inquired, if that was what his mother *licked* him for, saying, "I thought 't was 'cos I took the plug out of the lye-tub to make my linch-pin!"

"How do you do, dear?" said Aunt Debby, as I entered her clean, quiet sitting-room, where she and Lizzy were sew-

ing. "Take off your bonnet," she continued; "how tired you look, and sick too! What is the matter?"

I said nothing of my call at Mr. Flint's; but merely told her that I was worn out with Mrs. Brastow's spicy rhetoric, and begged that she would give Willie a charge relative to the cat.

"That I will," said she. "We have to give Willie line upon line, and precept upon precept; but the Lord will take care of good seed, dear, though the enemy sow tares."

Thus said Aunt Debby, with a hopeful smile, which chased all my cares away. I heard Abby in the kitchen getting supper, and warbling like a bird. Willie came into the room for a piece of cord, which was cheerfully furnished from his mother's work-basket; then he wanted to borrow her scissors, which were kindly loaned. Uncle Saul came in, and with friendly greetings we took our places at the tea-table. Aunt Debby talked cheerily as ever, while Uncle Saul looked affectionately from one to the other, his few words seeming to me more than ever like apples of gold in pictures of silver. After supper, he turned to

"The Family Bible which lay on the stand,"

from which, with impressive seriousness, he read a short chapter. After they had sung an evening hymn, Aunt Debby said, "Before we offer to the Lord our evening sacrifice, I should like to tell a short story." Willie delighted in stories, so he got up from his little chair and stood beside his mother, who said:

"Many years ago I knew the family who lived in what we now call the Rose cottage, that prettiest place in our town. There was a father, mother, a son and a daughter. They loved each other and were happy; but one day, when the summer sun was shining beautifully, and the birds were singing in the tree-tops, the father died. I saw them carry him on a bier to the old burying-ground; and, while the mother and the children sobbed bitterly, they laid him in a deep, cold grave. The eldest child, who was a daughter, grew up very

beautiful, and the mother loved her, better perhaps than she loved her God; but a wicked, deceitful man enticed her away from her pretty home, and when the poor mother next heard of her darling, she was dead! Then the mother had nothing to love but her boy; for about this time some unfeeling creditors drove them from the beautiful cottage, and they were obliged to live in a gloomy hut, where they had no roses, and no fruit, save a very few poor apples. The mother thought that people despised them because they were poor, and as she knew nothing about "Him who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor," she was unhappy; but while the little boy lived, her heart's fountain could not entirely dry up. God took him away also. He was killed by lightning, and the mother was left alone! She thought that God, and all his creatures, were against her; and so her heart became bitter. Nobody ever sees her weep in the day-time; but she has been seen in the dark, chill night, wringing her hands, and crying bitterly over a low, sunken grave, close to her hut.

"Poor old lady," said Willie, while the tears which had been gathering in his bright eyes now rolled in large, crystal drops over his rosy cheek.

"Yes," replied his mother; "poor, and greatly to be pitied; for she has now no kind boy to take care of the little she has; and I am told that there are wicked children going to school in our own town, who knock the apples from her trees, and worry her cat." Then, passing her arm around Willie, who had dropped his head upon the table, Aunt Debby said in a low, serious voice, "I should like, when father prays to-night, that he would ask God to judge between the poor widow and these cruel boys."

"O no," sobbed Willie; "please do n't, father."

"Why not?" asked his father. "God, in his holy habitation, is the judge of the widow and the fatherless. It cannot be that my Willie is one of those hard-hearted boys."

"O, but I am," replied the little boy. "Fred Flint and I are at the bottom of the whole of it."

"Well," replied his father, "you would have me say nothing to the great God about it. He knows all about it, my son."

"Then," said Willie, "please tell Him that I am sorry, and shan't do it again." Uncle Saul complied with this request, and the next morning Willie begged of his mother a bag of early "sweetings," as a peace-offering to Madam Brastow; and I am happy to say, that this same offering became a scape-goat for the misdoings of my flock, and for my own mal-administration.

At some future day, I may tell you farther of the Two FAMILIES UPON THE TWO HILLS.

THE SWEETNESS OF HOME.

HE who has no home has not the sweet pleasure of life; he feels not the thousand endearments that cluster around that hallowed spot to fill the void of his aching heart, and while away his leisure moments in the sweetest of life's joys. Is misfortune your lot, you will find a friendly welcome from hearts beating true to your own. The chosen partner of your toil has a smile of approbation when others have deserted, a hand to help when all others refuse, and a heart to feel your sorrows as her own. Perhaps a smiling cherub, with prattling glee and joyous laugh, will drive all sorrow from your care-worn brow, and enclose it in the wreaths of domestic bliss. No matter how humble the home may be, how destitute its stores, or how poorly its inmates are clad; if true hearts dwell there, it is yet a home — a cheerful, prudent wife, obedient and affectionate children, will give their possessor more real joy than bags of gold and windy honor. The home of a temperate, industrious, honest man will be his greatest joy. He comes to it "weary and worn," but the sound of the merry laugh and happy voice of childhood cheers him; a plain but healthy meal awaits him. Envy, ambition, and strife have no place there; and, with a clear conscience, he lays his weary limbs down to rest in the bosom of his family, and under the protecting care of the poor man's Friend and Help.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

INVOCATION.

FATHER IN HEAVEN! with Faith, and Hope, and Love,
I would bow down in voiceless prayer to Thee;
Instinctively my spirit seeks above
The source of beauty, and of poesy.
Give to the heart a thought, the lip a word,
Bid the deep fountain of the soul be stirred,
Till its sweet waters gush up pure and free;
With truer worship, aid me to adore
Thine own most holy name, and love Thee more and more!

And Thou, dear Saviour! lowly at thy feet
I sit, and sing, and tune my humble lyre;
The wide, wide world affords no place *so meet*,
To kindle in the soul poetic fire.
To Thee, to Thee my fainting heart would turn,
To seek for "thoughts that breathe, for words that burn,"
For sweetest sounds to tremble on each wire.
Take me beneath the shadow of thy wing,
And fold me to thy heart, while of thy love I sing!

And come, thou Holy Spirit! come and dwell
Richly within my heart's most secret shrine;
Powerless I yield to thy resistless spell,
To dreams and visions that are *so divine!*
The earth recedes, and Heaven itself seems near,
Triumphant music floats upon my ear,
And lights celestial round my pathway shine!
Enough, *enough* of inspiration given,
'Twere *woe* to *turn* to *earth* from *sweeter dreams* of *Heaven!*

THE NATIVITY.

'Twas night in Palestine. O'er all the land
Deep silence reigned, save when the winds' low sigh
The waving fields, the rich green foliage fanned,
Or brushed the dew-tears from the violet's eye;
Save when some bird from its soft dream awoke,
And that sweet dream in sweeter music spoke,
Till stream and forest echoed a reply.
The golden stars in all their beauty shone,
And tireless vigils kept around the midnight throne.

But hark! what low, faint, trembling sound was heard?
Was it the whispering of the midnight breeze,
Or the sweet warbling of a little bird,
That woke to sing among the olive trees?
Was it the murmuring of the silvery stream,
Whose waters sparkled in the pale moon-beam,
Or the low moaning of the distant seas?
No; the faint sound heard on that holy morn,
Told waiting seraph bands the Son of God was born!

The Prince of Heaven! where rests the infant now?
In pomp, in glory did He come to earth?
What jewelled crown awaits His regal brow,
What place renowned for the Redeemer's birth?
No royal faces o'er Him bent and smiled, —
Not in a palace lay the new-born child, —
Not where the red wine poured, mid songs of mirth;
No! in a stable where the ox was fed,
The Saviour found repose, a manger for a bed!

The flocks reposed upon the dewy plain, —
The shepherds watched them from the breezy hill,
Listening to hear the birds' enchanting strain,
Or the low music of the dancing rill.
Hush! hark! what sudden fear upon them fell!
Why stand they there entranced as by a spell, —
So statue-like, so breathless, and so still?
There in their midst, upon the soft green ground,
A white-robed angel stood, and glory shone around!

Fear not, the angel said — tidings I bring
Of joy and gladness; there is born to-day
The Prince of Peace, your Saviour and your King!
Up! leave your flocks — to Bethlehem away!
Thus Gabriel spake, and lo! a heavenly throng
Stood on the plain, and with one thrilling song,
With which all Heaven resounded, thus they say
Peace, peace on earth, and good will unto men;
Angel and seraph joined, and breathed a deep amen

Trembling, the shepherds rose, and followed where
A strange, resplendent star in glory seemed;
Now it hung quivering in the pure, light air,
Then near the ground in dazzling lustre gleamed.
They followed on — it led o'er dale and hill,
Until at length the wondrous light stood still,
As o'er the Saviour's resting-place it beamed; —
They offered gifts of gold, and incense sweet,
And then adoring fell at their Redeemer's feet!

THE WIDOW AND ORPHAN.

EDITORIAL.

"WHAT strange contrasts this world of ours presents! The hut of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace, and the carriage of Dives every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and sorrow look out of the same window; hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party, and the tones of the lute have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after."

No persons experience more largely the vicissitudes pertaining to this ever-changeful state, than do widows and orphans. The above glowing language, though generally true, is emphatically descriptive of their lot. The bride of Mahlon, the exile of Moab, the forlorn gleaner of the barley field, the ancestor of him who constitutes the hope of a sinking world, form a wonderful diversity, all meeting in the person of Ruth. Esther rises into notice on the sacred page, first, an orphan child, and then shines forth a more resplendent object than the jewelled diadem of Ahasuerus.

Thousands are now dwelling along our extended sea-coast, whose departed husbands and fathers sleep in the caverns of the deep; and every storm which sweeps the ocean augments their number. In the retired hamlet, the factory village and the thronged city, these mourners go about the streets. Among the pioneers of the western prairie, the log cabin is witness to their bitter lamentations. Could California gold restore those who have perished in its search, many a desolate heart and home would be filled with gladness. The halo of glory which encircles the battle-fields of Mexico, stands off in painful contrast with the sable weeds of widows and orphans at home.

These are the persons we now propose to address. Wher-

ever you may be located, and whatever constitutes the peculiarities of your case, to the extent of our power, we shall utter for you words of heavenly consolation.

Already we seem to hear the exclamation, "Our grief is too deep to be assuaged by words of human sympathy. We experience a sense of loneliness almost insupportable. The widow is a tree, riven by the thunderbolt, and her children are like torn-off branches. The feelings of no heart meet and mingle with our own as formerly, in the warm tide of sympathetic love." This we acknowledge to be true as to all human hearts, however they may be disposed to "weep with those who weep." The benevolent Jehovah, however, can and does compassionate your case. As you are called to experience peculiar grief, so to you the promises glow with peculiar effulgence. "It is your privilege to taste the sweetest streams which flow from Zion's hill." Not only are the great and precious promises emphatically yours, but many of them are entirely yours. How expressive of the divine tenderness is the declaration of the Psalmist, "A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation."

But you say truly, and perhaps from experience, "We live in a selfish world, where the rights of the defenceless are often infringed." Here also the everlasting God has surrounded you with a munition of rocks. How strongly is this point guarded in the divine oracles: "Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children orphans." The man who dares break over this prohibition will be himself the greatest sufferer.

But you sigh for those days of peace, prosperity, and happiness, when the husband and father lived to provide the morning repast and the evening luxury, the glittering toy and the replenished wardrobe. "Alas," you say, "the hand which has been accustomed to minister to our daily wants, is

palsied in death. Whence are to come our food and raiment?" He who heeds the ravens' cry will not be deaf to thine: He who said to his covenant people, "When thou cuttest down thy harvest, and hast forgotten a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it, but it shall be for the widow and the orphan," will provide for the destitute.

Said a distinguished judge, "I have often viewed with feelings of deep commiseration the poor widow surrounded with a large family of helpless children, for I saw no way in which their wants could be supplied. After the lapse of years, I have looked again, and have been constrained to admire the goodness and faithfulness of God in the fulfilment of his gracious promises." Often does He provide for such in a most unexpected manner. The following incident will illustrate this position.

"It was a cold and bleak evening in a most severe winter. The snow, driven by the furious wind, was piled into broad and deep banks along the streets of a New England village. Few dared venture abroad. In a most miserable and shattered tenement, remote from any other habitation, lived an aged widow all alone, *and yet not alone.* During the day, in her excessive weakness, she had been unable to step beyond her door stone. Her last morsel of bread had been long since consumed, and none heeded her destitution. She sat shivering by her small fire during the evening, half famished from hunger, unable to sleep from exhaustion, preparing to meet the dreadful fate that threatened. She had prayed in the morning as she thought in faith, Give me this day my daily bread; but the shadows of evening had descended upon her, and no answer had been vouchsafed. While fearful thoughts were passing in her mind, she heard the door open suddenly, and as suddenly shut, upon which she found deposited in her entry, by an unknown hand, a basket crowded with articles of food, which had all the sweetness of manna to her. Many days elapsed before the poor widow learned through whom God had sent her that timely aid. It was at the impulse of

a little girl, who, on that dismal night, seated at the cheerful fireside, was led to express the generous wish, that the poor widow, whom she had sometimes visited, might share in her numerous comforts and good cheer. The parents carried out the benevolent suggestion, and a person was sent to the mean abode with a plentiful supply. What a beautiful glimpse of the chain of causes, all fastened to the throne of God! An angel, with noiseless wing, we may suppose, came down and stirred the breast of a tender-hearted child, and with no pomp or circumstance of the outward miracle, the widow's prayer was answered."

If you are still disposed to despond, call to mind the dealings of God with others in like circumstances. If poverty drives you from the place of your residence, think of Naomi and Ruth as they turn their back on a spot where they had been very happy in the land of Moab, and set their face toward Bethlehem-Judah. Unbefriended save by an unseen hand, they commence a tedious journey of more than a hundred miles over a range of mountains, and across the Arnon and Jordan. These wanderers are on foot, and exposed to insult, violence and hunger. I see them on their lonely way, looking forward to the approaching night, the terrors of darkness and the uncertainty of shelter. Their case affords not an alleviating circumstance. Their safe arrival and subsequent prosperity, are, however, matters of history, and are designed for the encouragement of others.

If it is your bitter lot to see the little which has been left you continually consuming, without being able to conjecture whence your stores are to be replenished, think of the widow of Zarephath. Elijah having been preserved by ravens for a whole year, requested her to supply him a morsel of bread. Her affecting reply was, "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse, and behold I am gathering two sticks that I may dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die." Here the widow's extremity proved to be God's opportunity. "For, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, the barrel of meal

shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail," all of which was verified in the sequel. Through your own persevering exertions, attended by the blessing of God, your empty barrel is to be replenished. If by industry and the strictest economy you contrive to live within your means, you will enjoy a dignified independence, which will prevent your spirit from being crushed.

If you have been afflicted by the loss of children, so that you are broken-hearted, as well as disconsolate, then think of the widow of Nain. It is a short but touching narrative, which the historian gives of this matter. As the Saviour drew near the city, "Behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Her sorrows touched his heart, and He said to her, "Woman, weep not." Then turning to the bier, said, "Young man, I say unto you, arise. And he that was dead came forth." Now, although the day of miracles has passed, yet Christ is the resurrection and the life. Weeping mother, thy child will rise again, and you will behold him clothed with immortality.

Such is the lot of the widow and orphan, sad, afflictive, in some cases heart-rending, and yet not altogether cheerless. Though often slighted, forgotten and wronged by man, they share largely in the sympathies of the Eternal. When the salvation of a world was at stake, Christ would not die, till he had made provision for his widowed mother. From the cross he committed her to the care of the beloved disciple. Who can doubt but the heart of infinite benevolence does now beat and bleed for the unprotected and the friendless?

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?

WATCH, MOTHER, WATCH.

BY MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Mother! watch the little feet,
  Climbing o'er the garden wall;
Bounding through the busy street;
  Ranging cellar, shed, and hall.
Never count the moments lost,—
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, Mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand,
  Picking berries by the way;
Making houses in the sand,
  Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
  Prattling eloquent and wild;
What is said, and what is sung,
  By thy happy, joyous child;
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart,
  Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
  Keep, O keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

WHAT unthankfulness is it to forget our consolations, and to look only upon matter of grievance; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget an hundred blessings. — *Sibs.*

MARIA LOUISA.

EDITORIAL.

THIS princess was the daughter of Francis I. and Maria Theresa of Austria. She grew up an amiable, pretty girl, possessing few of those traits which adorned the character of her excellent mother. Surrounded by the allurements of an European court, she readily yielded to their seductive influences.

Nothing particularly interesting occurred in her history previous to her marriage with the Emperor Napoleon. At this time, Bonaparte was in the zenith of his glory. He was strongly attached to the lovely Josephine, but his unrestrained ambition led him to seek a divorce. As soon as his intentions were known, the sovereigns of Europe sought the honor of an alliance with the Emperor of France. He decided to accede to the proposition of Austria.

All the needful arrangements having been made, Maria left the home of her early days, and proceeded to meet her future husband. Napoleon had never seen his intended bride, but he embraced her with all the ardor of youth. She was received by the French with great rejoicing. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with much splendor, April 4, 1810. She was nineteen years old, and Napoleon forty-two. The sovereigns of Europe vied with each other in paying homage to the youthful empress.

The joy of the French was unbounded when it was announced that Maria had become the mother of an heir to the throne.

During Bonaparte's invasion of Russia, Maria was appointed regent. Her disappointment and anguish were great, when she learned its disastrous result. Bonaparte returned to Paris, filled with dark and gloomy forebodings; his army having been nearly destroyed, and the allied sovereigns were preparing to enter France. The crisis was a dangerous one. Sorrowfully did Napoleon take leave of his wife and son. It was the last time he ever saw them.

As dangers thickened around the capital, Maria's affection for her husband was put to a test. Her father had joined the coalition against France. A character like hers would naturally shun trials, and it is not surprising that she refused to share the misfortunes of her husband, and threw herself upon the protection of the allies. How unlike the devoted Josephine. Gladly would she have administered consolation to Bonaparte in this time of need. He had always looked to her for comfort and counsel, and now did he deeply feel the desertion of Maria Louisa.

"Who can calculate the effect," he said, "which would have been produced by my youthful consort running through the ranks of the army and the national guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage and their bayonets? Whenever I think of it, the anguish abridges my life of an hour."

Instead of accompanying him to Elba, and striving to soothe him in his sorrows, Maria chose to return to Austria. Here she remained, indifferent to the fortunes of her husband, till he landed again on the coast of France. Then she sighed to return to him, and to enjoy once more the honors of an empress; but her sense of propriety would not allow this. She knew that she had abandoned him of her own free will in the hour of his downfall.

But Napoleon's reign was short. "Maria, from the palaces of Vienna, looked on, apparently with imperturbable equanimity, as the star of her husband's glory paled and faded away on the field of Waterloo." There is no evidence that she shed a tear, or experienced an emotion of regret as he was borne like a caged lion to that barren rock which was to be his prison and his grave. She soon left her father's court and retired to Parma, where she lived in much splendor. It is thought that she was secretly married to Count Neipperg, a Hungarian soldier; but the marriage was not acknowledged till after the death of Napoleon.

In contemplating the life of Napoleon, as connected with Maria Louisa, we are forcibly reminded "that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." He cast away Josephine and married Maria, hoping thereby to secure a successor to his empire. But a just retribution awaited him. In the time of his greatest extremity he was cast off and deserted by Maria.

That son, whose birth was hailed with such acclamations of joy, died at the age of eighteen, unmourned and forgotten by his mother. Maria too was forgotten. She died Dec. 17, 1847, aged fifty-seven years. "Her death caused none to mourn, and none but those who inherited her estate to rejoice."

It is the part of a woman, like her own beautiful planet, to cheer the dawn and darkness, — to be both the morning and evening star of a man's life. The light of her eye is the first to rise and the last to set upon manhood's day of trial and suffering.

MEMORY.

BY M. A. C.

"The music of Carryl was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant yet mournful to the soul." — OSSIAN.

Music has a strange and mysterious power over the soul of man. From the slumbers of the past it wakens memories sad, yet sweet. Perchance those who once listened with us to catch each note of harmony, are severed from us by long distance, or have ceased to love us, or in the dim vista of bygone years, our memory lingers in their hearts only among the shadows of the past. Perchance the melodies which strike upon our ears were sung by those who are now joining the anthems of the saints in glory.

"Yes, Music hath the key of Memory,
And thoughts and visions buried deep and long,
Come, at the summons of its sweetness, nigh."

There is a magic in the recollection of past happy hours, which nothing in life can equal. Memory brings them before us, divested of all which might have dimmed their brightness, like roses in whose fragrance we forget the thorns which wounded us when we plucked them. In the dimness of the twilight hour, in the silence of midnight, visions of past joys come before us, and we are sad because they are no more. No more! it is the knell of departed happiness, of hopes crushed in their budding loveliness, of flowers blighted in their opening beauty; of familiar faces, once bright with the sunshine of life, now shrouded in the gloom of the grave. When the tide of memory flows over our souls, how it bears with it

"The sudden images of vanished things,
The shadows of the past, which come and go,
As o'er the deep, the long unburied things,
Which a storm's working to the surface brings."

We recall the days of our childhood, when life was one sunny dream, when no care for the present or anxiety for the future disturbed the peaceful serenity of our souls, and friend-

ships now effaced by time or separation or broken by the rude hand of death, were fresh and vivid. Who does not sigh at the remembrance of the bright hours when earth was as a Paradise before him, and the sweet waters of affection's fount lay unsealed and sparkling in the dewy freshness of life's morning hours! It is a beautiful idea of Wordsworth, that "heaven lies about us in our infancy;" but as years increase, the glories of that bright world are lost amid the gloom of earth, to be again perceptible only when the soul has thrown off her earthy covering, and emerges into the full blaze of its meridian splendor.

There are pleasures of maturer years, whose memory lingers in the soul. They were — and are not. We cannot recall them, for "passing away" has ever been inscribed on our dearest earthly joys. Since man's first transgression drove him from the bowers of Eden, the glory and beauty, the light and loveliness which sometimes break suddenly on our delighted vision, find no worthy resting-place on earth, and are soon transplanted to the brighter Eden above. The flowers which waft their fragrance on the gales of Spring, and the green leaves whose shade refreshes the weary traveller in the scorching heat of summer, fade and fall before the chilling blasts of Autumn. The bright birds die, and their melody vanishes like a forgotten dream; the gorgeous clouds of sunset melt away into the darkness of night. Yet, were there not lovelier visions taken forever from earth, we might live on, forgetting that this is not our home. The chain which bound friends together is broken; one by one the golden links are severed, to be joined no more on earth.

> "They pass from us like stars which wane,
> The brightest still before,"

Some to the depths of the wild western forests, some to sunny southern climes, some to roam over the far blue sea, and many to sleep that last long quiet sleep, where no earthly sorrow comes to disturb their repose.

There is something in the memory of the past which raises

us, as it were, above the world, and, awakening the noblest feelings of which human nature is capable, gives us an ideal existence, purer and holier than all else which appertains to earth only. These remembrances nothing can take away; they are a part of ourselves, which will live while we live, and now and then rush over us,

"Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

And can it be that these pure, guileless, and spiritual emotions, are to be transient and evanescent, — that the wells of the soul's depths are ever to be choked by the petty cares or bitter trials of life? Let us rather hope, that the rays which light up the memories of the Past, are but bright glimpses of an unseen Future, where the heart shall be purified from the dross of earth, and pervaded with affections intense and holy, increasing in fervor and purity through an infinity of years.

THE CHINESE FATHER.

BY REV. S. CUMMINGS — MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

THE *Chinese father is ignorant.* He knows nothing of the true God, or of his obligations to love and worship him. Consequently, he believes himself and *teaches his family* to believe, that there are "gods many," and even gods of a very ignoble and hateful character, which yet ought to be feared and worshipped. In this city [Fuhchau] and its suburbs, events are frequently occurring which painfully substantiate these remarks. Within a short distance of some of the missionaries' residences, stands a temple of "a hundred gods." Thither, when some member of a family may be sick, the father and other members may be seen wending their way, bearing baskets of provisions to be offered in sacrifice to the divinities of the temple. Their object is to propitiate *the* god, who has control over the disease; and they come to this temple, because they suppose he must be one of the hundred there. Having reached the place, the offerings are presented,

and the persons themselves commence a process of frantic shrieking, and leaping, and swinging of the arms, which is continued until the favor of the divinity is thought to be obtained, when the party returns home in the vain belief, that something has been accomplished for the benefit of the sick. But if the inquiry should be made, "What is the character of these gods?" we can only answer, they are senseless blocks of wood and earth, the work of men's hands, and many of them unsightly in form.

The Chinese father is also ignorant in respect to his own heart. He is unconscious of its exceeding sinfulness. He believes the heart is not corrupt by nature, but is originally virtuously disposed, and becomes depraved only by the influence of example and other external causes. Consistently with this belief he acts *as a father*. The first sentence of the first book he puts into the hands of his sons to read, contains the doctrine of the original virtue of man's nature. Further on in their reading they meet with the following passage of Mencius, whose maxims are regarded as oracles: "If you remark the natural dispositions, you may see that they are towards virtue; hence, I say that man's nature is virtuous. All men have compassionate hearts. A compassionate heart implies benevolence; one which respects and reveres, a sense of propriety; one ashamed of vice, rectitude; and one that clearly distinguishes right from wrong, wisdom. Now the principles of benevolence, propriety, rectitude and wisdom, are not infused into us from without; we certainly possess them ourselves." With these sentiments, the minds of Chinese children are thus early imbued. They grow up in the belief of them. Their hearts become callous in respect to the nature of sin, and they pass through life as their *fathers* have before them, the most insensible of men to their own wickedness in the sight of heaven.

The Chinese father is ignorant of the immortal nature of the soul and the destiny that awaits it in another world. He believes it may exist after death; but in what state or form, he is wholly uncertain. It may pass into a state of Elysian

happiness, or descend to a Budhist hell; it may take up its abode in a hen, or a pig, or wild animal, or in the person of some other human being. In this state of uncertainty respecting the future, the Chinese father dismisses the subject of his own immortality as much as possible from his thoughts, and leaves the impression on the minds of his offspring, that the eternal interests of their souls are to be little cared for in the present life. The effect of this course upon them, as might be anticipated, is disastrous in a high degree. The levity and indifference in respect to their future existence which it produces in their minds, is painful to behold. If one asks them in the most serious manner, "To what place their souls will go at death?" they will reply, "*We do n't know;*" and the reply will be accompanied with a ridiculing smile, which says more forcibly than words could, "We do n't care." Now, what can be more deplorable than such indifference to eternal realities? Yet it prevails here among the young and the old almost universally, and the missionaries witness nothing, over which they mourn so deeply.

The Chinese father holds despotic control over his own household. In his hand is the power of life and death, as it is sometimes styled, respecting his offspring. At his pleasure he can cause his sons or his daughters to be put to death, or do it with his own hands. The desire of posterity to perpetuate his name, however, has induced him for the most part, — yet not always, — to spare the lives of his sons. But no such cause has prevented him from imbruing his hands in the blood of his daughters, as we shall see hereafter. The high and unnatural prerogative, of which we now speak, is not only sanctioned, but even fostered by government. As Confucius in his political creed made the family the model of the government, so the government has taken care to make the family a fit representative of its own despotic character. In its legislation, therefore, the child is taught to reverence paternal authority as he does that of the emperor. Disobedience to his father he must avoid as he would rebellion in the state; for it is a crime deserving similar punishment. But with such power in his hand, we hasten to observe,

The Chinese father is often cruel. By this it is not meant that he is destitute of natural affection. This he does possess, but the exercise of it is not regulated by any fixed principle. Hence, it affords no assurance to his children of constant kindness or safety from him. Excessive indulgence to-day may be followed by the coldest indifference to-morrow. The idolizing of a son during the day will not prevent the murder of a daughter in the darkness of the succeeding night. For, shocking as it may seem to the feelings of Christian parents, the drowning of an infant daughter is a very common deed of the Chinese father. Among the poorer classes of this place, we have been told, that two or three-tenths of all the girls born thus fall victims by his merciless hand. It is true, that others do the work for him. But they are only his instruments; he is mainly responsible, as the following extract from a native work shows: "The drowning of infants, though it be the work of cruel women, yet results from the will of the husband; if the husband be determined against drowning the infant, the woman can have nothing in her power."

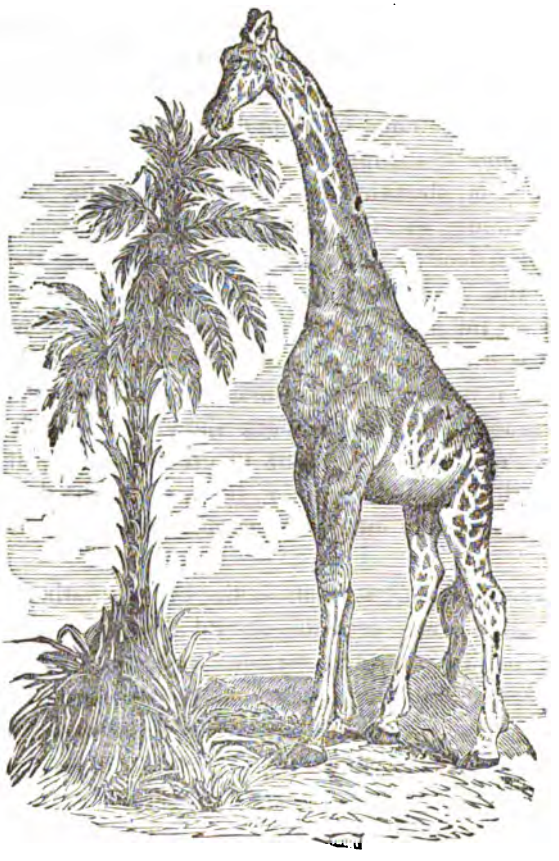
Such, then, in some respects, is the Chinese father. If the Christian fathers who read this should discover a radical and vast difference between his character and their own, we only ask, that they should inquire seriously, *what* has caused the difference? And on *whom* will rest the responsibility, should it continue for ages to come?

EDUCATION.

THE real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible. — *Rev. Sydney Smith.*

THE GIRAFFE.

EDITORIAL.



This is a very singular animal. It has ears and hoofs like those of an ox, and a head similar to that of the horse. It has fine large brilliant eyes, with horns, which in the male are a foot long, and are covered to their very tips with the skin of the head. The color of its body is yellowish white, with spots of fawn, while the mane is reddish, extending along the whole neck and shoulders. Though this is a mild, timid and harmless creature, it is more fleet than the horse,

and travels as if the speed of thought was in its limbs. It is a native of the country lying between Egypt and Ethiopia, and is hunted and killed not only for its large and beautiful skin, and the food afforded by its flesh, but especially for the marrow of its bones, which by the inhabitants of that country is regarded as a great luxury.

Its most striking peculiarity consists in its wonderful height. Measured from the ground to the top of the head, this animal is seventeen feet high. Its home is in dense forests, and its food the leaves of trees. The divine wisdom is seen in adapting its structure to the demands of its nature, and the place of its residence.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

EDITORIAL.

A TEACHER having indulged his pupils in relating to him their fanciful stories and dreams, and in expressing their opinions as to what they regarded as pretty and good, a little girl climbed up on his knee, and looking him in the face, said, "Han't I *dood*, master?"

"Well she may be," said George, "for she don't have any thoughts, she's such a dot."

"I do have thoughts," said the sweet cherub, "and I *dream*, too, sometimes."

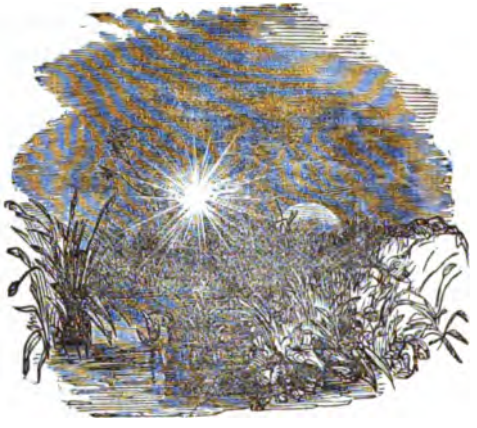
"What do you dream?" said the master.

"I dreamed once I was a little white birdy, and flied up in the sky, and when I was tired I rested in my mother's bosom. I thought mother had wings too, and she flied up with me; and when she was fainting, I flied to her, and lifted her up, and kept her from falling, and she kissed me for it."

Precious child! how often have such birdies with the white pinions of celestial love borne up their parents to the bosom of God, and thus kept their feet from falling, and their souls death!

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

EDITORIAL.



A METEOR, designated the Ignis Fatuus, or Jack-with-a-lantern, sometimes appears by night over marshy grounds and graveyards. A representation of one of these is seen in the engraving. The phenomenon is produced by inflammable gas or phosphoric matter evolved from decaying substances, either vegetable or animal. Those over graves appear not like a clear flame, but as a vaporous mass of fire intermediate between fog and flame. They are sometimes called *corpse-candles*.

A clergyman in England was standing one evening leaning over the wall of a church-yard, when he observed a light hovering over a grave. Supposing it somebody with a lantern, he approached, but could see no person; as he followed, the light moved onward. It did not rise from the ground, but advanced across the road, entered a wood and ascended a hill, till at length it disappeared. These meteors are sometimes so light that one cannot approach them without putting in operation a current of air sufficient to bear them along. Hence, persons are led astray and bewildered by them.

So youthful minds are lured astray by pleasure's roseate hues, by honor's glittering bauble, or fiction's fleecy form. Beware of meteor lights, reader; they are always unsafe guides.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE FUCHSIA. *A Memoir of Elizabeth E.* By her Sunday-School teacher.— This book contains a well-written account of an English girl, the daughter of a sailor. She was exceedingly beautiful, of gentle manners, sweet disposition, and a bright example of early piety. She died of consumption at the age of fourteen, or rather fell asleep in Jesus.

The work is specially adapted to young ladies, while it contains many excellent hints to those Sabbath-school teachers who desire to be useful in their high and holy vocation.

MEMOIR OF JOHN BRITT, *the happy Mute.* Compiled from the Writings, Letters, and Conversation of Charlotte Elizabeth. — Years have elapsed since we first read of this simple-hearted youth. The impressions then received, of the development of his faculties and character under the training of his gifted benefactress, still remain in all their freshness. There are incidents related in the book inimitably beautiful, affecting, thrilling. No person who has read a dozen pages of Charlotte Elizabeth's writings, could be easily dissuaded from a thorough perusal and re-perusal of this volume.

SOWERS AND REAPERS. *A Lesson for the Young.* By the Author of Old Herbert and Little Alice.— This book presents in striking contrast two very dissimilar boys, Robert Steele and John Grant. The former sowed to the flesh and reaped corruption. The latter sowed to the spirit and reaped life everlasting. An excellent book for boys who are about to enter upon life's active career. The above are published by the Am. S. S. Union.

PARENTAL TRAINING. By a Father. — This book is of the most practical character. It teaches the responsibility of parents, the objects of a religious education, the duty of both parents to co-operate in imparting instruction, the importance of securing the confidence of children as well as their obedience, and the desirableness of making home pleasant. These and kindred topics are thoroughly discussed and impressively urged home upon the conscience.

FAMILY INSTRUCTION, *or the Widow of Monmouth.* By the Author of Hugh Clifford, &c. Second edition. — The object of this book is to render the instructions of the Old Testament more interesting and profitable. Many things relating to the kings and prophets which are regarded as perplexing, are here made plain and familiar.

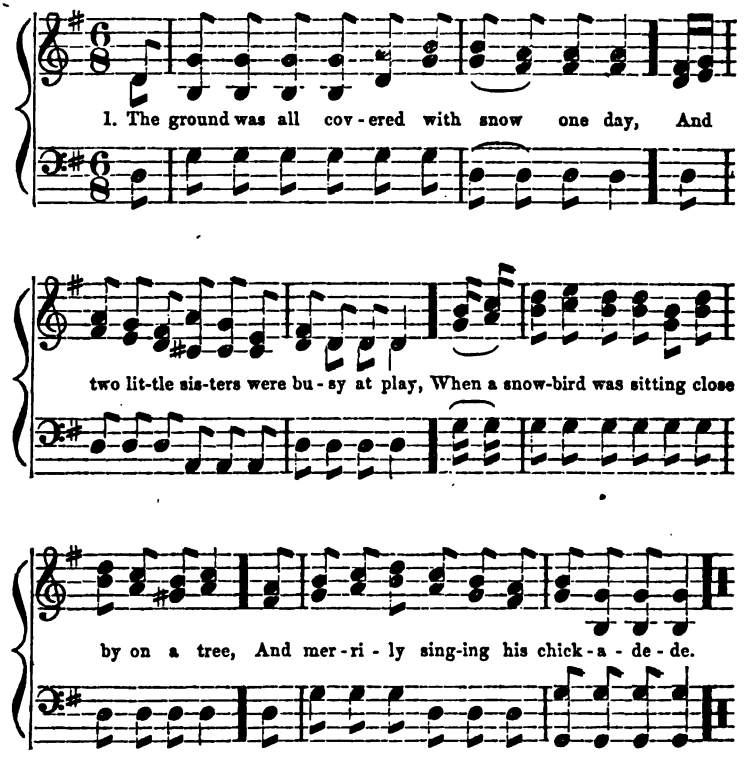
MOTHERS ENCOURAGED; *containing Hints on their Particular Situations, Duties and Cares.*— Mothers are to be encouraged in their work by the declarations and facts recorded in the Word of God, and the success of others. They are liable to be discouraged by a sense of personal incapacity, want of co-operation on the part of the husband, the influence of older children, and by a knowledge of the peculiar temptations which throng around the young.

HOUSEHOLD INSTRUCTION, *or the History of Rachel S.* — This book presents God's covenant with parents and their children, with masters and their household, as also the duty to watch over and care for the interests of domestics and dependants.

The last four are publications of the Mass. S. S. Society, and sold at their Depository, No. 13 Cornhill. We heartily recommend them. As works developing fundamental principles, and communicating rich funds of thought, on Christian family training, they are unsurpassed. Maternal associations should regard their libraries as incomplete without them.

THE MELODIST. By Geo. J. Webb and Wm. Mason. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason. — "This is a collection of popular and social songs, harmonized and arranged for four voices, in an easy and a familiar style." They are eighty-five in number, and among them may be found some of the sweetest melodies ever written. Such a work as this is invaluable for the singing-school and the fireside.

SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY E. L. WHITE.

1. The ground was all cov - ered with snow one day, And
two lit-tle sis-ters were bu - sy at play, When a snow-bird was sitting close
by on a tree, And mer - ri - ly sing-ing his chick - a - de - de.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song.
"O sister, look out of the window," said she;
"Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.

"If I were a bare-footed snow-bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow;
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee,
He's all the time singing that chick-a-de-de.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him; poor chick-a-de-de."

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said;
"What a figure I'd make in that dress!" tho't he;
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-de-de.

"I'm grateful," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I had rather remain with my limbs all so free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de.

"There is ONE, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! O, who are so happy as we?"
And away then he went, singing chick-a-de-de.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

THE BAPTISM.

The sky was cloudless and serenely blue,
All blue and waveless Jordan's noble stream,
The sun had kissed away the sparkling dew,
Sweet flowers looked up to greet the sun's bright beam;
A thousand tuneful birds were on the wing;
How lightly did they soar, how sweetly sing,
While all was lovely as a fairy dream.
Sweet hour of peace! to mortals kindly given,
To turn from thoughts of earth, and dream awhile of Heaven!

And there they stood — the blessed son of God,
And His meek servant, by that flowing river;
With noiseless step they press the verdant sod,
While to their words the green leaves seemed to quiver.
And, as if conscious of His presence there,
The very flowers bowed down their heads in prayer,
And all the watery reeds were seen to shiver.
Well might the soft leaves tremble as with fear,
And the bright flowers bow down, the Saviour's voice to hear!

He came to be baptized of him who stood
In such deep reverence by his Master's side;
His eyes were turned to earth in thoughtful mood,
As, with a tearful, trembling voice he cried,
O! I have need to be baptized of Thee;
Then wherefore, Saviour, comest thou to me?
In gentle tones the Saviour thus replied,
"Suffer it to be so now." He led the way
Down to the water's brink, where the cool waters play.

So John baptized his Master. When that rite,
That holy rite, with fervent prayer was ended,
The heavens were seen to open, and a light,
Celestial dove from its bright folds descended.
Then came a voice all tremulous with love,
In sweetest accents from the blue above,
And with the music of the waters blended,
"My well beloved Son!" then died the tone,
And by that rolling stream once more they stood alone!

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The morning broke in beauty o'er the world,
  The shades of night in silence fled away;
The smiling sky triumphantly unfurled
  The broad blue banner to the coming day;
The timid stars closed up each twinkling eye,
Hiding their lustre from the glowing sky,
  And sung rejoicing on their sun-bright way.
Up rose the day-god then, while proudly rolled
His chariot wheels 'mid clouds of purple and of gold.

The Saviour sat upon the mountain's side,
  And gazed with love o'er all the beauteous scene;
Sparkling beneath his feet, were seen to glide
  Tibereas' waters, waveless and serene.
Before Him lay the city and the plain,
The rich green meadows, waving fields of grain;
  While round Him there, on every side, were seen
Forests of cedar and of olive trees,
Whose soft leaves music made in every passing breeze.

Dense throngs were round Him. There was wondering childhood,
  With rosy cheek and open, sunny brow;
His joyous rambles in the green, green wild-wood,
  And merry sports were all forgotten now.
Upon the Saviour each bright eye was turned,
All wet with tear-drops, — each young spirit burned
  With new, and strange, and deep emotion. How
Eager they listened to the words that fell
From the warm lips of Him, who loved those children well!

And in that vast assembly, there was youth,
  With flashing eye, lit by the spirit's dreaming,
To whom life seemed all poetry and truth,
  Believing life was all that it was seeming.
Awhile they turned from day-dreams, and drew near
Where Jesus sat, his thrilling voice to hear,
  Until each eye with a new light was gleaming;
A new fount in each heart was welling o'er,
Whose waves would bubble up in brightness evermore.

And there was woman, with her loving heart
  Roused up with earnest, yet with tender feeling,
Ready to choose with joy that better part,
  And treasure up the Spirit's strange revealing;
How eagerly at Jesus' feet they listened,
What tears welled up, and on each eyelid glistened,
  While Faith and Hope came o'er their spirits stealing,
Like balmy slumber o'er the wearied powers,
Or the soft dew of night upon earth's folded flowers.

There too was manhood, with its dreams of glory,
With proud resolve, and purpose bold and high,
Intently listening to the Saviour's story,
With soul subdued, with thoughtful brow and eye.
Meekly they yielded to that strange emotion,
Humbly they bowed in deep, heart-felt devotion,
And owned the Saviour's mission from on high.
What now were learning, wealth, or fame, or pleasure,
Compared with that *one gift*, the *soul's undying treasure!*

And there were aged men with hoary hair,
Whose ties to earth had long ago been broken;
Warm hearts that mourned the beautiful, the fair,
Who passed away, nor left on earth a token;
With what deep joy they heard the Saviour tell
Of a bright world, where there was no farewell,
And parting words were never, never spoken.
What radiant light to their dim eyes was given,
To cheer the opening tomb, and point the way to Heaven!

Well might they gather round Him — youth and age,
Childhood and manhood; for a voice so thrilling
Ne'er spake on earth before; — poet or sage
Ne'er breathed such truths, as from his lips distilling,
Fell on those fainting hearts, and made them glow
With love for God, and love for man below,
The warring passions of each bosom stilling.
His lightest words upon those heart-strings trembled,
And sweetest music made, no earthly tones resembled!

Well might they gather round Him — well might linger,
And for awhile each earthly dream resign
As Jesus sat, and with unerring finger
Pointed to scenes all heavenly and divine.
Well might they come, their hearts with love all glowing,
Well might they come, their eyes with tears all flowing,
And humbly worship at the Saviour's shrine.
As the worn traveller greets the desert fountain,
So did they treasure up that Sermon on the Mountain!

A Word to Mothers. — In the evening, when your children have prayed for pardon and peace, endeavor to infuse the spirit of that beautiful expression in the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." At no time is the influence of a mother more valuable than when her children are retiring to rest.

WHAT SMALL HANDS MAY DO.

A PRIZE ARTICLE.

BY MRS. S. S. A.

EMILY FANNING and Lucy Dale lived opposite each other in the same street, in the little village of Elmington in Massachusetts. Emily lived in a pretty white house, with green blinds, and a little court-yard in front filled with lilac and syringa and rose-bushes. There was a row of thrifty young trees before the house; and on the sunny side was a garden surrounded by a white paling, and filled in summer with long beds of vegetables, except the borders of the walks, which, from early Spring till late in the Autumn, presented a show of gay flowers. On the other side of the house was a long, low wing, with a separate door, and this was a store, for Emily's father was the store-keeper of the village. It was a neat, trim, pretty place, and Emily was the prettiest thing about it, neatly dressed as she always was, and as gay as a lark in doors and out.

Emily was out of doors a great deal. She had a love of flowers, which was almost a passion; and, as her mother kept a good servant and had but a small family, Emily had plenty of time allowed her to work in her garden; and it was she who arranged the flower borders with so much taste, and kept them in such beautiful order. From the first appearance of jonquils and daffodils and snowdrops till the last of the amaranths and marigolds and china-asters, no day ever saw the small china vases on the mantel in the parlor, or the glass goblet by the side of her father's plate on the breakfast-table, without its pretty bouquet of flowers. It was a pleasure to gather them, but a still greater pleasure, if possible, to cultivate them. How quickly she cleared the breakfast-table, washed the cups and saucers, and put every thing in its place, that she might snatch her sun-bonnet and run to her flowers! How winningly in a dry time would she coax Nancy to fill an immense tub with water, that it might stand in the sun

and be ready when she came at evening, with her brown gloves and nice green painted watering-pot, to revive her drooping favorites with a shower of the precious liquid!

One day, after she had finished transplanting a bed of double pinks, she sat down upon a rustic chair which her father had made and placed under a cherry-tree in one corner of the garden, to cool and rest herself. She looked over to Mr. Dale's. She saw Lucy going in and out. First it was for a pail of water, then for an armfull of wood, and after that for a basket of potatoes. Emily had a kind, good heart. Her mother was a cheerful, pious woman, and she had taught her daughter, both by precept and example, to follow the *Golden Rule.* "How sorry I am for Lucy Dale," thought Emily. "She is always neat and clean. Nancy says 'dirt won't stick to her;' but how poor her clothes are, and how hard she has to work, and how little time she gets to go to school or to cultivate flowers! And it is a shame, too; for she is so quick at everything, and she loves whatever is nice and beautiful so much. And then that old weather-stained house, and that broken fence, and those sprawling bushes, and that lazy father who is the cause of it all. Now she takes her seat by that little garret window. I wonder what she does there with every leisure moment she can get?"

Let us step over to Mr. Dale's and see. Mrs. Dale was at work in the kitchen, as she generally was; for, having a husband and six children, and not being able to keep any help, the wants of her family kept her busy from morning till night. She was a thrifty farmer's daughter; and a gay, blooming girl she was at the time of her marriage with William Dale, the carpenter, the best dancer, the best singer, and the best story-teller in the village. Light-hearted and happy she was at that time, and very ambitious about her house and her person; but year by year she had been growing thinner and paler, and her house had been growing barer and poorer, till at the end of fifteen years, the time at which we see her, she was a sad, dispirited woman, surrounded with discomfort, and looking forward with little hope to the future. Her daughter

Lucy, now fourteen years old, was her greatest comfort, for she was a sweet, dutiful, affectionate child, who did all she could to lighten her mother's burthens; and yet it was a grief to the mother's heart to see her growing up with so few advantages and pleasures as the poor girl enjoyed. And why was all this unhappiness, all this discomfort in the family of an active, healthy man, still in the prime of life, with a good trade and a fair field for labor? Alas! his talent for pleasing joined to an inordinate love of amusement, had been his bane. Wherever there was any public spectacle, any horse-racing, any military parade, any gathering of the idle for any purpose, in his own or the neighboring towns, there Dale was sure to be, making merriment for the surrounding crowd, and forgetting home, wife, and children, in the enjoyment of the present time. The more he indulged in this kind of excitement the more reckless he became; the simple pleasures of home lost their relish to him. He spent scarcely one-half of his time at work; and the money he earned, instead of being applied to make his family comfortable, was spent in gambling, betting in a small way, and drinking. Not that William Dale was a drunkard. No; he drank merely for excitement, and to raise his spirits. Nor was he entirely dead to tender feelings and a laudable ambition. It would seem, at times, as if he really wished to make his wife comfortable and his family respectable; but his place had become so poor and out of order, he was so much behind-hand with the world, he saw such hopeless discomfort about him at home, and moreover had become so much accustomed to the indulgence of his darling pleasures, that he never could summon resolution to make that decided change in his habits, which was the only thing that could save him. Sensible of his disgraceful weakness, he became, when at home, sullen, cross, and irritable, and complained of the want of comfort in his house, as if he were not the cause of it all.

It was afternoon, and Lucy was sitting in the window of her little garret room, while the baby of whom she had charge was creeping about the floor and amusing himself

with a rattle, when a gentle knock came to the door of the chamber. May I come in, Lucy?" said Emily Fanning.

Lucy loved and admired Emily, but she was sensible of the disparity in their circumstances; and this, together with being surprised at her work, caused her an almost painful embarrassment. Emily played with the baby, and rattled away gaily for a while, but still Lucy was ill at ease. "This will never do," thought Emily; "I see that Lucy is about something which she wishes to conceal; but she shall make me her confidant before I leave the room. I am determined upon that, — yet how shall I set about it?"

It is not always easy, even for those who are well acquainted with the world, to unlock the heart of a proud and reserved person. Lucy was not without pride, and she certainly felt at this moment very little inclined to be communicative. She had just been employing herself very unwisely, and quite unsatisfactorily, in making comparisons between Emily's condition and her own. Let us see how Emily managed it. She drew a chair close to Lucy's, and after sitting a minute or two, she said, "Do you remember, Lucy, when we were both young, that is, about eight years old, what nice times we used to have playing together, seesawing under the great maple, and trundling our hoops on the Green?"

Lucy. "Yes, I remember it very well."

Emily. "And do you remember the day we were both christened by good old Mr. Amherst, — how, as he passed us as he came down the church steps, he said to us, 'Little children, love one another?'"

Lucy. "O yes! I remember that, too."

Emily. "And do you remember how we used to go 'double-hop' with our arms around each other's waists; and how we used to read little stories, looking over the same book and leaning on each other's shoulders; and how we promised always to be friends, and tell each other everything?"

Lucy (almost inarticulately). "Yes."

Emily. "And now, when we are getting to be large

girls, and might be real friends and do each other good, we are growing almost strangers. You scarcely ever come into my garden, and you do not tell me any of your little plans and achievements as you used to do."

Lucy. "Emily, there is a greater difference between us now than there used to be. I have heard my mother say, that when she and your mother came here to live in Elmington, they were equally well off, equally respectable. Now, you are a rich man's daughter, and I am a poor man's child. You can dress handsomely, and have your own time to do what you please. I must dress poorly, and I must work and sew to help my mother."

Emily. "But, Lucy, is not a good friend a good thing? Our mothers loved each other, and they do still; at least, I know that my mother loves yours. And I love you, Emily. You are are a good, true-hearted girl, and Miss Patten says you are as bright, and know as much as any girl in the village, though you do not go to school all the time."

Lucy was quite overcome. She threw her arms round Emily's neck, and kissed her; and then she wept in a passion of tears, till she had wetted her handkerchief through and through. "I am not often such a foolish girl," said she, at length; "it is not for myself I weep; but O! Emily, when I see my mother working herself to death, and my little brothers and sister with old clothes and without schooling, and our place, which was so pretty since I can remember, growing poorer and poorer, and my father —— O Emily!" and she wept again.

"Well, take a good cry, Lucy, it will do you good; and then tell me what you are doing with these great balls."

Lucy did take a good cry, and it did her good. When she finally raised her head and wiped off the last tears, there was a cheerful and hopeful expression on her countenance, very different from that which it had worn on Lucy's entrance. "Nothing like tears to wash away bad feelings," said Emily. "I know that well by experience."

"The countenance of a friend maketh one's face to shine," said Lucy.

"Well, now tell me about these balls."

So Lucy communicated to Emily a great project she had formed, which was no less than the making of a carpet for the front room, which was their parlor. Her father had often said he should so love to sit there of an evening if the floor only had a carpet on it, but that he could not bear the grating of a sanded floor.

"And you, Lucy, you a girl of fourteen years old, have undertaken to make a carpet, without your mother's knowing it, too; and without any time or any thing to make it of, that I can see!"

"What put me in mind of it," said Lucy, "was an old great coat which a pedler gave me one warm day last summer, because he said it was too heavy for him to carry. It was an immense thing with capes and lining, and made twelve large balls. Since then, I have gathered up every rag which has been thrown aside, until now, I think I have almost enough; don't you?" and she raised a coverlet and showed a great number of balls made of cloths which had been cut into strips and sewed together. "Yes," said Emily, "I should think there was enough to make half a dozen carpets; but you have no bright, gay colors. You ought to have some white and red. I have seen a rag carpet made almost as handsome as the best ingrain."

"Yes," said Lucy, rather sorrowfully; "but I must take what I can get."

"And I know what you can get," said Emily. "Mother told me only yesterday, that I might give my two last winter scarlet frocks, which are almost worn out and are too small for me, with my old blue merino cloak, to whomsoever I chose; and I choose to give them to you, and into your carpet they shall go. And don't you remember, Lucy, how we used to amuse ourselves with looking over the paper rags in the loft of papa's store, and how he let us take away whatever we liked? I shall do it again and pick out some nice, long strips of white for you." Lucy accepted Emily's offer as frankly as it was made; and glad enough she was to get

these pretty colors. Old Mrs. Potter had told her, when she privately consulted her about the weaving, that if she only had some gay colors she could weave in pretty little figures, which would make it look as handsome as a real, *boughten* carpet."

"But how are you to pay for the warp and the weaving?" inquired Emily; "and how are you to get it made and put down without your father and mother knowing it?" Lucy said that she had it all planned out, and that she would tell her one of these days.

How differently Lucy felt when Emily left her! What help there is to the poor, forlorn heart, in the kind, encouraging words of a friend! Lucy raised her thoughts thankfully to the Giver of every blessing, and felt strengthened to meet the inevitable ills of her situation.

And her young heart had need of all the strength she could gain, both from piety and sympathy. A day or two after this, she had been working with all her might to make up her scarlet balls, when, on leaving her garret room to go and help her mother prepare supper, she heard the harsh, impatient tones of her father's voice, and she knew what a sad, uncomfortable scene was before her. Her father was storming because supper was not on the table, though it was half an hour before the usual time; but he was going to spend the evening at the quarters of a travelling circus, and as he had only money enough to pay for his entrance ticket and the two or three bowls of punch which he knew he should want, he must have his supper before leaving home. Lucy found her mother weeping, her little brother, who had fever and ague, shivering in the chimney corner, and her father with a red face and angry look devouring some bread and meat which he had hastily set upon the bare table.

"You lazy little thing!" said her father to her, "why are you not here when I want you? Put down that big boy and get me a glass of cider, quick!"

Lucy took the pitcher and went to the store-room. The barrel was almost empty, and the cider ran slowly. She had

time to see how bare the place was. A ham-bone hung on a nail, a piece of skinny pork lay on a broken platter, a few lean tallow candles hung from a hook; and these were the stores of a place, which, within her recollection, had been kept filled with nice and comfortable things. "O!" whispered the poor girl, "how happy I should be if I could influence my father! Who knows but I may if I try?" and she raised an earnest wish for assistance to her Father in Heaven.

As she returned hastily to the kitchen, she stumbled and fell; the pitcher was broken and the cider spilled. The angry father called her a careless brat, and, for the first time in his life, struck her a violent blow. For an instant, pride, anger, shame, and a sense of cruel injustice, rushed in a tide over the poor girl's heart. It was her moment of trial, but she had just asked for strength, and strength was given her. She quelled her passion, and looked up into her father's face with a beseeching smile of love and pity. "I am sorry, father," she said gently; "I will be more careful in future. Let me brush your coat and hat before you go." And she brushed his coat and hat, and tied on a clean neck-cloth, and bade him a kind "good night" as he went out at the door.

"What a brute I am," murmured Dale to himself as he walked up the street, "to treat such a child in such a manner. What are we all coming to?" And so strongly did the thought just now strike him, and so did the piteous smile, the struggles of love and grief in Lucy's face haunt him, that for a moment he forgot the circus. He turned into a field, and sat himself down under a haystack to think.

While sitting there, several parties of men and boys straggled along towards the circus tent. Presently he heard one say to another, "Have you got any money, Bill?"

"No," replied the other, "but Dale will be there, and he always has enough to treat. He's a generous, good-natured fellow."

"Generous! good-natured! do you call him?" said the first speaker. "To spend his money in drinking with Tom, Dick, and Harry, while his children are ragged and hungry at home!"

"'Tis a kind of devil's good nature, after all," replied the other; "but we ought not to find fault with it; we get the drink and the fun, and save our money."

Dale recognized in these speakers the voices of two of his *warmest friends* and most *ardent admirers*. He looked up at the stars, and thought and thought.

Meanwhile, Lucy and her mother sat down to their poor supper. Never had Mrs. Dale felt so utterly discouraged. She ate in silence, every now and then wiping away the tears. Lucy helped her little brothers and sister, talking kindly to them, and after supper she put them to bed. She wrapped the little sick boy in blankets, and gave him some catnip tea; and when she had kissed him he said his head felt better, and he thought he should sleep. Then she returned to the kitchen and sat down to darn her father's stockings. After working a while, she looked up and said, "Mother, when are you and father going to make that visit to Uncle John's, that you have been talking about for these two years past?"

"Visit, child! how can we make a visit to your Uncle John's? We have no money to go with. I have nothing decent to wear: they would be ashamed of me. I should not enjoy a visit to my brother and sister as I used to do, when we were in better circumstances. Besides, your father won't go."

"Perhaps he will go, dear mother. You know father thinks more of Uncle John than any body, and who knows what good he may get? And it would do you so much good! And you can take the baby and little Johnny. It would be sure to break Johnny's chills; the Doctor said a change of air would do it. And I can mend your muslin de laine to-morrow, and put your things in order. And you need not be uneasy about us, we shall want so little while you are gone; and Willie and I can manage together nicely."

"It is tempting," said the sorrowful mother; "but I should feel so badly to come back again to our poor home and my poor children, after the comfort and respectability of my brother's house."

"O mother! don't think of that. Only go, and persuade father to go; you don't know what good may come of it."

Her mother shook her head, but Lucy went to bed with a gleam of hope in her heart, and her thoughts full of great designs.

She was called early the next morning to assist in getting ready for the journey. Her father had made no objection, but at once consented to go. He was unusually grave and thoughtful the whole day. His eyes followed Lucy wherever she moved, and twice he called her to him, as if he had something particular to say to her; but when she came he merely stroked her head, kissed her and sent her away again. It seemed that he was either ashamed or afraid to say what he wished. He stayed at home in the evening; and on the second day, Lucy had the pleasure of seeing them all comfortably equipped and started on their journey.

As soon as they were fairly out of sight, Lucy shut the door, and called her brothers Willie and Eben and her little sister Mary to her side. "Now, children," she said, "father has left me two dollars to buy meat and bread with, and they are to be away for a week. I want to give father and mother a surprise when they come back. I want to see how nice and pleasant we can make the house and yard look. I want to see mother look happy, and father stay at home and work; do n't you?"

"O yes!"

"Are you willing to live upon hasty-pudding and roasted potatoes, and save this money to buy boards and nails and paint to mend the fence?"

"O yes!" said Willie; "but you need not buy boards; there are plenty in the barn of just the right width, and I can nail them on, and whitewash them too."

"That's a good boy, set about it then."

"I'll help," said Eben; "set me about something."

"And me too, me too, sister!" said little Mary.

Lucy set the younger ones to gathering all the sticks and dried leaves and old bones and bits of leather that were scattered

about, and piling them in a heap in a corner of the garden. Then she ran down the street to Mrs. Potter to know what was the earliest minute that she could finish weaving her carpet. Mrs. Potter told her it would be done at the end of four days. "Just right! just right!" Next she put a huge kettle of water over the fire, and then she sat down to write a letter. It ran thus:

ELMINGTON, MAY 10TH, 18—.

MY DEAR, KIND UNCLE LUTHER:

You recollect that five years ago, when I was a little girl of nine years old, I passed the month of April at your house, and that one stormy day you brought in a pair of twin lambs almost dead with the cold. I wrapped them in a blanket and nursed them, and fed them with warm milk, until they were quite well and strong. Then, dear Uncle, you said that the lambs might run and feed with your sheep, but that they should truly be mine, and that whenever I wanted them or the money for them, I should have what they would bring. You said that if they died you would let me know; but I have never heard of their death, so I suppose they are living. Now, dear Uncle, I want this money, whatever it may be. Father and mother have gone on a visit to mother's brother, and I want to pay for the weaving of a carpet, and to get it on the floor before their return. If I could pay for the weaving in any other way, I would not ask for the money; but I cannot. So, dear Uncle, if you can send it in a letter as soon as possible after you receive this, you will truly oblige

Your dutiful and affectionate niece,

LUCY DALE.

After this letter was despatched, Lucy commenced cleaning the house. First she washed the windows, and rubbed them till they were as clear as crystal. There were several broken panes, which she let alone for the present. Then she attacked the wood-work; and, though it was soiled and spotted, she

made it look a great deal better than it did before. Willie was hammering away at the fence, she scrubbing with bare arms inside, and the children laughing and shouting at their work in the yard, when Emily Fanning came in.

"What nice fun this is! I'll help! I'm determined to help!" said Emily. "Give me a rag." And seizing a cloth, she fell to scouring an old-fashioned beaufet, which stood in the corner of the room.

"There," said she, after an hour's hard labor, "it looks better, but it needs painting; and so does the whole room; it would be quite a different thing if the wood-work was painted. The moulding on those old panels is very pretty."

"Ah! yes; but I cannot afford that," said Lucy.

"I can, though," said Emily, who was now in high spirits. "I know where there's a pot of paint and brushes that I can get for *thank'ee*, and I can paint it myself. Pray do n't open your eyes so wide, and do n't think there's not another smart person in the world beside yourself. I can do a thing or two as well as you. And do n't be too proud to let me help you. Mother was not too proud to let you help her last summer, when I was sick. Do n't you remember how you came day after day, and ran up and down stairs till you must have been tired to death? I won't wait till you are sick. I am determined to pay off old debts now, so pray let me have my own way."

Lucy let Emily have her own way, and the end of the second day saw the little parlor looking as fresh and clean as a new coat of white paint could make it. There were whole panes of glass too in every window of the house; for though Emily did not set them with her own hands, she coaxed the hands that did it.

While these things were going on, the children were as merry as crickets. How they enjoyed their breakfast of hasty-pudding and milk, and their supper of roasted potatoes! And after supper, how sweetly Lucy sang to them, and told them stories about little boys and girls which she said she wished them to resemble, and which they said they would

try to do. And when she had heard their prayers, and saw them all in bed and asleep, she went to sleep herself, with a sweet feeling of hope playing about her heart.

Willie, meanwhile, had mended the fence, and had prepared a huge tub of slacked lime, with a certain quantity of glue and salt dissolved in it. This he had been told would last upon the fence and look well for two years; and a proud boy he was when its whole length appeared in its new white dress, with posts all upright, and the boards all even; as Emily said, "a most respectable-looking fence."

One improvement led to another. There was a large vine formerly trained against the house, and reaching to the eaves, which had latterly fallen away, and run straggling hither and thither. The space which this vine had occupied was of a different color from the rest of the house, and filled with streaks and spots; and this it was which gave such a dilapidated, weather-stained look to the building. Willie placed a ladder against the house, and he and his sister raised this vine branch by branch, nailed it so as to cover all the stained and broken places; and a picturesque-looking thing it was, with its long tendrils and clustering leaves hanging gracefully down from the eaves and partly covering one window. When it was finished, they ran across the street to look at it, and Emily joined them. The change was really wonderful. It looked like an entirely different place. The house had formerly been painted with ochre, and it now looked of a uniform, brownish yellow, — a color very pleasing to the eye. It was a one-story house, but large upon the ground. With its great overshadowing tree, its beautiful vine, its clean-swept court-yard and bright fence, it was as pretty a cottage as one would wish to see. "Why Lucy, your house will be the gem of the village," said Mrs. Fanning, coming out and kindly stroking her head. "You are a good girl, Lucy, and you will have your reward. Persevere!"

Lucy did persevere. She cleaned and arranged all the poor furniture inside the house to the best advantage. Then she helped Willie to trim the lilac bushes, and carry away

all the rubbish which had collected about their roots. After that, Willie dug some borders each side the path leading from the gate to the front door, into which Lucy transplanted roses and other gay spring flowers which were just ready to blossom. She and her brothers did what they could in the garden; and, on the fourth day, a man came bringing a huge roll on his shoulder, which he threw down in the entry. It was the carpet, Lucy's carpet, which she had spent many long hours in cutting and preparing while her companions were at play. There it was, finished; and how neat and handsome it looked as she unrolled it on the parlor floor and measured off the breadths! It was nicely woven, and the strips of brown and the figures of white and blue and red were made to match exactly. Lucy sewed steadily, and in the afternoon Emily came to help her; and at noon the second day it was finished, spread down, and tacked to the floor. "How pretty it is!" they all exclaimed; and Emily said that Mrs. Potter was fit to be carpet-weaver to the queen.

A pair of Britannia candlesticks had been rubbed till they shone like silver, and placed on the newly waxed table. The few cups and saucers which remained of an old set of china were arranged on the shelves of the beaufet; and, though it must be confessed that the room had rather a bare look, still it was a palace in comparison with what it had been. One feat remained, and this was to make a cushion for the father's arm-chair out of a piece of the scarlet merino which had been saved for that purpose. A little bag of hen's feathers, which Lucy found in the garret, served for stuffing; and at night the cushion was finished. And what a pretty, comfortable air it gave to the room, that bright, red cushion! It seemed to furnish it almost as much as the carpet itself.

"O!" thought Lucy, as she sat down at night exhausted with her day's labor, "if I only had a new set of china for mother's beaufet; and if the children only had some nice, clean clothes, and if there was only a barrel of flour in the store-room; and if I was only able to hire a man to dig the garden, so that Willie and I could plant it, how happy I should be!

After all, what if father should not like to stay at home, but should go off to all the horse-races, and fairs, and merry-makings: we should be as badly off as ever."

Lucy had naturally a buoyant and hopeful disposition, but the habit of fear and sorrow had lately been gaining upon her; and now that the excitement of her work was over, she sank into painful forebodings. All the children were in bed but Willie, and she sent him to the post-office. He came back with two letters. One was from her mother. She broke it open, and read as follows:

MAPLETON, MAY 16TH, 18—.

MY DEAR CHILD:

You must not expect to see us to-morrow. We enjoyed the first three days of our visit very much; your uncle and aunt were so kind to us and the children. Your father worked a part of every day in finishing off a new wing which has been added to the house. But on the fourth day he fell from a ladder and sprained his ancle, so that he cannot stand, and the doctor says he must not move for at least four days to come. I am so sorry for this. Your uncle was to pay him for his work, and he would have earned at least a dollar and a-half a day. Now, what he has got must go to the doctor; but what is worse is, that he is so dispirited, and sees every thing in such a bad light. Your uncle's children go to school, and they are all so well dressed, and the house is so nicely furnished, and so neat and pretty outside, and they set such a good, wholesome, plentiful table, it all seems to make him feel badly; not angry or envious, but down-hearted and discouraged. I try to raise his spirits by telling him what we can do if we only set about it in good earnest, and he brightens up while I am talking to him; but then he says it will take him so long to get out of debt, and that you must all go ragged and hungry in the meantime, he cannot bear the thought of it. I am sadly afraid how it will be; but keep up your spirits, my dear child. Your father loves you. I can see his eyes glisten whenever your name is mentioned.

Your uncle reads the Bible, makes a prayer morning and

night, and your father listens in a way I never saw him do before. Last evening, when your uncle prayed for the little family left at home, your father sobbed out; he could not help it.

Johnny is almost well. Your aunt keeps a pitcher of cherry-bark tea on the table, and every morning she beats up an egg with wine and sugar, and makes him swallow it before breakfast. She thinks it is this which is curing him; but I think it is the good bread and beef and chickens which he eats. I wish I could send you some of these good things; but I shall bring you something when I come; and in the meantime my poor little ones must be content to live upon their pudding and potatoes. Good bye, dear child; I cannot help hoping this may be a fortunate visit, after all. God grant it may be so.

Your affectionate mother, E. DALE.

Lucy had felt sad before reading this letter. Now she laid her head upon her arms and sobbed for a long time. The hope which had kept up her spirits, which had given her almost supernatural strength, died away within her. "Every thing," she murmured to herself, "was pleasant when father and mother came to live here, and yet he grew idle and poor. Why should I think it will ever be different? O! I am afraid it never will."

"Sister," said Willie, "do n't you think that you and I could do a great deal for mother? See what we have already done in these few days. Do n't be discouraged; I can't bear to see you cry. We can earn money."

"That is true, Willie; but O! Willie, I do love father so; and I do so long to see him good and respectable and happy. O! if I could see him as I remember him when I was a little girl. There is One, Willie, that can do it." And Lucy and Willie knelt by the same chair, and raised their young hearts to Heaven with the same earnest prayer.

"But, Lucy, are you going to bed without reading your other letter? I do believe it was from Uncle Luther."

The other letter had been quite forgotten. It was from Uncle Luther; and here it is.

PATTERSON, MAY 14TH, 18—.

MY DEAR NIECE:

Your letter came to hand yesterday, and I see by it, that you have got to be a beautiful writer. I don't mean to flatter you; but I rather guess you understand spelling and grammar too. I am glad of it; a good education is a fine thing for a girl. My girls are getting on nicely with their schooling.

As for the lambs, I'll tell you all about it. Those two lambs was real Saxony, of the finest kind. Your aunt took a great liking to you, and she and I agreed from the first, that as you saved their lives, and as keeping did n't cost much, that you should have the whole benefit of 'em, let it come to what it would; and if you did n't ask for it before, you was to have it when you got married. But you want it now, it seems, so you shall have it now. Well, your two lambs have had two lambs apiece, so that altogether there are six of 'em; and the least they are worth is eight dollars a-piece. I have been offered eight dollars a-piece for the lot all round. But I want 'em myself, for there are few such sheep in this part of the country; and I'll give you forty-eight dollars for 'em. Well, that settles for the sheep; but we've had the wool. Well, last year aunt had a mind, seeing the wool was so fine, to try for a prize at the great Fair; and she and the girls made a piece of cloth, a little bit nicer, I can tell you, than any thing else in the exhibition. It swept the dozen silver spoons right into their pockets. Now, they all agree that half the cloth and half the spoons ought to be yours, and I think so too, and I shall send them by the stage-driver to-morrow; and I know you won't be a bit sorry to give your father a new coat, as good and as handsome as fine English broadcloth. I hope he 'll wear it over when he brings you to make us a visit next peach-time, for that's the time we all want you to come and see us. I must think times are going pretty well with you, since you are making new carpets and that sort of thing; and I am mighty glad of it.

All the family send love.

YOUR UNCLE LUTHER.

If Lucy had wept for sorrow a few minutes before, now she wept for joy. The money seemed like a present from Heaven. She determined to keep thirty dollars to give her father for the payment of a debt which she had heard him say discouraged him more than any thing else; and she could pay Mrs. Potter, and still have fifteen dollars to spend. Now she was rejoiced, that her father and mother would remain away several days longer. She lay awake, calculating and contriving plans, for half the night, and the next morning she was up bright and early. When she had finished her breakfast of hasty-pudding and milk, she went over to Mr. Fanning's store. The pretty, long-wished for set of china was still there. Lucy bought it. She bought a large smoked ham, and some fish; some tea, coffee, butter and sugar. She bought twenty yards of cheap white muslin, and a number of yards of calico and brown linen; and she fitted herself and her little sister and brothers with new shoes.

"Why, Lucy," said Mr. Fanning, "I have not had such a customer for a long time; and you pay ready cash too. I shall take off twenty-five per cent. for you."

"O! then," said Lucy, joyfully, "I can buy eleven yards of that pretty muslin de laine, that mother liked so much, and that she wished she could have."

The muslin de laine was cut off, and Mr. Fanning's nephew, Harry, who was his clerk, took the bundles all home. When he was gone, Lucy saw a pair of small china vases on the mantel-shelf. She never knew exactly where they came from; but they looked very pretty, and were just the thing for flowers.

Lucy saw Emily at work in her garden, and she went in and sat down with her under the cherry-tree, and told her all her good fortune. "Why Lucy, it's just like a story-book!" said Emily, while sympathetic tears fairly dropped from her eyes. Lucy never forgot those kind tears.

"But, Lucy, I am determined to have a hand in it all. I shall come this afternoon and help you make your curtains, and frocks, and aprons, and blouses. O! I have thought of

a good thing — we will have a *Bee!* I will ask Miss Patten, the school-mistress, and Patty Shepard, who is as quick as lightning with her needle, and Miss Betty Blake, who knows how to cut and fit every thing that ever was worn; and half a dozen other girls. And, Lucy, when we make a *Bee*, you know we always carry our own supper; so you need not be in any trouble on that account. Won't we have nice times? I like Bees, they are so cheerful."

Miss Patten readily joined in Emily's plan; and Miss Blake began immediately after a twelve-o'clock dinner, and had as much as she could do to fit as fast as the others could sew, and their fingers flew. At dark they had finished a calico frock for each of the girls, and a linen blouse apiece for the boys. Lucy did not feel humiliated at receiving this assistance from her young companions. She saw that they did not look down upon her, but that they regarded her with interest and respect, and really wished her well.

Lucy hired a man to dig the garden, and she and Willie made beds and borders, and planted beans, peas, lettuce and radishes, besides a variety of annual flower seeds. Saturday morning came; the morning of the day on which she expected her father and mother. The white curtains were up at the windows, every fold arranged and looped up neatly at the sides. Two bouquets of lilacs and daffodils stood in the china vases on the clean, white mantel-shelf. The mother's rocking-chair, covered with gay calico, stood by the side of the father's arm-chair. The old chairs had been painted and varnished, and arranged round the room. The carpet was new and clean and bright; the kitchen and chambers in perfect order.

"The change is wonderful!" said Emily; "and for a young girl and boy like you and your brother to do it all, it seems like enchantment."

"We have not done so very much," said Lucy. "If people would exert themselves and help one another as you and other kind friends have helped me, they could do much more than they think for. To be sure, it is not every one

that can expect money to drop to them from the clouds, as it really seemed that the *lamb-money* did to me. Perhaps you think me wrong, Emily, in thinking so much of what *looks* nice and pretty, but my father is a man of taste, Emily; he enjoys every comfort, and feels the want of it extremely. It is not from vanity, that I have been so anxious to make every thing look well in doors and out: if father could only be proud of his home, and feel that it was a pleasant place; if he could feel respectable in it, and be free from debt, I do believe there would be a happier life in store for my mother, and all of us."

Lucy had taken time so by the forelock, that she had nothing left to do for a couple of hours before her father and mother were to come. The children were all in their new frocks and blouses and shoes, with hands and faces as clean as soap and water could make them. The coffee-pot was boiling before the fire, the soaked shad spread upon the gridiron, ready to be placed on the coals. The table was spread with a clean cloth and the brightest of knives and forks, the pretty new china, and the half-dozen shining silver spoons. There was a loaf of bread, and a pitcher of milk, and a roll of butter, and a plate of nice cake, (the remains of the Bee;) and there was slowly baking before the fire a johnny-cake, which sent its perfume over the whole house. "O! how I wish the old clock would go," exclaimed Lucy; "I do so long to know exactly what time it is."

"And I think I can make it go," said Willie. "Eben found the lost weight yesterday, in a heap of rubbish." And sure enough, when the weight was hung upon the hook, and the pendulum set in motion, it went as well as a clock need to go. The children all clapped their hands, and Eben ran over to Mr. Fanning's to get the exact time.

"But hark! the stage! No — yes — it is!"

It drives up to the door, and the children are there to take the baby, and help out little Johnny; but Johnny needs no help; — he is well and able to help himself.

And now for the surprise. Dale looked at the house, the vine, the nice white fence, the lilacs, the gravel-walks, the

flower-borders, the clean, smooth grass ——— "Come in, father, let me help you in," said Willie. But, without giving Willie the least attention, he limped forward to the garden wall, and took a long look at the garden.

"Father, mother, do come in!" cried the impatient Willie.

They came in. "Walk into the parlor, and take your arm-chair, father. Mother, here is your rocking-chair; and Johnny, here is yours. Sit down and rest yourselves."

At first, the mother looked round in utter astonishment. Then she laughed and wept by turns, as the little ones gave her the particulars of every thing which had been done while they were away. Lucy in the meanwhile slipped into the kitchen; and, after a few minutes, she asked her father and mother in to supper. And such a kitchen, and such a supper! There was a perfect jubilee among them all, except Dale himself. He suffered himself to be led and helped, and he looked and listened; but he spoke not a word. Lucy now and then stole an anxious look at him. There was an expression on his countenance such as she had never seen there before, but she drew hope from it. And what was he thinking of all this time? The folly of his past course, — his future life. He saw what had been done by children, — his own neglected children. He saw what comfort and happiness he, with his strong arm, backed by a strong resolution, could bring around him. And he took this resolution. He made a solemn compact between himself and his Maker, that from henceforth he would do his duty as a man, a husband, and a father.

The mother and the children were not soon tired of talking; but as bed-time approached, they settled down in quiet. Now, for the first time, the father opened his lips. It was to read a chapter in the Bible. And then he prayed. He prayed for himself, his wife, his children. He thanked God for his first-born, "the dear child who had been sent to them as a light and a blessing."

The Sabbath passed; and Lucy had the gratification of witnessing the admiring looks, and hearing the wondering remarks of the villagers and country people as they passed on

their way to church. She had reserved the secret of the thirty dollars and the broadcloth till Monday morning; then she brought them and presented them to her father. When he had listened to the whole story of the lambs, which he had only partly heard before, he said, "I will take the coat, Lucy, and I shall wear it with pleasure; but I will not touch your money. I have seen *what small hands can do;* you shall see what *large ones* can do. They can pay my debts, and they can support my wife and children, and they *shall do it.* With this thirty dollars you can buy school-books, and go a year to Mrs. Lanman's school; and this is what I wish you to do with it."

Lucy did as her father wished. A year, two years, three years, passed. It was on Lucy's seventeenth birth-day, in the early part of May, that Mrs. Dale invited her neighbors in to tea. They were a respectable-looking company of ladies, but none looked more respectable, healthy and happy than Mrs. Dale herself. Nowhere was there a neater house, a more comfortable table, or brighter, cleaner children. After tea, they went out into the court-yard, and from thence to the garden. They admired the flowers, and wondered at the forwardness of the beans and peas, and the large heads of asparagus sprouting from the new bed. But when they saw the strawberry patch in full blossom, the long rows of raspberry-bushes, tied up at intervals to separate stakes, and the old cherry and pear-trees, which had been trimmed of their dead branches and were now white with flowers, they were eager to know how such a change had been brought about. "You must ask Mr. Dale and Willie. They are in the garden every morning before breakfast; and Willie says we shall have fruit for every day in the year, which will be very healthy, and very pleasant too, you know, Mrs. Fanning."

About this time there was a district-school meeting; and, after some discussion, it was settled that Lucy Dale should be asked to take charge of the village school. In the rural districts of New England this is quite a distinction, none but very respectable and superior young women being placed in

this dignified and responsible station. The subject was discussed by the Dales next morning at breakfast.

"I am proud that our Lucy has had the offer," said Mrs. Dale; "but, husband, how can we spare her time from the family?"

"Well enough," said the father. "Old Mr. Sparks owes me for a job of joinering, and he wants one of his girls should come and work for you this summer for pay. And I can afford it, too, wife, for business is brisk, and you know when Willie and I set about a thing we are not slow; are we, Willie?"

So Lucy, in her clean pink calico dress, with her silver watch at her side, and with groups of merry children running before her to hang up green boughs and arrange bouquets of flowers, went every morning to the cheerful school-room; and the visiting committee pronounced her the best teacher they ever had. In the morning, she helped her father in the garden, or her mother about the house; but there was no more cheerful parlor in the village than Mr. Dale's of an evening. He himself sang a beautiful tune; and his *Black-Eyed Susan*, and *Auld Robin Gray*, often drew tears from those who heard him. Mrs. Dale had a good voice for a second, and Lucy a sweet treble, and they sang a great many beautiful trios together. On Saturday and Sunday evenings, these were changed for psalms and hymns; and a beautiful thing it was, on a quiet summer evening, to hear such a sweet harmony stealing on the air.

One evening, in the autumn of this year, Willie had been gazing very thoughtfully into the fire, when he suddenly looked up at his mother and said, "Mother, I don't wonder that our Lucy and Emily Fanning should be such good friends, for every body says they are the two nicest girls in the village of Elmington; but I do wonder what makes Harry Fanning come here so much. Now that he has gone into company with his uncle, and they are doing such a large business, I should think his time would be wanted in the store." Mrs. Dale smiled, and Lucy blushed, and Willie opened his eyes very wide, as if some new thought had just entered his mind.

THE BIBLE OUR TRUE GUIDE.

Searching the Scriptures.

"MILLIONS of pilgrims throng the roads,
Bearing their baubles and their loads,
Down to the shades of night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow and rough and steep ascends,
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible! He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That lamp of life to all who live,
Himself shall lose the way."

P. G.

PARENTS. — Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only "government," firm and mild, but "sympathy," and tenderness.

BENJAMIN WEST.

EDITORIAL.

THIS distinguished painter was born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, 1738, being the eldest of ten children. In his seventh year he gave the first indications of a taste for drawing. He was placed to watch the infant of his sister, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. "As he sat by the cradle the child smiled in sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, 'I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!' Then clasping the boy in her arms, she fondly kissed him." Our Engraving presents him at this first effort in art. When eight years of age, a party of Cherokee Indians noticed with indications of pleasure the rude sketches he had made of birds, beasts, fruits and flowers. From them he learned to prepare red and yellow paint. To these his mother added indigo. Hair stolen from the back of a favorite cat supplied him with brushes, till a box of paints and pencils were presented him by a friend. In his ninth year he visited Philadelphia, and there executed a view of the banks of the river.

Before he was fourteen, he painted the portrait of a beautiful lady, the sight of which brought crowds to sit for their likenesses.

About this time he enlisted as a soldier in the army; but was called from his first and last campaign, by a messenger announcing the dangerous illness of his mother. She died; and with her departing spirit vanished the charms of home. He forsook his father's house, and established himself as a portrait-painter in Philadelphia, in the eighteenth year of his age. His extreme youth, the peculiar circumstances of his history, and his undoubted merit, secured abundant patronage. From Philadelphia he went to New York, where he remained till a favorable opportunity offered for visiting

Europe. At the age of twenty-one we find him in Rome, studying the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, with such intense anxiety as to bring on a long fit of sickness. He was elected a member of the academies of Parma, Florence and Bologna, to the former of which he presented a painting of great excellence. In 1763, he went to London, where he was introduced to King George III., whose royal patronage he enjoyed for more than thirty years. He rejected the distinction of knighthood proffered him by the king. In 1792, he was elected President of the Royal Academy of Arts. His life was long and laborious, and his productions very numerous. During his stay in England, he painted and sketched in oil upwards of four hundred pictures, mostly of an historical and religious character, for which he received one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. "No subject seemed too lofty for his pencil. He strove to follow the sublimest flights of the prophets, and dared to lessen the effulgence of God's glory, and the terrors of the judgment day. In his 'Death on the Pale Horse,' he has more than approached the masters of his calling. It is indeed fearful to behold the triumphant march of that terrific phantom, and the dissolution of all things beneath his dissolving tread."

In person, West was above the middle size, of fair complexion and sedate aspect. In disposition he was mild, liberal, generous. He died peacefully, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried beside other distinguished artists in St. Paul's Cathedral. His two sons and grandson were chief mourners, his wife having made her exit before him. The pall was borne by noblemen and ambassadors, while sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession.

In the case of this distinguished artist, we see the importance of encouraging the first efforts of youthful genius. Had the child received no caresses for "the likeness of little Sally," the world perchance had never heard of "Christ Healing the Sick," and the many other wonderful productions of Benjamin West.

THE MESSENGER-BIRD.

BY MISS ELIZA JENKINS.

[The custom prevailed among the Seneca Indians of imprisoning a young bird on the death of a beautiful maiden; and when it first tried its powers of song, to set it free over the grave. It suggested the following stanzas.]

We stand by the maiden's grave, sweet bird,
And sever thy silken band;
Go, cleave the sky like an arrow swift,
And fly to the spirit land.
On, on, through the fleecy, floating clouds,
'Mid the starry gems of night,
Till thou fold thy wing, and rest thy foot
In "the land of love and light."

Soft breezes fan that radiant shore,
Its flowers are fresh and fair;
Its bowers are green and its forests free,
And the fount of life springs there.
Be lured by nought on thy way, sweet bird,
Nor allow thy wings to rest,
Till thou light on the hand of the loved one there,
Or nestle in her breast.

Go, murmur in her listening ear
The words of unchanging love;
And say that our thoughts are with her still,
As she roams the Elysian grove.
Say not that her father's soul is sad,
That her mother's eye is dim
With tears; that her sister pines with grief, —
Her lover, say nought of him.

No sorrows of earth reveal, since her soul
May thrill at the sound of woe;
And sensitive cords may bind her still
To bleeding hearts below.
Give her the message of love, sweet bird,
Bestow the fond caress;
And say, when a few more moons have waned
Our forms her eye shall bless.

Now away! we have heard thy song, sweet bird,
We sever the silken band;
Go, cleave the sky like an arrow swift,
And fly to the spirit land.

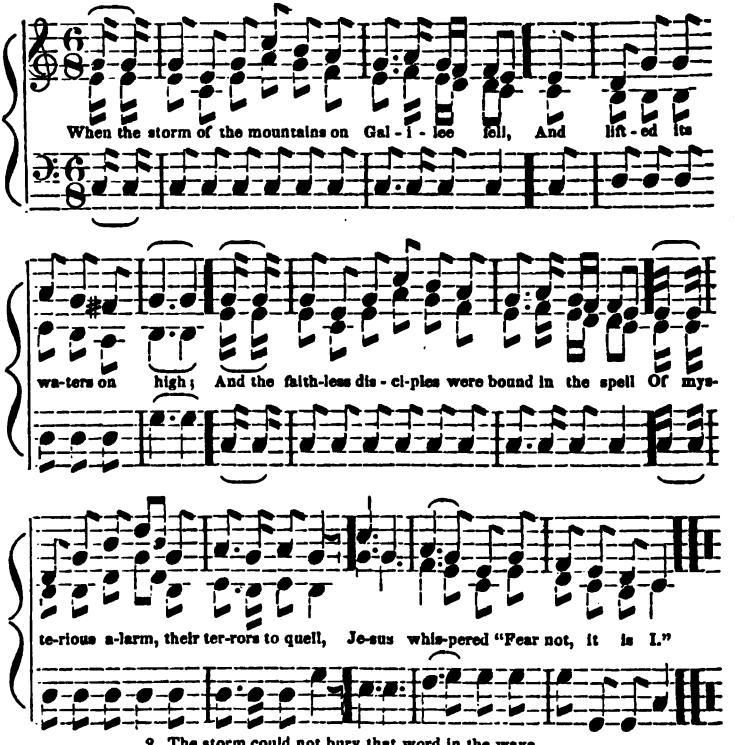
THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

An angel form, with brow of light,
Watched over a sleeping infant's dream,
And gazed as though his visage bright
He there beheld as in a stream.

Fair child, whose face with love doth shine,
O come, he said, and fly with me;
Come forth to happiness divine,
For earth is all unworthy thee!

The angel shook his snowy wings,
And through the fields of ether sped,
Where heaven's eternal music rings, —
Mother, alas! thy son is dead! — *Jean Reboul.*

"It is I, be not afraid."

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, BY L. MASON.

When the storm of the mountains on Gal - i - lee fell, And lift - ed its
wa-ters on high; And the faith-less dis - ci-ples were bound in the spell Of mys-
te-rious a-larm, their ter-rors to quell, Je-sus whis-pered "Fear not, it is I."

2. The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

3. When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From his life-giving word, "It is I."

4. When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

5. When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne"
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
And say, "Be not afraid, it is I."

MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY REV. DAVID A. STRONG.

THERE is no influence so important in the training of children, as that of the mother. No one can have so intense an interest in the welfare of the child. No one can administer to its wants with so much tenderness. No one can watch over him, from day to day, with such care. No one can bear his petulance with so much patience. No one can note his physical, mental and moral growth with such solicitude. No one can be with him so much, nor have the same

opportunity to become so intimately acquainted with his capabilities, and with the tendencies of his mental and moral nature. And hence, no one can have that place in the child's affections which the mother has. He early learns his dependence upon her. He soon perceives that she sympathizes with him in his little cares and vexations; that she is interested in all which concerns him; that she is ever ready to soothe his disappointments, and to contrive means for his amusement, pleasure and comfort. He does not long fail to perceive, that she is not only willing, but in fact often *does*, deny herself, for the sake of benefitting her child. Hence the child learns to look upon his mother as he looks upon no other friend. To her he resorts in every time of trouble, and with her he seeks a refuge when afraid. He confides to her his tiny plans. He applies to her to solve his doubts, and to assist him in his difficulties. In a word, she is his friend, his counsellor, his protector, and his refuge. A fond and judicious mother cannot have such constant and familiar intercourse with him, without gaining his love. And, having gained that, she has obtained a moral power over him, which, rightly used, with the blessing of heaven, cannot fail to make him a worthy citizen, and, she has reason to hope, a faithful and consistent Christian.

Maternal responsibility may be considered in reference to the physical, intellectual, or moral culture of children. We propose to consider the last; for, though the physical education and the intellectual training of the young are vastly important, the moral culture must be paramount, because it more especially has reference to the future, and has a very intimate connection with its moral condition in eternity. It is here, that maternal responsibility assumes a double importance, inasmuch as it has respect to the happiness of the child for two worlds. It is here, that it gathers weight. It is here, that it affects the moral condition of the generation about to enter upon the active duties of life. It is here, that it affects the moral condition of the world in a manner and to an extent, which our finite capacities cannot appreciate. It is

here, that it touches chords which vibrate forever and ever. It is here, that it becomes a matter of life or death. It is here, that it evokes influences which elevate, and lead to paths of virtue and in the road to heaven. Or if undischarged, it sets in operation a train of influences, which must curse the world, and prove ruinous in the end.

No one has so much to do with the moral character of any generation of men, as mothers. It is for them to lay the foundation. It is for them to begin the superstructure, by defining the outlines with such prominence, that they shall be seen in the future conduct of their sons and daughters, during all their brief earthly career. It is for them to imbue the hearts of their offspring with principles which will withstand the assaults of temptation. It is for them to arm conscience with power, by educating it in a proper manner; by holding up before the mind the great truths of revelation, and impressing it with a sense of that which is right; and by portraying the fearful consequences which will result from disobedience to its monitions. Tell me not, that, notwithstanding all the hallowed influences and associations that are thrown around the young, they will break away from them all, and with thoughtless steps tread the paths of sin and folly. Tell me not, mothers of New England, that your efforts to save your children from moral ruin will be in vain. It is true, that many a youth has torn himself away from home and its sacred influences, and has blighted the hopes of fond parents by entering upon a course of self-indulgence, which has wrought ruin upon himself. This may be true of the children of some Christian parents. But do such facts prove the saying of the wise man false? Do they render the promises of a covenant-keeping God nugatory? This can never be. We must, therefore, attribute the lapse of such youth to parental unfaithfulness, or to some great defect in their domestic training. There may have been too great severity in the family government, which has soured the disposition of the youth, embittered his feelings, and presented the pathway of virtue and religion to his mind as a

gloomy, undesirable, cheerless way; or there may have been too great a laxity in the family government. The passions of the youth have been unrestrained; his wishes, however unreasonable, have been gratified; or there may have been neglect in the religious training of the youth. The great principles of right and wrong have not been kept before his mind; his heart has been permitted to be preöccupied by worldly and selfish maxims and principles; the mother has failed to interest him, from his earliest years, in religious subjects; the hateful character of vice, and the dreadful consequences which result from it, have not been faithfully impressed upon his young mind; his attention has not been freely called to the comparative worthlessness of earthly objects, enjoyments and treasures; religion has not been placed in contrast with irreligion, nor have its everlasting rewards been contrasted with the short-lived felicity which is derived from sublunary pleasure.

If mothers would take the same trouble to instruct their children for eternity as they do to fit them for the scenes of this brief life; if they would as earnestly and faithfully inculcate upon their minds the great truths of Christianity as they do the maxims of a false and fleeting world; if they would but take as much pains to secure the salvation of their immortal nature as they do to preserve the dying body; and if they did but manifest the governing power of personal religion over themselves, by praying for and with their children, as the mother of John Newton did, how different might be the religious aspect of society from what it now is! If the mother of Byron had been such a Christian as the mother of Newton was, Byron, instead of leaving such a blighting influence in the world as he has left, might have been a common benefactor of the race, and left a memory as honored as that of Newton or of Howard.

How is it that the adherents of false religions are made so firm in their faith? It is by instilling into their young minds the *principles* of those systems. It is by making them perfectly familiar with their tenets. And here is where

Christian mothers have failed. They have not instilled the truths of revelation into the hearts of their children from their youngest years. They have not represented the Bible as the infallible guide of men; nor insisted that its claims are paramount to all other. And, failing to do this, they have failed to instruct their children in the nature of moral obligation and the character of personal responsibility; they have not informed them of the imperfections and tendencies of our fallen nature. They have rather left them to discover these things themselves; and, consequently, in multitudes of cases, the young have mingled with the world before they were acquainted with its temptations and its deceptions. Hence they have been unprepared to resist its temptations. The fascinations of pleasure have lured them from virtue's ways. Step by step they have wandered from the path of safety, and have continued in their course of self-indulgence till they have ruined themselves. But if they had received proper instruction from a faithful mother's lips, they might have escaped their fearful end. They might have been an honor to their country and a blessing to the world, instead of a shame to the one and a curse to the other. O that mothers could see and feel, much more than they do, the responsibility imposed upon them; that they would take a more comprehensive view of the influence which *they*, through their children, must exert in the world; and that they would see that, under God, they have it in their power, in no small degree, to say what shall be the character of their children, both here and hereafter!

THE MEASURE OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
We should count time by heart throbs when they beat
For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best.
Life is but a means unto an end, — that end,
Beginning, mean and end to all things, God.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Twelve years with their changes have rolled,
  Their joys and their sorrows have passed,
Since Hymen, not fetters of gold,
  But silken bands over us cast.
Together pursuing our way,
  We have met the stern duties of life;
And better and better each day
  I love thee, my dutiful wife.

The sun which rose bright on our morn,
  And shone with its kindliest ray,
Still shines all our walks to adorn,
  As he shone on that blest bridal day.
Sweet flowers have sprung up in his beam —
  Human flowers full of gladness and life —
Till no home more cheerful doth seem,
  Than ours, my affectionate wife.

Twelve eyes, that are sparkling like stars,
  Shine on us with innocent light;
Though none of them look like papa's,
  Yet *thine*, dear, are scarcely as bright.
Twelve little feet clatter for shoes,
  To run in the race-course of life,
And stockings thou dost not refuse,
  My own, my industrious wife.

We wept when our little boy died,
  It grieved us to part with him sore;
I remember we kissed him, and cried,
  When we knew we should see him no more;
We followed him down to his bed,
  With anguish our bosoms were rife, —
"'Tis the Lord who hath taken," I said, —
  Resignation was thine, stricken wife.

The roses of earth have their thorns,
  And joys spring to wither and fade,
Yet meekness thy spirit adorns,
  Alike in the sunshine and shade.
When sorrow hath saddened thy breast,
  Or joy added sweetness to life,
His hand, thou hast ever confessed,
  Dealeth kindly, my virtuous wife.

Through the years that have swiftly fled by,
Since we were united in one,
How many have closed the bright eye,
Whose friendship we claimed as our own.
What cause for thanksgiving have we,
Whom God still continues in life!
I thank him for sparing me THEE,
My beloved, my excellent wife!

EMBLEMS OF EASE AND ENERGY.

CENTURIES ago, on neighboring mountains might be seen two little springs; the one hemmed in by tangled weeds that bore the poisonous berry, gathered slimy moss about its brink, and continued to stagnate in the shade and evaporate in the sun for years, till at length it disappeared.

The other won its way drop by drop through the bank, trickled from the brow of its cloudy home, wore a little fissure down the mountain side, and age after age worked its way to the lowland valley. Gathering the dews and rains of heaven, its channel deepened till it swelled into a brook, a gushing stream, a river torrent, and in the lapse of time, irrigating a valley of three thousand miles, poured into the ocean a mighty tide, and mingled with the waves of every sea on earth.

So the mind, yielding to enervating, vicious indolence, breathes out poison upon the moral atmosphere and disappears from the earth; or, obedient to the higher impulses of our nature, struggles on through difficulties into the light, chooses the path of virtue, and rising in energy, it gathers new strength with years until its thoughts go forth to quicken the pulses of the world, and stamp on centuries the impress of its form and the glory of its power. — *Stacy G. Potts.*

"SHINE AS THE STARS."

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"O LOOK! dear mother, do look!" exclaimed little Willie to the fond parent, whose arm encircled his neck, as she sat at the window of her chamber.

At the exclamation of her little boy, Willie's mother looked, and saw, in the western sky, the lovely evening star whose brilliancy had called forth Willie's words.

"It is very beautiful," said she; and then Willie asked, in a low whisper, as if he scarcely knew what he said was proper, "Did God make that star to-night?"

"No, my son," answered his mother; "that star was formed many, many years ago, when this world was made. Why did you ask, Willie?"

"Why, it looks so bright I thought it must be new. My little watch and my trumpet are bright, because they are new."

This was a childish idea; but Willie's mother did not laugh at his remark, and say it was silly, and then let him alone to think for himself, whether what he thought was right or wrong, as many mothers would have done. No; she paused a moment after his last remark, and in silent prayer asked God to help her to converse properly with her dear little boy. O that mothers would oftener consider, that when they converse with their children, it is with young immortals, and what they say is received as truth by them, and will have either a salutary, or a pernicious influence! If mothers and teachers should ever ask, "in spirit and in truth," for Divine assistance, it is when they are about to converse with children and youth.

For nearly an hour, Willie and his mother remained at the window conversing. She told him, in impressive language, yet in words suited to his infant mind, that God our Heavenly Father made the sun, moon and stars, and that it was his mighty power which kept them all in their places. And as

he listened with wonder at the story of the creation, gazing up at the same time to the stars, which had come out one by one upon the evening sky and sparkled there in beauty, an impression was made upon his mind, which neither time nor change could utterly efface. And while that impression was in its early freshness, the mother knelt in prayer with little Willie. Their conversation had rendered it so late, that she hesitated for a moment about prolonging her stay with him, but she felt as if she *ought not* to leave him without the usual prayer; and therefore in a few words, simple, yet full of meaning, she asked that God, who made all the stars, and kept them so bright and beautiful for so many years, would take care of her little boy, and prepare him for that world where he might by-and-by "shine as the stars forever and ever." Willie opened his eyes once during the prayer, and gazed at the stars, which to his little spirit seemed to be looking at him, and then closed his eyes again with the wish that he could go to a star and see what made it twinkle so, and with a hope that God would hear his dear mother's prayer, and ever take care of him, and make him a good boy.

For many evenings after, Willie would ask his mother to place his little bed in such a manner that he could lay and look up at the stars before he went to sleep; and then he would think over what his mother said that evening, and it was long before he ceased himself to pray, in child-like words, that God would make him good enough to shine, at last, like a star in heaven.

Years passed with their usual changes for a child, and Willie became a young man; the child of pious parents, yet not, in all respects, a "child of God." He had not yet learned the great lesson taught by all true instructors since the Christian era, the lesson of repentance and faith. He was about to sail on a long voyage; and the night previous to his departure from the home of his childhood, when his father had closed his own earnest petition at the family altar, his mother added briefly, but fervently, a prayer for the beloved one whose farewell words would so soon be uttered, and she

closed her petition by asking God to make him the instrument of doing good to others, and after "turning many to righteousness," to "shine as the stars of the firmament forever and ever." Before they arose, the power of association and memory had brought vividly before William's mind his mother's prayer, long years ago, when she asked that he might "shine as a star." The lapse of time, with its increase of knowledge, had taught him the real meaning of the phrase, "shine as the stars," but had not entirely erased from his mind the impressions of his childhood; and with the remembrance of that hour came the wish he then expressed, that God would hear his mother's prayer.

With saddened heart the mother bowed, night after night, as her son pursued his course far over the ocean, fearing and hoping, but ever with the earnest desire that he might become a Christian.

One sunny Saturday afternoon, William's father came from the post-office with a "ship" letter; and as they read it, the tears coursed down the cheeks of both, but they were tears of joy. Together, when they had finished reading, they bowed in thanksgiving to Him who had heard and answered their many prayers. The "lost was found," and William was now a Christian!

And well might that mother's heart rejoice, for the letter told her of the value of a mother's prayer! It was on a calm, clear, star-lit evening, that William spent his watch on deck, thinking of his home. None were near him. All was quiet around, save now and then the creaking of a rope, as the ship slowly moved upon the unusually placid sea. The stillness was favorable to contemplation and retrospection. As he looked up to the stars, he remembered his mother's prayer on the evening first mentioned. He had often thought of that occasion during the subsequent years of his life; but now it seemed more vividly present to his mind than ever. There are seasons when the past seems to become the present, so truthfully does Memory paint some by-gone scene, or echo some long-forgotten tone; and this was one of them. And

from his heart he offered up again the petition, that God would hear his mother's prayer. Through all that watch, his mind was exercised upon this one topic — his need of a Saviour — since he had not followed the counsel of his pious parents, and had wandered away from the path of peace and virtue. Then he repented; and, in the silence of that evening spent upon the billow, far from his father's house, he resolved to seek the Saviour. Day after day his impressions continued; and he gave his heart to God, with the firm resolution, that he would henceforth live for high and holy purposes, — to do good on earth, and sing the song of the redeemed in heaven.

And O how often in after years did his mother rejoice that she yielded not, on the evening she remembered so well, to the suggestion that it was late, and perhaps she had better not pray then! Henceforth her words to other mothers were, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days." Pray *with*, as well as *for* your children, and you will find a mother's prayer, if offered in faith, is never offered in vain.

SCOLDING.

A GREAT deal of injury is done to children by their parents scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home to become vagabonds and wanderers by scolding. It sours your temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you scold, the more you will have to scold, because you have become crosser, and your children likewise. Depend upon it, they cannot love you so well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision; you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up bad blood, while it discloses your weakness, and lowers you in their estimation. — *N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

A BRIDAL morn in Cana. By the altar,
In pure white robes, there stood a fair young bride.
Why did her voice grow tremulous and falter, —
Why o'er her cheek the silent tear-drop glide?
Voices of childhood in her ear were ringing,
While busy memory to her soul was bringing
Thoughts of those days in a resistless tide;
Well might she weep, although a sweet, soft smile
Stole up from her warm heart, and kissed her brow the while.

There stood the bridegroom with a look of gladness,
Breathing his vows in a deep, earnest tone;
There stood the father with a brow of sadness,
Grieving to lose his beautiful — his own.
And there in sorrow bowed the pale, sad mother,
Yielding with tears her treasure to another,
Weeping o'er days too quickly, brightly flown;
In music tones she bade the young bride go,
Striving to hide with smiles the tears that still would flow.

There were young sisters, half in joy and sorrow,
With blushing cheeks, and locks with roses crowned; —
One would be wanting in their band to-morrow,
And they would list in vain to hear the sound
Of her light footstep o'er the greensward bounding,
And of her bird-like voice so sweetly sounding,
And her low music laughter echoed round;
There cherished brothers stood — the loved, how well!
Playmates of her young years — how *could* she say farewell!

And there was one — the blessed Saviour — blending
His deep, warm, earnest sympathy with theirs,
While from his full and loving heart ascending,
Were heard his fervent, Heaven-moving prayers,
That God would take them underneath his pinion,
And fit them for his own serene dominion,
Where never come earth's sorrows or its cares.
Fair bridal scene! — the Saviour for a guest!
What could they ask for more, whose union Jesus blessed?

They called for goblets — for the red wine flowing,
To add new brightness to the festive scene.
There was no wine, but in the sunlight glowing,
Clear as a crystal, waters bright were seen.

They filled the water vessels to the brim,
And then with wondering eyes they turned to Him,
Who stood in power and majesty serene.
Each pulse was stilled, each quivering breath was hushed,
"The conscious water saw its God and blushed!"

"JESUS WEPT."

BY REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB.

An inspired apostle tells us, respecting the Lord Jesus Christ, that "in the days of his flesh he offered up prayers with strong *crying* and *tears*." Those tears of the Saviour were expressive ones; they were full of meaning. They betokened a sensitive heart; they indicated the deepest emotion; they spoke, more eloquently than words, of his boundless love for guilty man; they declared, in a language not to be misunderstood, that he can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

There is not, as one writer well remarks, a "shorter verse nor a longer text" in the whole Bible than this: "*Jesus wept.*" There is more embodied in those two words than in some extensive libraries of ordinary books. He who first divided the different portions of the New Testament into chapters, and subdivided them into verses, seems to have paused with astonishment at the words, "*Jesus wept*," and to have made an entire verse thereof.

How affecting, also, the account of the weeping of Christ over Jerusalem! His tears, which commingled with those of Mary and Martha, after their brother had been dead four days (see John, 11: 35), may be considered as a *rivulet*, belonging to *one family;* his tears over the beloved city of the Jews, as recorded in Luke, 19: 41, may be likened to a broad and deep *river*, designed for his *native country;* and his tears during the hours preceding his crucifixion, to which reference is doubtless made in Hebrews, 5: 7, may be compared to a mighty *ocean* belonging to *all mankind.* O how significant and precious were all those tears of his!

I love to think much of Christ, not only as the "Son of God," but *as a man*, as a carpenter and the son of a

carpenter; as mine elder brother, who has a heart to feel for the woes of the race; as a descendant of David, who "knows what sore temptations mean," having experienced the same.

Who that has been called to part from friends for a brief season, and noticed at the moment of separation the eyes of those friends suffused with *heart-drops* in the shape of *tears*, has not remembered and prized such tears as sacred mementos; as tokens and pledges of true affection; as silent testimonials of uncommon interest; as proofs of undying attachment; as LOVE more impressively exhibited than by the bestowment of the costliest gifts, or the uttering of the loudest protestations?

But, dearer and sweeter by far are the evidences, on the pages of inspiration, that *Christ shed tears* for the children of men: "Jesus wept." Though infinitely happy in himself, as Son of God and Lord of all, yet as son of man and son of the Virgin Mary, he was "familiar with sorrows and acquainted with griefs." Nor was he ashamed to be seen weeping. He did not, like some modern stoics, consider tears as the offspring of a weak head and a foolish heart. Far from it.

Some there be, who deem it childish and womanish to weep; but let such bear in mind, that they reflect discredit upon the Saviour of the world, the Christian's only model. With so illustrious a precedent, who need attempt to hide his tears, lest he be considered effeminate? Who? In the famous letter which Lentulus is said to have written to the Senate of Rome, we find it declared, that "Christ was never known to laugh, but to weep often."

That wonderful personage, the man Christ Jesus, had strong natural affections, and a touching tenderness of spirit. He had contracted an ardent friendship for the household of which Lazarus was a member; and it is not surprising that the Jews were constrained to exclaim, "Behold how he loved him!" and that *he wept*, from the fulness of a warm and feeling heart, with the bereaved sisters.

No doubt a subdued and softened cheerfulness characterized the appearance of our Saviour. In his humanity, he

had all our susceptibilities. Keenly alive was he to humanity's woes and wants. In his physical and mental organization, he was possessed of every thing which goes to constitute a perfect MAN; and, if it were not *dignified* and *manly* to weep, he never would have shed those tears of which we read.

There is not only, according to Scripture, "a time to laugh," a time to sing, and a time to shout, but also "a *time to weep.*" And "blessed are those who mourn now, for they shall be comforted." Blessed are those who shed penitential tears for self and sympathizing tears for others; for they are hastening unto that blissful state where all tears are forever wiped away, where sorrow and crying shall be exchanged for songs of praise and joy and triumph.

Dear reader, let us drink in of the spirit of Jesus Christ, instead of being ashamed of him, and learn to "weep with those who weep," as we journey onward through this "vale of tears." Art thou afflicted, and does thy heart sink within thee in view of earthly disappointments? Behold, a Friend most glorious is standing before thee, with arms outstretched, and countenance all beaming with love! It is the sympathizing Jesus himself. Just go and cling to him, and he will kiss thy tears away, and fill thy soul with peace, celestial peace. He will pour upon thine aching breast and infuse into thy saddened spirit the balm of hope divine; for he has the largest and *the most loving heart* in all the universe.

> "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
> From every weeping eye."

Weeping may endure for a night, but lo! joy cometh in the morning, as saith the Scriptures.

Jesus wept! Not for all the riches, honors or pleasures of earth, would I have that one precious verse stricken from the pages of the Bible! It meets a deeply-felt want of the human soul, and is beautifully suggestive of the affectionate and benevolent character of the son of Joseph, the world's Redeemer. Did the sinless Jesus shed so many tears, and "shall our cheeks be dry?" Forbid it, merciful Heaven! Forbid it, my beloved kindred!

VESPER.

BY "HOLMI."

THE hour is strangely beautiful. The West
Seems quivering in a smile of golden light,
Which pales, and pales, as higher up it spreads,
And melts, at last, in deepening twilight shades
Of gray, across whose dark yet clear expanse
Come flitting some light clouds, as if their way
Were lost, and they, like weary travellers,
Would hasten onward to their distant home.
Methinks that they are sentinels, perchance,
And through the lofty sky their ceaseless round
Are taking, as they watch this world below;
Sunrise and sunset signal fires may be,
Exchanging messages we dream not of
"In our philosophy."

And now the step
Is heard of evening's zephyrs, as they come
With viewless tread above the swaying trees,
Which bend to make their path, and are refreshed,
And cooled, and gladdened, in their passing by.
A silent monitor, the old church tower,
Stands out, as if upon the placid sky
'Twere carved in deep relief, by God's own hand,
And had for centuries been graven there.
Now, brightly trembling through the azure depths,
Come one by one the angel band of stars,
Their night-watch keeping o'er the weary ones,
Who sink to slumber on "the green earth's breast."
Hushed now the city's fevered, restless pulse,
Which, in the day, by its huge throbbing, makes
Of all its wide domain a Babel vast,
Where tongues, and trades, and violence, and crime,
In ceaseless strife and ceaseless toil, bind
Both hands and hearts to one dark treadmill round.
All silent now, save when some sound of work
Breaks in upon the calmly resting air;
As when some tired child in fitful sleep
Reposes, after play, and from his dream
Starts up, and shouts his playmate's name aloud.
And now its wing the night o'er earth and sky
Hath folded in a dark embrace.

On high
And bright illuminated stretches wide
The glorious presence-chamber of the stars.

The massive turrets of the old church tower
Look down in grandeur, still unaltered, though
Their chiselled outline now seems traced
Less boldly than upon the sunset sky;
And veiling shadows wrap them round the trees,
As if to shelter them till day.

And now
The heart awakes to know itself, to list
The tones which have from its own strings been brought,
And ponders long, and ofttimes sadly too,
On mysteries, on hopes, on fears, on woes,
On aspirations, which, like lofty stars,
The burning day-light shutteth out from view;
And Memory in her picture gallery now
Walks softly, bright'ning many faded tints,
And lifting many long unlifted veils
Which Time and Care have woven fast, while we
Have thoughtless turned, lured by some newer scene.
O! now they look so sadly down on us,
Those spirit portraits, with their steadfast eyes —
The early loved and lost, loved, O how well!
The deeply wronged, perhaps, and the deceived.
Reproachfully, yet silently and still,
Points Memory's finger to their forms, and we,
If we have hearts, must gaze and weep.

For 't is
Most strange, that aught the heart has ever known
Of hope, of fear, of joy, should be forgot
So soon; that of those music notes, so deep
And wonderful, the echo soon must die:
That Time or Death itself should e'er efface
The memory of *Love*.

And yet 't is well;
For found the heart no baseness in itself,
Its love were selfishness, its pride most false
And abject, and its charity most stern;
And in an hour like this, its noblest thoughts
To earthly ends and aims would clinging turn,
Did it not read itself so weak, so frail,
That it must seek a refuge in its God.

CHRISTIAN principle forbids us to be rude to any one, however disagreeable to us.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

EDITORIAL.

The Pigeon is one of the most beautiful of birds. The brilliancy of her plumage, the splendor of her eye, the innocence of her aspect, the delicacy of her form, the excellence of her disposition and the purity of her manners, have, in every age, constituted the theme of admiration and praise.

The Carrier Pigeon is of a dark blue color, and is distinguished from all others by a white circle around the eyes. A pair of these birds was formerly valued more highly than a span of elegant horses, being used to carry letters from one place to another.

Whether the dove sent from Noah's ark was a carrier pigeon we know not; but certain it is that some of the orientals experienced the benefit of her power. By this bird a young Greek sent to his father on the island of Ægina the

tidings of his success in the Olympic games, on the day of his victory. Thus when the Romans were besieged did they communicate their condition to allies and friends at a distance. Carrier pigeons were used to a considerable extent during the Crusades. The first regular post system of this kind was established, during the twelfth century, by the Sultan Mahmoud, and continued for about seventy-five years. Subsequently similar posts were established in Egypt. More recently these birds have been used, in Europe and America, principally by merchants, to whom the earliest intelligence of the state of exchange is most important. Pigeons have been employed in bearing despatches from the British steamers at Halifax to the city of New York. The expedition to the northern seas in search of Sir John Franklin, has recently sent home to England two of these birds, but the despatches attached to them were probably worn away by the immense distance of the flight.

It is not to be supposed that a pigeon can be taught to take a letter in her bill, as picture representations might seem to indicate, and start off to any city as directed. The mode of operation is very simple. The secret of success consists in the bird's strong attachment to home, so that when conveyed to the distance of hundreds of miles, and freed from the cage, she then speeds her flight in a straight line to the place from which she was taken. In establishing a post system between two places, as Paris and London, pigeons bred in Paris would have to be carried to London, and others bred in London would be transported to Paris. Then a letter, written on silk paper, is placed lengthwise under the bird's wing and fastened by a pin to a feather, or otherwise secured in this position, and thus when set at liberty she flies to her native cote, the residence of her mate, where the letter is secured. In this manner a pigeon has been known to transmit a message two thousand seven hundred miles in a day. Solomon says, "Curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

GUARD EARLY TENDENCIES.

BY W. C. TODD.

FEW, to whom the guidance of youth is committed, sufficiently feel the responsibility of that trust. Parents are careful to attend to all the bodily wants of their children, to throw around them every comfort in their power; nor, in this age, when, more than ever, the truth of the old motto, "knowledge is power," is understood, are they satisfied if they do not educate them, as far as their means will allow. Most who do all this think they have discharged their duty fully; and, whatever may be the errors of a child's after life, they little think any thing has been wanting on their part. They do not sufficiently consider the importance of a watchful attention to the early development of the child's *moral qualities*, and of a proper restraint over those passions, easily controlled in the child, seldom conquered in the man. Whether there has been a departure from the strict moral discipline of the Puritan Fathers, — whether it is true, that children have usurped the authority of the parents, — is not for me to discuss; but it is a sad truth, that many a young man of rich promise, who might have shone, a bright ornament in society, has gone the downward path to dishonor, evidently from the want of a judicious restraint in youth. How many overlook faults in their sons, regarding them as childish errors, which the discretion of riper years will correct; or smile approvingly at bold words and uncontrolled passion, as so many evidences of quickness of intellect and noble spirit, never thinking it may be the lava, which, bursting forth in the man, will destroy himself and spread ruin around! Some, also, knowing the natural result, permit, from a mistaken tenderness, a darling child to follow his own inclinations, till the whole current of thought and feeling is evil, and restraint is useless. God formed the tree to bear fruit; but man grafts thereon either sour or sweet. God has given to the child faculties; but early training will

determine in a great degree their direction. Those qualities diffusing a moral poison in society, if directed in a different channel, might have proved its blessing, even as Paul, whose zeal outstripped that of all the persecutors of Christianity, aided by that same zeal, rightly enlisted, became the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It is not pretended, of course, that every parent can mould the mind of a child as he may wish. Circumstances may have an effect, they cannot control. Yet, too often can be traced to the hearths of parents themselves the anguish they have endured from the blighted hopes of a beloved child. Let me relate the history of one, with a part of whose career I was familiar.

Some years ago, in one of our seaport villages, was a little boy, whose name I will call John. He was active, intelligent, and early in life displayed a decision of character, which made him a leader in the sports of his playmates. Even in school, where frequently the hero of the playground gains no laurels, he excelled. He was first in his class apparently without an effort, and parents and teachers regarded him as a boy of no ordinary promise. But as John was an only child, his parents granted all his requests, and if he did wrong, could not find it in their hearts to punish their darling boy; so, soon at home he had his own way, and of course wished it elsewhere. A few years, and the character of the boy had evidently changed. He often played truant at school, had become a headstrong youth, and was foremost in those vicious acts termed by the mild name of frolics. The naturally noble and generous heart had begun to consider it a mark of a craven spirit to submit to rule, and gloried in obeying the dictates of his own now depraved will. His parents with sorrow saw the errings of their son, and endeavored to restrain him; but it was too late. Chafing under the control they now sought to impose, he ran away, and entered on board a ship as a sailor. This life, hard as it is, pleased him. The grandeur of the ocean in its awful heavings touched a sympathetic chord in his own fearless breast, and the howlings of the tempest had far more of a charm for him

than the quiet security of his paternal fireside. In the darkest night, when the rage of the elements sent a terror to other hearts, his knew no trembling; his hand was first at the reefing, and wherever danger called a sailor arm, he was ready. In port, also, he asserted his preëminence over his companions. He was foremost in their revelry; and, wherever he went, became noted for his bold wickedness and daring. Thus he lived for some years, bearing with him marks of mental superiority which no degradation could extinguish; and at last fell in a drunken quarrel with a fellow sailor, in one of our southern cities.

And what, all this time, were the feelings of the mother? She heard from him occasionally in his wanderings, but the tidings only added bitterness to her grief; and when, at last, the report of his death reached her, she mourned as one without hope. She felt that God had given talents to her son, that might have made him honored and useful, — as eminent for virtue, as he had been for vice; but his early years had been misdirected, and he had died prematurely and sadly.

I have made the heading of this article, — *Guard well early tendencies*. Can we not draw a moral from this little tale?

MATERNAL LOVE.

There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, which transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him. — *Washington Irving*.

THE SERAPH SONG SURPASSED.

BY MISS MARY H. B. CHASE.

Beside a vine-clad cottage,
Sat a maiden fair and young;
And hill and vale resounded
With the song that maiden sung.
And as the simple chorus,
"I thank thee, Lord," rose high,
The zephyrs caught the echo,
And bore it to the sky.

Before the throne of glory,
A white-robed seraph sang;
And loud through heaven's portals,
His hallelujahs rang.
As he tuned his golden lyre,
In heavenly praise to God,
Each trembling one before the throne,
In adoration bowed.

But, while the mighty anthem
Loud swelled through heaven's abode,
A voice was heard low murmuring,
"I thank thee, O my God!"
Joy beamed in every angel's face,
Love every bosom thrilled,
As, blending with the seraph notes,
It heaven's vast concave filled.

And, when the heavenly raptured song
Had gently died away,
And silence hung upon the harp,
That scarce had ceased its lay,
That low, soft, child-like voice was heard,
Through all that bright abode,
Still floating from its world afar,
I thank thee, O my God!

The Eternal Father loved
The seraph song to hear;
But when that low, soft voice was heard,
He bent his listening ear,
And said: Dear, dear the song
Of this, my angel band;
But dearer is the hymn of praise,
That comes from yonder land.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.

EDITORIAL.

We propose, first, to guard our young friends against some things which are injurious. Beware, then, of the *slightest deviation from truth.* When it is known that a young lady has once practised deception, her reputation for veracity is gone. Such was Johnson's habit of telling the truth, that even improbable things were believed, if *he* narrated them. When Aristotle was asked what one gained by uttering falsehoods, he replied, "not to be believed when he speaks the truth."

Loquacity is another trait which a young lady should avoid. "Great talkers are like broken pitchers, every thing runs out of them." If they utter any sense, it lies buried beneath a vast amount of nonsense. "Be swift to hear and slow to speak," is a wise maxim for a young lady; though we would not urge the cultivation of that cold reserve, which is so repulsive to our nature.

Beware of *slander.* It is a poisonous plant; and, unless checked in the bud, will become too deeply rooted to be removed. Baneful as its influence is, how it prevails even among young ladies! One sees another more beloved and respected than herself, and, instead of aspiring to that excellence which renders her so, she endeavors by detraction to bring her down to her own low standard. Look into that circle of young ladies! How much of their precious time is spent in setting forth the foibles of others! How many lovely characters have been shorn of a fair reputation, by the breath of slander! Let every young lady use her influence to stem this current of vice.

Beware of *anger.* Zoroaster was very easily put out of temper. He once broke a marble table to pieces, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark. Are not some young ladies equally irrational? How easily they fall into a passion! A few words from a companion rouses their anger. Should

this spirit be cherished, all within your influence will be rendered unhappy; and rough, indeed, will be your own pathway through the journey of life.

Fretfulness is another undesirable trait. The effects of anger may be compared to the violent upheavings of a volcano; the effects of fretfulness to the ravages of a constant stream of lava. Our way through life will not be strewed with flowers. Many, very many hindrances and annoyances will overtake us. Will fretting be of any avail? It only increases the difficulty. How sadly does a fretful daughter fulfil her mission! What shadows does she spread over the declining years of her fond parents!

We would now direct your attention to some of the qualities requisite to the formation of a complete character.

Whatever your situation in life may be, you will find many things which require a spirit of *forbearance.* Your conduct may be censured when your intentions are good. But there is consolation "for those who have an approving conscience; they can enter that pavilion, and be comforted amid the strife of tongues."

Are you an object of slander? Cherish the spirit of the great Boerhaave, who said with regard to his enemies, "I will never repeat their calumnies. They are sparks, which, if not blown, will go out themselves."

Independence of character. This trait cannot be too highly recommended. It is not a disregard of the opinions of others; but it is that quality which leads us to form our opinions deliberately and independently, and then to adhere to them firmly, till we have evidence that we are in the wrong. How pitiable is the condition of that person, who is dependent on others for his course of action! Such an one is destitute of that deep-rooted principle which enables him to rise above the storms of life.

Punctuality. Perhaps no habit is more prevalent than that of being dilatory; and yet its evil consequences are little realized. They are felt not only by individuals, but throughout society. It is said that George III. was never known to

be a minute behind any of his appointments. Lord Nelson acknowledged that he owed his success in life to being ready for every appointment a quarter of an hour beforehand. The importance of punctuality cannot be too fully appreciated. How many well meaning and well educated young ladies are faulty in this respect! Exert your influence to promote this desirable habit, and it will not be in vain.

Industry. How often do young ladies excuse themselves from duty by the plea, that they have no time! Let them have a portion of time allotted to every duty, and do every thing in its proper season, and they will accomplish much more. It was by the greatest industry, that Franklin acquired his fund of knowledge. A lady of high intellectual attainments says, "I read all the papers of the Spectator and Rambler while waiting breakfast for an unpunctual member of the family." "Industry is up with the sun; she awaketh at the crowing of the cock, and walketh abroad to taste the sweetness of the morning." Remember that it is industry, rather than genius, which is most often crowned with success.

Cheerfulness. There are many ills to poison the fountains of human happiness, and we should seek to meet them with serenity and cheerfulness. "The habit of eliciting, from the discord of opposing circumstances, a song of praise, is of inestimable value." It is said of Klopstock, the German poet, that his mind was a perpetual spring, a never-failing succession of beauty and of fragrance. If the rose wounded him, he gathered the lily; if the lily died on his bosom, he cherished the myrtle.

In conclusion, we urge you, as a source of exalted pleasure as well as of great usefulness, to cherish the spirit of *benevolence.* Never was an instance known of regret for devotion to the happiness of others. The more this holy and delightful principle is exercised, the more are the desires increased, and the more are the susceptibilities for enjoyment enlarged. While the votaries of pleasure are wearing down under the exhaustion of abused nature, and the votaries of

ambition are sighing over its thorny wreath, the benevolent spirit is exulting in the success of its plans in accomplishing good, and reaching forth to purer and more perfect bliss.

"I am well aware," says Miss Jane Taylor, "that, to conquer bad habits, to store my mind with useful knowledge, to cultivate a correct taste, to cherish amiable dispositions, and above all to choose my Heavenly Father to be the guide of my youth, and my portion forever, are the only objects worthy the ambition of an intelligent being."

LINES,

Suggested by the Death of Mrs. Mary Sawyer.

BY LUCINDA B. BROWN.

WELL may we weep, with *deep*, DEEP grief,
For one we loved hath passed away;
A bright form like a summer leaf
Hath faded, ere the noon-tide ray.

The *bride hath left us* — O how sad
Such tidings break upon the soul!
Those golden hopes and visions glad
Are vanished, — she *hath reached her goal.*

And *is* it so — is that voice hushed?
That sweet smile banished from her face?
For ever dim the eye that gushed
With kindly love for all earth's race?

Yes, we *must* weep, — for there is left
A lonely void in home and hearth;
But *not* as those who are bereft
Of hope to meet beyond this earth.

In this dark hour, a glorious boon,
Vouchsafed us by our God above,
Will raise our souls from all the gloom, —
Her *Saviour called her home, in love.*

Then bear her to the silent tomb, —
Her *spirit* resteth with its God,
In an eternal, *heavenly* "*Home;*"
We bow to Him who wields the rod.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

Mary. My dear brother Henry, pray what do I see,
So curiously bound to the branch of that tree?
It is threaded, and netted, and woven together,
With an eye, it appears, to the wind and the weather.

Henry. I see, dear Mary, on that spray,
A tidy little nest;
And just above its rim of grey,
A rosy tufted crest.

Pray, Mrs. Robin, do not dream,
That you are hid away;
We see your sparkling feathers gleam
In dew-drops on the spray.

Come, tell us now, dear rosy crest,
What you have stowed away,
So snugly in that tidy nest,
Upon the dewy spray.

Robin.

Pee dee, dee, dee,
I do not see
How you have found me out;
Dee, dee, pray show,
Why you must know
What Birdies are about.

Hush, hush, I beg;
One little egg
Is here, I will confess;
And three eggs more
Will number four,
What next? Pee dee dee, guess!

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAITS.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

My giddy cousin Martha was one day jesting with her brother. "Thomas," said she, "I learn that you are about journeying to a State, of which I have seen nothing, save its boundaries."

"Please name them," said Thomas, "that I may learn the name of the State."

"It is bounded east, west, north, and south," replied Martha, "by the 'Isles of the Golden Mist;' about which mist there is a *mystery*, aye, and a secret too, known only to those who have entered the State."

"How then came you in the secret?" inquired Thomas.

"I had it from one," she replied, "who escaped with his life; and, as a timely warning, my brother would reveal it to you. It is this. When the unfortunate man and woman touch that mysterious shore, they find that the mist, which, in the distance, is *golden*, becomes *grey*."

"I shall provide for this change," said Thomas, "by taking along with me a star, whose rays will give to the grey mist a *silver* hue."

Grandmother, seated by the open window, now looked reprovingly upon Thomas, and Martha; and the former added, in a more serious tone, — "A good wife, Martha, is —— a good thing."

"And what of a good *husband?*" inquired the old lady.

"A *rare* thing," laughed Martha; but Thomas walked toward the window, and seated himself beside his grandmother.

"My son," said she, "will you tell me whether the stars shine with their own, or with *borrowed* light?"

"Doubtless with *borrowed* light," was the reply.

"Happy," continued the old lady, "are those who borrow all their radiance from the 'Great Source of Light;' but they are few, very few. Most of us are of the earth, earthy; 'wandering stars,' which, losing the light of earthly love, are quenched in the blackness and chillness of despair. Martha, in her thoughtless mirth, has uttered a great truth. The state

of which she speaks is hallowed ground. Alas for dreamy adventurers, who, attracted by the golden mist, rush carelessly to its mysterious shore, for to such the golden mist ever changes to the drizzle of doubt, or the heavy fog of discontent. Your beautiful star, Thomas, if doomed to shine alone, can never give to life's grey mist a silver hue. Every one must carry in his own bosom lovelight for his fellow, or he has not the magnet that secures love in return. We understand this truth as it regards ourselves; but how strangely we judge of others! When Emma Moore was married, even old people said that she was a happy bride, because her husband was a wealthy man; yet all feared that he would shed but little lovelight upon his household. '*Emma* can love,' said they; 'and it will be but reasonable service toward one who has raised her from humble life to copartnership in wealth like his ——'"

"*Could* she?" asked Thomas.

The old lady smiled faintly, and continued, — "I visited Emma after she had been married about five years. She had then three children; and a pretty young lady, called Edith, an orphan cousin of Mr. Lawton, lived with them. On my first arrival I was agreeably surprised, for Edith was playing with the children, and the house resounded with shouts of merriment; and Emma's countenance, though faded and worn, now reflected some of its former sunlight. I seated myself beside a window overlooking their magnificent garden, at the foot of which a small creaking gate was shortly opened, and I saw a stately figure, like the 'man in buckram,' advancing along the gravel walk toward the house. Other ears beside my own heard the solemn creak of the gate, for Edith was seized with sudden demureness, as she took her work-basket and sat down. Little Rosa, who had gone behind the door to hide, stayed there, and shook her tiny fingers to Bub, who was instantly changed, as if by magic, into a miniature 'man of buckram;' and when the tall shadow darkened the door, I noticed that even Baby cut short his crowing, and stuffed a little fist into his mouth, as if to choke the squealing spirit within. I would not have minded all this, — for I like

to see children reverence their parents, — but I saw that Emma, who, with something of her own peculiar animation, was relating to me a pleasant incident of other days, on the appearance of her husband, faltered, and brought the story to a very unmeaning close, at the same time she glanced uneasily around, as if fearing that something might be seen or heard offensive to that awful dignity."

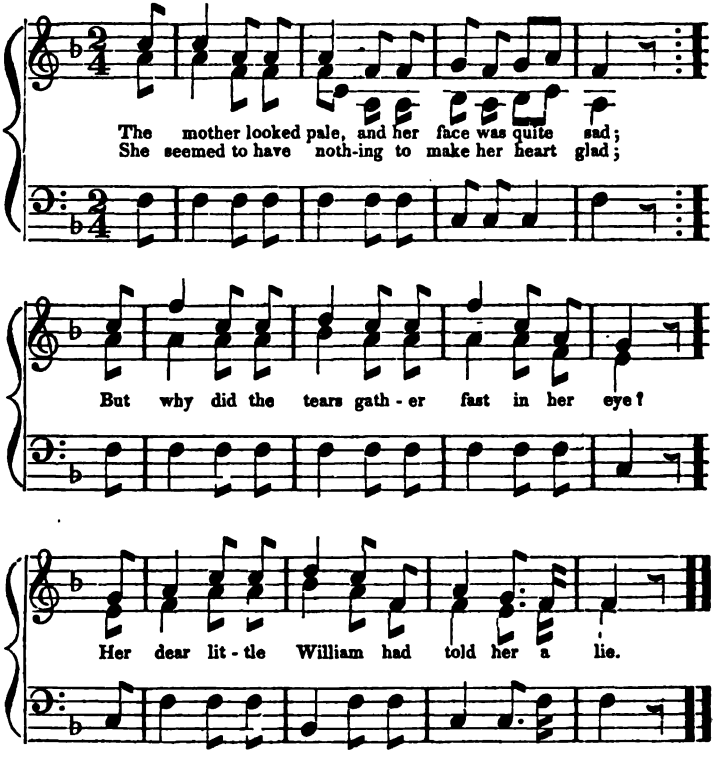
"Was the man an inhospitable churl?" asked Thomas.

"No," was the reply, "he was extremely hospitable. He was neither miserly nor covetous; yet, whatever light came to his household, he took care that no genial ray of love should escape from him. Emma was one day telling me of a narrow escape, where little Rosa was nearly drowned, but rescued from death by a faithful dog. The child was standing beside me; and, when her mother had finished, added what was to her the most interesting part of the transaction: 'Don't you think, that when Rover brought me out and laid me upon the grass, almost dead, Papa *kissed* me and *patted* Rover!'"

"What condescension for a 'man in buckram!'" said Thomas.

"And yet," continued Grandmother, "the 'high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity,' stoops to breathe upon the little germ, that, warmed by his breath, it may live. He smiles in sunlight upon the bud, that it may bloom; He clothes the grass, arrays the lilies, sends dew upon the green herb, watches the sparrow as it wings the air, and numbers the hairs of our head. Strange indeed, that man is loftier than his Maker; that upon the Almighty's footstool should be found those who cannot stoop to love, comfort, and bless even the bone of their bone, and the flesh of their flesh! Yet they expect the warm rays of human affection to fall upon them, and sometimes they do fall, like the changeless light of the north star, upon regions of eternal snow. But love unreturned by word, look, or other outward sign, usually turns back, chilled and changed, to its deep fountain. Remember, Thomas, 'gold for gold, gratitude for gifts, but *love for love.*'"

The Boy who told a Lie.

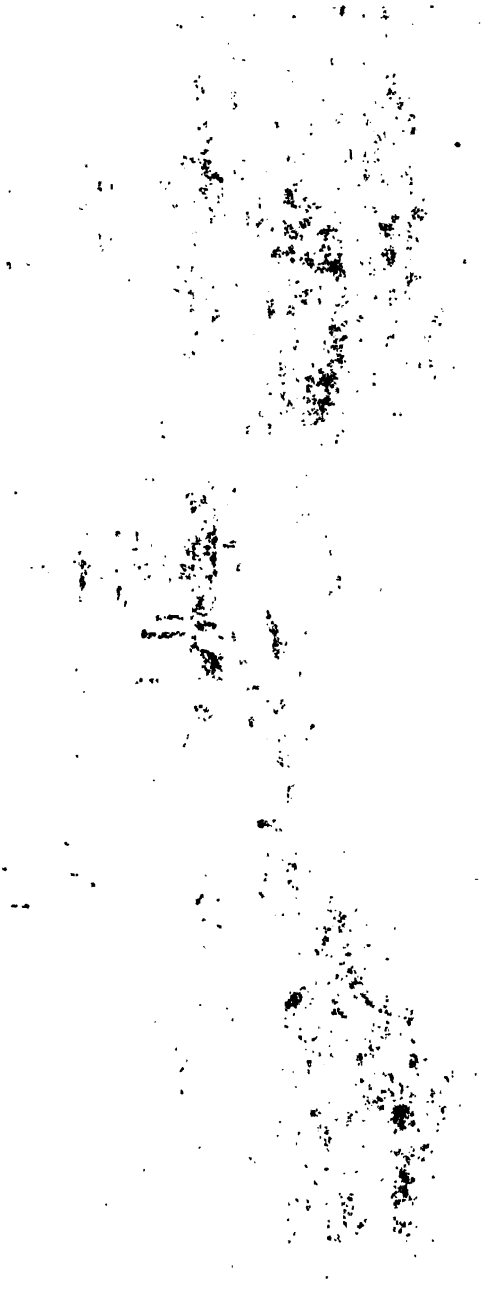
By Lowell Mason.

The mother looked pale, and her face was quite sad;
She seemed to have noth-ing to make her heart glad;
But why did the tears gath - er fast in her eye?
Her dear lit - tle William had told her a lie.

2 Her boy was a pleasant, affectionate child;
His manners were winning, his temper was mild;
Love and joy might be seen in his soft-beaming eye;
But ah! he had now told his mother a lie.

He stood deep in thought, by the window within,
And felt that his soul was deep stained with his sin;
With pain in his heart, he did sob and did cry,
Because he had told his dear mother a lie.

4 He came, then, and leaned closely by his mother's side,
And asked for a kiss, which she gently denied;
He promised her then, with a penitent sigh,
That *never* again would he tell her a lie.

5 Then she took his small hands, which she held in her own,
And, while just before her he gently knelt down,
His pale cheek she kissed, while he looked up on high,
And prayed to be pardoned for telling a lie.



THE ERA FOR MOTHERS.

A PRIZE ARTICLE.

BY REV. WM. THAYER.

THERE are seasons in the majestic march of Providence, when the purposes of a wonder-working God seem rushing to a crisis. The events of ages appear to occur in a year, and the developments of generations to be perfected in a day. Exalted conceptions are suddenly evolved. Great enterprises enlist the over-mastering energies of the soul. Opinion battles with opinion. Thought kindles thought. Invention provokes invention. Reform treads upon the heel of reform. Nations are convulsed — governments are destroyed — thrones are overturned. The excited multitude sigh for change. Liberty struggles, — winning and losing. And truth grapples with truth, in the triumph of its irresistible might. Such seasons are crises in the thrilling history of the race; landmarks reared by the Great Proprietor of the universe, to remind our godless race of his power and glory in the conquest of this wicked world.

The present is such a crisis. Never before have the entire masses of the human family been so intensely excited. Never before were the nations moved by questions so vast, relating to their existence and destiny. Never did our own land — this spot of freedom's birthright — ring with such excitement. More than ever, we are a "*spectacle*" to a witnessing world. Nations are looking on, breathless, to learn whether this experiment at republican institutions will be exploded, or the great questions which fearfully agitate the country be happily adjusted, and its former tranquillity return. It is a time of commingling hopes and fears, demanding peculiar wisdom for the present and peculiar preparation for the future.

Some gaze with alarm upon the scene of strife, and conclude that the world is making a retrograde movement from

bad to worse. They sigh for the "golden age" of the fathers as far surpassing in purity and promise these "latter days." "There is nothing new under the sun," they seem literally to believe. They pride themselves in fierce denunciations of "new things," as if the earlier ages had exhausted the Eternal's store-house of wisdom and knowledge. But we believe in a Law of Progress, — that the world is better now than it was in the beginning, and will be better in the end than it is now. No other doctrine receives the sanction of Divine Truth. No other awakens a response in the true Christian heart. It requires no ingenious argument to prove to the student of Providence, that

"There is a good time coming."

His expectant heart is anxious for its promised advent. And yet the present will mould the future. For thus it has been in past days. One generation has sent its mighty influence down to determine the character of the next. The machinery of the social compact is now propelled by a current of mental and moral power, whose accumulated might outstrips that of former ages, because it has been fed along the shores of time by the countless tributaries of eras which have fled. Each age has transmitted to us some special agency of power. One has sent down the art of printing; another the invention of the compass; and another the discovery of the steam-power, and its application to the necessary purposes of life. And thus on through unnumbered agencies, which enable us to wield such a powerful influence over the destinies of the world. And thus, from the present age, must descend a legacy to "generations yet unborn." As our blessings exceed those of former periods, we ought to leave a richer inheritance to the unrevealed, mysterious future. Certain it is, that elements for weal or woe — principles to bless or curse — will issue from the present, to control, in some degree, the coming eras.

But, in order to comprehend the object of this essay, we need to regard more particularly the leading CHARACTERISTICS

of the age. He, alone, can achieve much for the good of his race, who studiously watches the tide of human affairs. The close observer of Providence, only, perceives there is "*a time to every purpose*," and accordingly avails himself of present advantages to secure future ends. Mark, then, some of the leading CHARACTERISTICS of the age.

Progress is the universal watchword. In civil, literary, and religious institutions, there is unwonted effort at improvement. Old forms of government are becoming powerless. Their unfitness to advance a people in the scale of civilization is deeply felt. Old systems of education are fast falling into disuse, and new ones are adopted. The schoolmaster is already abroad with his new facilities and improvements to instruct, and "*the common people hear him gladly.*" In short, the multiplied and startling discoveries and inventions of the age, both in art and science, indicate the rapid progress of the race.

Disorder reigns. Few nations are free from internal conflict. Divisions and party factions roll billows of passion. Great questions are agitating the political world. Not only the influential and the learned in the seats of authority, but the masses of the "common people" participate in the wonderful movements.

Confidence in political organization is shaken. Multitudes feel, that the needful elements, and men of integrity are wanting. Hence, the efforts at reörganization in the "body politic," and the loud clamor for change.

Reform is demanded. War is unpopular. The cannon and musket are regarded as needless to settle national disputes. The friends and the foes of intemperance are arrayed for fierce encounter. And with all is mingled an element of *spurious* reform. The sacred ordinance of marriage is attacked as a human device. And that day of days, the blessed Sabbath — the harbinger of brightest hopes and sweetest joys — is voted down in conventions, as once it was in wretched, infidel France.

Temptations, various and alluring, throng the fleeting

bours. The agencies of moral ruin are numerous. Vice has more martyrs than virtue. On the right hand and on the left, the high and low, the rich and poor, the learned and unlearned fall; — and virtue sighs over the vast destruction.

Benevolence invites to an ample field. The Gospel now may ride in triumph over the world's wide domain. Nations, long hostile to its spreading power, unbar their gates and hail its coming. Perishing millions lift up their voices for the heavenly boon, — they invite, they implore, they plead. The church might build her altars on Northern bluffs, and gather her chosen bands on Southern plains; plant her banner on the Eastern hills, and burn her purest incense in the Western valley. God bids her rise in the strength of "truth divine," and take *the heathen for her inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for her possession.*

With such a view of the present, we cannot fail to anticipate a future of surpassing interest. The most startling scenes of Providence are probably yet to be. The most thrilling history of human life is yet unwritten. The mightiest overturnings in the sweeping march of truth are yet to burst upon our view. For such a crisis, men of peculiar wisdom and power, of grasping talent and burning patriotism are needed. God's "set time" for the training of such a band has come. Whence shall they be gathered? Whither shall we look for men efficient for such a crisis? To whom shall we appeal?

Our statesmen, our ministers of justice and religion, and the instructors of our youth, may accomplish much, but the MOTHERS of our land may achieve yet more. To them we appeal. In a critical period of the French history, Napoleon Bonaparte said to Madame Campan, "The old systems of education are worth nothing. What is wanted for the proper training of young persons in France?" With emphasis, she replied, "MOTHERS!" The thought was original and forcible to the Emperor, and he said, "Behold, then, an entire system of education! You must make Mothers that know how to train their children." Not less earnest is the appeal

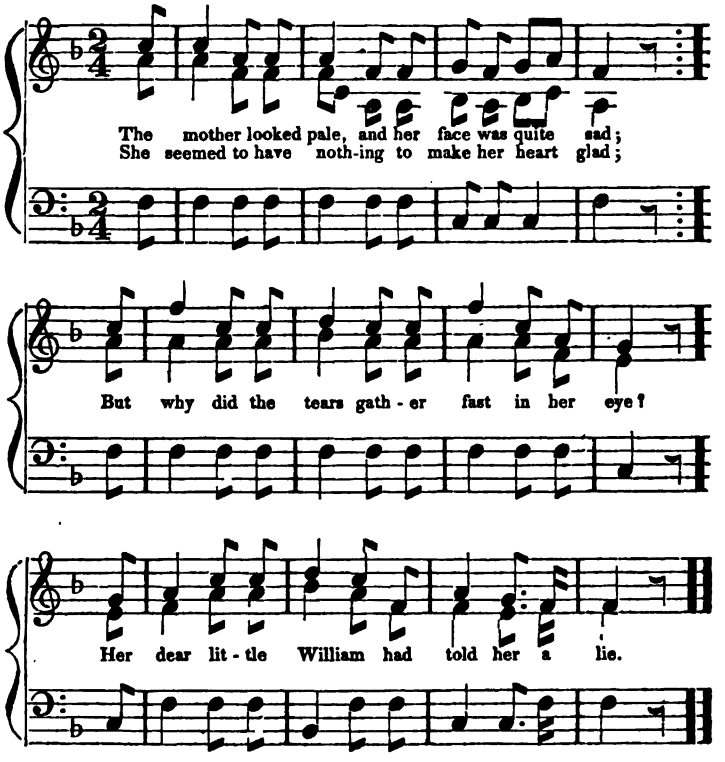
of the present era to Mothers. With characteristic conciseness we might reply to the inquiry, What most is needed in the present crisis of human history? MOTHERS! We need *good men* to plan, to counsel, to execute. And one has said with truth, "Good professors can make *good scholars*, but good mothers alone can make *good men.*"

Mothers! Be not surprised, that in this intensely interesting age of the world, our appeal is to you. True, such an appeal may awaken in your hearts a sense of fearful responsibility, but it also inspires with the thought of blessings to the race, and reward in the skies. When we reflect, that in our favored land there are THREE MILLIONS OF MOTHERS, having under their charge, beside their older children, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND INFANTS, whose tender minds are to be moulded by a mother's plastic hand and quenchless love; and when we consider, that from this band of infants are to come our future judges, senators, statesmen, ministers and rulers, and that in almost every instance, "*the boy is father of the man,*" we cannot suppress the feeling, that the present is

THE ERA FOR MOTHERS.

Not from the imposing Capitol of these confederated States are to emanate the influences which will decide our future national destiny. The Mother is now nursing at her breast the gigantic spirit which will hold the reins of future government, and control the elements of political faction in that stormier period when the battle with "a nation's crying sins" waxes hotter and hotter. O ye mothers at the cradle of helpless infancy! Could ye lift the veil and look in upon the scenes of the momentous future, and get one comprehensive view of the responsibilities your boy may sustain in its unwritten history, your soul would be fired with a patriotism which would lay the child upon the altar of his country, and a Christian devotion that would make him an offering on the altar of his God. Yes; to yourselves. God has committed, in a measure, the destiny of the world. Around that cradle cluster the hopes and fears of an anxious nation.

The Boy who told a Lie.

By Lowell Mason.

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the age. Of the young men and women from our Christian families, few only are willing to endure the hardships incident to bearing the Gospel to the perishing. Few can look the self-denials and trials of a missionary life in the face, and say, "Here, Lord, am I, send me." Indeed, comparatively few are the Mothers who will cheerfully give their sons and daughters to bear the news of salvation to a distant clime. They offer earnest prayers to God, that reapers may be found for the whitened harvest, but are unwilling to have them called from their unbroken households. And, while this withholding spirit rules in numerous souls, the heathen are passing to the judgment at a rate more rapid than succeed the pulsations of the heart! Along the shores of every benighted land, the earnest pleadings of the living, and the last call of the dying, are for the Teacher of Life. It is God's "set time" to give the world his Gospel. But faithful heralds are needed to enlist in the mighty enterprise. Not by tens and twenties, but by fifties and hundreds, they are called by the voice of Providence. The present supply can scarcely reach the demand which comes from a single point of the compass.

Hear, then, ye Mothers! Who but ye can form the character of rising generations to be Reformers? When shall the heart imbibe those principles, and become inspired with that spirit, needful for a work so exciting, except it be in the morning of life? Who so well as ye can rear up a generation to sympathise with the suffering and lost of every land? Who like ye can train the heart to deeds of noble charity? Who can teach so well as ye, and impress so ineffacebly upon the spirit the truth, — "It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Who can rear, for coming generations, the faithful minister of Christ, so well as ye who pour into childhood's heart the story of a Saviour's love? Who can furnish for the public seats of power, men of sterling rectitude, so well as ye who train the conscience, and inspire the youthful heart with the love of truth? Who so well as Mothers can awaken in the human soul an interest in the cause of missions, and a

THE ERA FOR MOTHERS.

A PRIZE ARTICLE.

BY REV. WM. THAYER.

THERE are seasons in the majestic march of Providence, when the purposes of a wonder-working God seem rushing to a crisis. The events of ages appear to occur in a year, and the developments of generations to be perfected in a day. Exalted conceptions are suddenly evolved. Great enterprises enlist the over-mastering energies of the soul. Opinion battles with opinion. Thought kindles thought. Invention provokes invention. Reform treads upon the heel of reform. Nations are convulsed — governments are destroyed — thrones are overturned. The excited multitude sigh for change. Liberty struggles, — winning and losing. And truth grapples with truth, in the triumph of its irresistible might. Such seasons are crises in the thrilling history of the race; landmarks reared by the Great Proprietor of the universe, to remind our godless race of his power and glory in the conquest of this wicked world.

The present is such a crisis. Never before have the entire masses of the human family been so intensely excited. Never before were the nations moved by questions so vast, relating to their existence and destiny. Never did our own land — this spot of freedom's birthright — ring with such excitement. More than ever, we are a "*spectacle*" to a witnessing world. Nations are looking on, breathless, to learn whether this experiment at republican institutions will be exploded, or the great questions which fearfully agitate the country be happily adjusted, and its former tranquillity return. It is a time of commingling hopes and fears, demanding peculiar wisdom for the present and peculiar preparation for the future.

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bad to worse. They sigh for the "golden age" of the fathers as far surpassing in purity and promise these "latter days." "There is nothing new under the sun," they seem literally to believe. They pride themselves in fierce denunciations of "new things," as if the earlier ages had exhausted the Eternal's store-house of wisdom and knowledge. But we believe in a Law of Progress, — that the world is better now than it was in the beginning, and will be better in the end than it is now. No other doctrine receives the sanction of Divine Truth. No other awakens a response in the true Christian heart. It requires no ingenious argument to prove to the student of Providence, that

"There is a good time coming."

His expectant heart is anxious for its promised advent. And yet the present will mould the future. For thus it has been in past days. One generation has sent its mighty influence down to determine the character of the next. The machinery of the social compact is now propelled by a current of mental and moral power, whose accumulated might outstrips that of former ages, because it has been fed along the shores of time by the countless tributaries of eras which have fled. Each age has transmitted to us some special agency of power. One has sent down the art of printing; another the invention of the compass; and another the discovery of the steam-power, and its application to the necessary purposes of life. And thus on through unnumbered agencies, which enable us to wield such a powerful influence over the destinies of the world. And thus, from the present age, must descend a legacy to "generations yet unborn." As our blessings exceed those of former periods, we ought to leave a richer inheritance to the unrevealed, mysterious future. Certain it is, that elements for weal or woe — principles to bless or curse — will issue from the present, to control, in some degree, the coming eras.

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Progress is the universal watchword. In civil, literary, and religious institutions, there is unwonted effort at improvement. Old forms of government are becoming powerless. Their unfitness to advance a people in the scale of civilization is deeply felt. Old systems of education are fast falling into disuse, and new ones are adopted. The schoolmaster is already abroad with his new facilities and improvements to instruct, and "*the common people hear him gladly.*" In short, the multiplied and startling discoveries and inventions of the age, both in art and science, indicate the rapid progress of the race.

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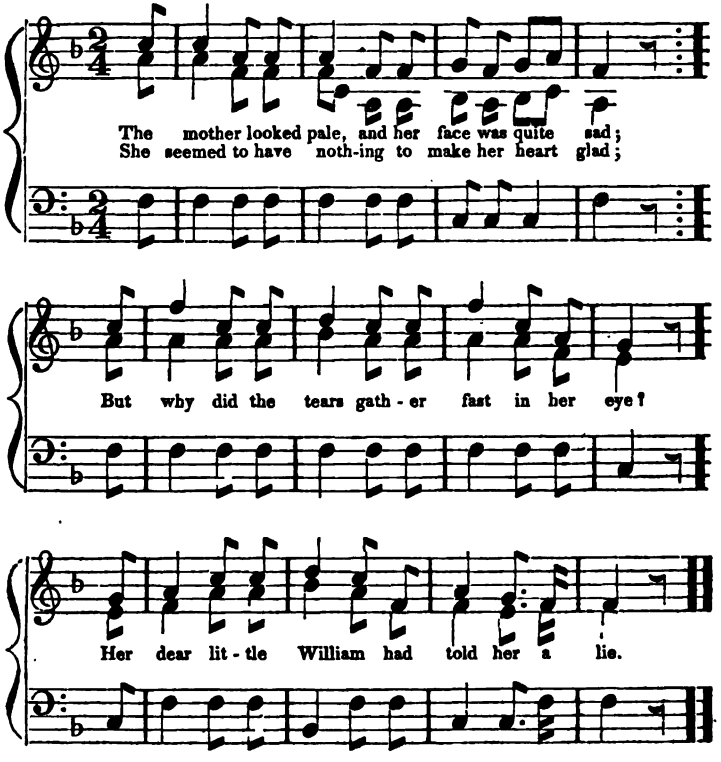
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CONSTANTINOPLE.

ent crisis, shaking with his lifted arm the old organizations of political power, and the imposing systems of dark idolatry. Feel that the noise and tumult of the present age is but the thunder of his chariot-wheels, as he rides from victory to victory, ushering in the developments of the "latter days." Then, and not till then, will ye feel that this is the era for maternal fidelity. Then will ye apply your hands and your hearts with matchless zeal to render HOME the primary school of the land, in which are disciplined hosts of her faithful and true. And then, with a devotion which never tires, ye will guide the deathless spirit to a life of Christian toil on earth, and a sweeter HOME in the skies.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy, I was too much like the self-willed, excitable Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned and earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent toward me; I cherish his memory with respect and love. But I have different feelings when I think of my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she were near me — as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would place his hand upon my head caressingly, but my mother would lay her cheek against mine. I did not expect my father to do more, — I do not know that I would have loved him better had he done more; for him it was a natural expression of affection. But no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace, are all felt now; and the older I grow, the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood.

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SPEAK GENTLY.

BY CLARA A. SYLVESTER.

"Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let no harsh word mar
The good we might do here."

"SPEAK gently to the child!" said a well-known voice by my side, "speak gently." It was many years ago, but well do I remember the sad, reproving look which met my own, as I raised my eyes from the perplexing problem upon which I had been puzzling for the last hour. I had been replying impatiently, even harshly to some childish questioning of my baby sister; and, though her cherub form was buried long ago, yet in this evening twilight, I can see her quivering lip and tearful eye, as she threw her tiny arms around my neck and sobbed, "I *love* you, dear sister!" How earnestly I promised my own heart, "I will *never* speak impatiently again;" but many tears can not wash away the bitter memory of thoughtless words, spoken to the loved and lost, or to those beloved ones who yet live to be soothed by my contrition!

Kind words! How blessed is their influence upon the soul in life's sweet spring-time, and also in the winter of age! Have you never felt their potent charm, kind reader? When the cares and perplexities of this cold world of ours have left their impress upon heart and brow, has not some kind word, like

"Sunshine in a shady place,"

calmed your troubled bosom, and dispelled your gloomy thoughts? Or when, indignant at real or imaginary wrongs, the spirit has been roused to anger, did a soft answer ever fail to turn away wrath?

The voice which spoke to us in love's soothing tones, may have been silent long upon the bosom of the green earth, or in the depths of ocean; but memory whispers to the soul in the unforgotten accents of the buried loved one, saying,

"Present a patient and courageous breast to the poisoned arrows of life; without weakness or defiance go on thy way."

Any influence for evil or for good, cannot be confined to this world of change and death; even the "word fitly spoken" leaves its impress upon the soul, after death has set his icy seal upon the lip which breathed it, and hushed the gentle voice in his silent land.

A strain of some loved melody, a word, a look, or Nature's unwritten music, "touches the electric chain with which we are darkly bound," and, in a moment, we are carried mournfully, though sweetly, into the past. Again we hear the murmuring of the stream which sparkled in the sunshine, just by the door of the dear old homestead, and the music of the bee amid the woodbine's clustering foliage. Old familiar faces pass before us; eyes long ago dim in death gaze lovingly into our own, while, as in a dream, we give and receive glad greetings from these spirit visitants. Ah, blessed Memory! speak often to our weary hearts these "kind words" of the loved and unforgotten; and if, as child, sister, or friend, we have ever caused a sorrow to the heart of parent, brother or companion, now cold and still—ah! then, *thrice blessed* Memory! let every ungentle word come thronging back and "be heard knocking at the door of the soul," that our tears may not be unavailing; but that, morning and evening and at noon, the voice and words may be gentle when we speak to those beloved ones whom our Father hath given us.

It is in the domestic circle, especially, that gentle words control the heart by a tender and subduing power. Speak gently then, dear reader, if you would have a holy influence associated with your memory, if you would win those you love to the heaven you hope to enter.

Mothers! speak gently to those who gladden your heart and home; let no harsh, impatient word find its way to the sanctuary of home. Sister! let your words be kind to the companions of your childhood and youth. The time cometh soon when change and death will separate you; but let the chain of affection be bright which connects you with the

past. Your young and happy brothers will soon step out alone upon the stage of life. O let them carry fresh in their "heart of hearts" sweet memories of a sister's gentle words and kindly teachings! There are few better safeguards from temptation, save the grace of God. And the poor and sad-hearted, and those whose feet have wandered away from the path of virtue, how shall we speak to them? Gently, O gently let it be! Let love and pity send their prayer upward through the clouds of sin and ignorance which darken our beautiful earth! But, thanks to our Father! "not *wholly lost* is this evil world of ours, for upward through its blood and ashes bloom afresh the Eden flowers."

WARMTH OF AFFECTION TOWARD CHILDREN.

THERE is a good deal of truth in the following extract on the manner of treating children. Many persons suppose it necessary to preserve toward the young in their families, an aspect of dignity and coldness; thus, as they imagine, repelling undue liberties, familiarity or disobedience. But really one gets more from a child by developing his affections, of which *all* children have an ample store, but they often remain hidden:—

"Above all mistakes is that of supposing, that the better nature of the child is to be drawn out and raised into the strength which we should desire to see in the man, by making him pass through a cold and cheerless youth. The very contrary is the case. A system of petty restraints and privations, of severe looks and incessant chidings, only results in depraving the feeling and perverting the reason of a young person. He is, in such circumstances, entirely out of harmony with nature. He is like a flower, which requires light and warmth, placed in a cold cellar, where it never can acquire its proper proportions, or color, or vigor. It is quite impossible, that a child so treated can ever attain to the proper characteristics of a well constituted man or woman."

ORNITHOLOGY.

EDITORIAL.

This branch of natural science treats of the feathered tribe. The symmetry of form, the beauty of colors, the adaptation of structure which fit birds to their peculiar modes of living, constitute sources of admiration to the student of nature.

In order to render them buoyant, and assist respiration during the rapidity of flight, their lungs are placed against the ribs and enveloped by a membrane pierced with holes, which conduct the air into cavities of the body, and even into the bones. Their sight is very acute, and is equally adapted to distinguish near and distant objects. It is only nocturnal birds who have an external ear. The internal ear is, however, large, and the sense of hearing exceedingly quick. The musical powers which are so remarkable, belong only to the male. The seasons of migration, when most birds remove from one place of residence to another, are observed with wonderful accuracy. Hence the prophet says: — The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; the turtle, the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.

Christ would have us learn from them a lesson of trust in the divine providence. Behold, says he, the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, and yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them.

THE FATHER'S VETO.

EDITORIAL.

THE family is often compared to a kingdom, and the father of the family to a king. Both Nature and Revelation suggest this comparison; and they alike sustain the absolute authority, in many important particulars, of the father. His will is often law, and from his word there can be, at times, no appeal. Neither wife nor friend can reverse his firm decision, and the child must abide his judgment. Whilst such authority results from the paternal relation, the father needs no ordinary measure of wisdom to exercise it with safety, and especially in those instances when the judgment of the wife and mother may conflict with his own. There may be seasons in the administration of the affairs of the household, when the mother's course in regard to the child is unwise, and when her indulgence is untimely and portentous of evil to the being who is the cherished object of love of each of the parents. At these seasons, the father may feel invoked by all the sacredness of his paternal responsibility to interpose, and divert the child from the course directed by maternal feeling. When placed in such circumstances, the father is bound to pause long before he acts, and most diligently to inquire, if in *reality* the course of the mother *be wrong*, and if the child would be slightly or essentially injured should such maternal course be unresisted and undisturbed. The mother, it must be remembered, has an equal interest in the child with the father, and that she is as much inclined as he to bring to her aid, in the course she adopts in regard to this being of their common affection, considerate judgment and mature deliberation. The father must remember that the mother would not, on any consideration, direct or indulge the child to his hurt, and that her *liability* thus to do, is *not*, in any wise, greater than his own. When, therefore, he is moved to the exercise of his special interposition in arresting the child from the path marked out for him by the mother, he should ever exercise the veto power with which he is

intrusted with the greatest self-distrust; for he must know, that the *necessity* of such veto but very seldom occurs. Very generally, the mother, in her judgment of things proper for the child, and of the course which it would be safe for the child to pursue, is as correct as the father. When the father is, however, compelled to dissent from the mother, with a slow and most self-distrusting feeling should he proceed. Never should he thus do in the exercise of passion or caprice, and *never* should the child know *that the father had interposed*, and that such interposition was the reason why the the mother's course had been changed. To preserve him in ignorance of this, let the father's voice be hushed before the child, and let the mother herself be allowed to speak, and alter the course which she has prescribed. If this be done, the mother's dignity is saved, and nothing appears by which her authority is weakened, or in the least impaired.

If the child be aware that the authority of the mother is disturbed by the father, and that she is dependent for this authority on his will, the feeling of insubordination to the mother is at once excited, her government is paralyzed, and she is reduced to a level with one whom God and nature and the best interests of the family demand should be under her control. The father, too, eventually suffers from this course, for the child soon learns the instructions of the great Creator of all in relation to parental authority, that both father and mother are to be obeyed; and if the mother's authority be set aside by the father, the father's power is ere long demolished by the child, and there is recklessness around the domestic fireside, which will increase and strengthen to despoil the family of its beauty, and make it the scene of frequent turmoil, and, at length, of perfect wretchedness.

To save the family from such ruin, let the authority of both parents be unimpaired. Never let the child know that the mother's power can be annihilated by the father's will. Never let it be apparent to the child that there is disunion in parental control, and never let the knowledge of the father's veto on any of the mother's precepts come to the ears of the child.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. P. P. SOMPAYRAC.

Thou art in the grave, my mother,
And the pale stars shine above thee;
And there are tears, sad tears, my mother,
In the eyes of those that love thee.
It seems but yesterday we stood
Beside thy coffin lid,
And looked upon thy loving eyes,
Beneath their curtains hid.
It seems but yesterday we heard
Thine accents soft and mild;
Thy low-toned voice, breathing for us
Those gentle words, "My child."
We felt the atmosphere of love,
A mother's presence brings,
And safe, as if an angel form
Had wrapped us with his wings.

It seems but yesterday, and yet the turf
Is green with springtide rain;
And o'er thy last low place of rest,
The autumn winds have swept again.
We miss thee at all times, my mother;
In our hours of pain and woe,
There is no heart as true as thine,
On which our tears may flow.
We miss thy kind and sunny smile,
In hours of joyous mirth,
And our souls grow sorrowful, to think
That thou art in the earth.
Ah no; 'tis there the shrine reposes,
Where beamed affection's light;
Such love as thine, dear mother,
Could ne'er know death or night.
And still we must believe thou livest,
And lookest on us in love,
And hope to see thee yet, dear mother,
In thy blessed home above.
And oft, when purer thoughts recall us
To the spirit's life within,
We will believe 'tis thee who lurest us
From the wiles of death and sin.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

EDITORIAL.

THIS city, so elegantly represented in our engraving, is the metropolis of the Turkish Empire. It is situated on a neck of land between the Black Sea and the Archipelago, and is built upon several hills, which rise in height as they recede from the shore, a beautiful green elevation forming the back ground. The circuit of the city is twelve miles: is surrounded with a wall of free-stone, fifteen feet high, flanked by 478 towers, and has twenty gates. The external appearance of the city is exceedingly fine. Palaces, mosques, seraglios, colleges, hospitals, baths, domes, minarets and spires, interspersed with cypress trees, tower one above another. A multitude of light boats glide through the waters of the harbor. The magic of the prospect, however, disappears on entering the city, the streets of which are narrow, crooked and dirty, while the houses are built of brick, wood, or mud, and covered with cement.

Constantinople contains a population of six hundred thousand, principally Mohamedans, who worship in three hundred mosques, some of which are built of costly materials and in superb style. The prodigious extent of their colonnades, the grandeur and height of their cupolas, astonish the unaccustomed beholder. In mosques, there are neither altars, images nor paintings, but a great number of suspended lamps, between which hang ostrich eggs, crystal rings and other curiosities, making a brilliant display amid the glitter of reflected lights. The grand mosque of St. Sophia, which occupies a central position in the engraving, is a most renowned edifice, the dimensions of which are such as to accommodate a hundred thousand worshippers.

There are two other mosques, which Mohamedans regard with still higher veneration than this. The one located in Mecca, the birth-place of Mohamed, has but a single door of entrance, which is covered with silver plate, and embellished with golden ornaments.

The Koran requires every devout Mussulman to make a pilgrimage to this consecrated spot. It is estimated that seventy thousand, at a stated period every year, congregate there. Multitudes of the poor perish by the way. An individual by the name of Roschid, in company with his wife, performed the pilgrimage on foot from Bagdad, walking on splendid carpets the whole distance. A grandee from Cairo, whose travelling expenses alone amounted to fifty thousand dollars, performed the journey with a hundred and ten camels, and a very large retinue. The closing ceremony of this pilgrimage, when the multitudes are about to disperse, consists in the sacrifice of thousands of animals.

The other mosque, to which allusion has been made, is that at Medina, where reposes the dust of the founder of Mohamedanism. The coffin is covered with a cloth of gold under a canopy of silver tissue, both of which are renewed annually. Over the foot of the coffin is a golden crescent of priceless value, curiously wrought, and adorned with precious stones. This edifice is furnished with three hundred silver lamps, which are always kept burning.

The Mohamedan religion, which is now the faith of a population of one hundred and twenty millions, is the prevailing religion in Constantinople. Protestant missions have, however, exerted a great and salutary influence in this community, and the recent liberality of the Turkish government in tolerating other forms of religion, has excited the admiration of Christendom. We hail with joy tokens of the approach of that day, when the crescent shall be obscured and lost amid the light of the sun of righteousness.

WHAT A PASTOR SHOULD POSSESS.

A FATHER'S tenderness — a shepherd's care;
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear;
A ruler's awe, a watchman's watchful eye;
A pilot's skill — the helm in storms to ply;
A fisher's patience, and a laborer's toil;
A guide's dexterity to disembroil;
A prophet's inspiration from above;
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love. — *Bishop Ken.*

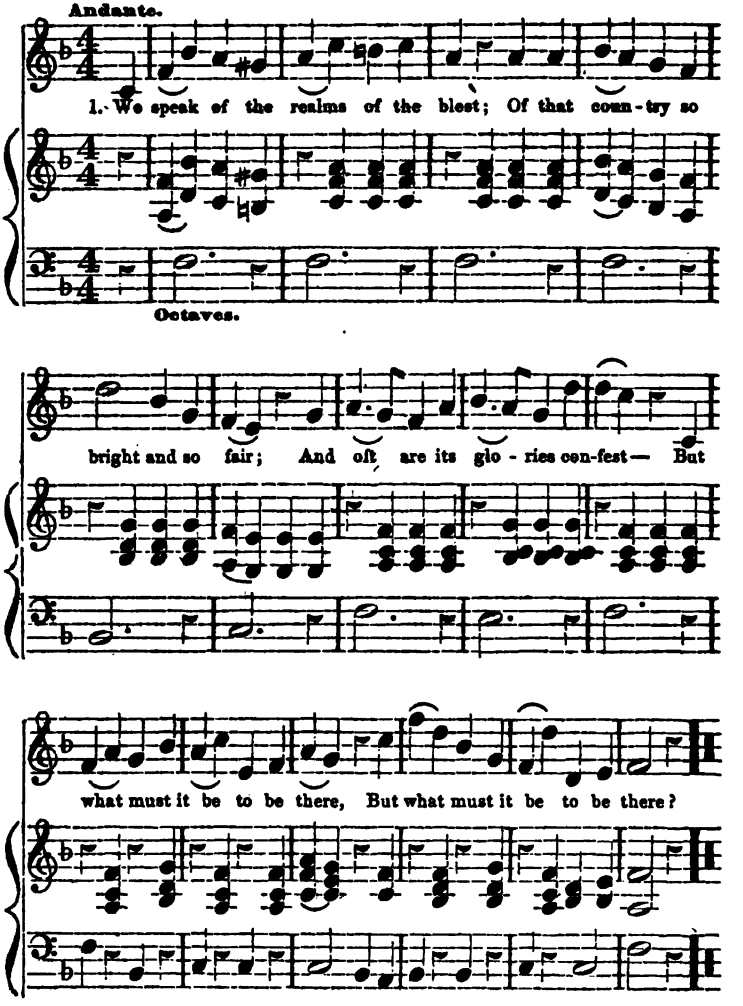
THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

EDITORIAL.

The greatest elevation is Mt. Washington, which is 6,428 feet above the level of the sea. These mountains are composed of huge rocks of granite and gneiss; round their base is a forest of heavy timber, which is succeeded by a belt of stunted fir trees from ten to fifteen feet high; above this is a growth of low bushes, and farther up, the surface is covered only with a shroud of dark colored moss. The snow lies on their summits about ten months in the year, giving them the appearance from which they take their name. The Notch is a remarkable chasm, two miles in length, and at the narrowest place only twenty-two feet wide, forming the only pass through the great mountain bulwark.

In 1826 a violent fall of rain caused a slide of earth, rocks and trees, which choked the streams, swept every thing before it, and filled the valley with ruin. A family of eleven persons living in the Notch House, hearing the rumbling of the avalanche, fled for safety, and were overwhelmed beneath the torrent. Had they remained in the house they would have been safe, as the avalanche was separated to the right and left, just before reaching the house, by a large rock.

HEAVEN.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY L. MARSHALL.

Andante.
1. We speak of the realms of the blest; Of that coun-try so
Octaves.
bright and so fair; And oft are its glo - ries con-fest— But
what must it be to be there, But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its pathways of gold;
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare;
Of its wonders and pleasures untold —
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care;
From trials without and within —
But what must it be to be there?

We speak of its service of love;
Of the robes which the glorified wear;
Of the church of the first-born above —
But what must it be to be there?

Do thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

Evang. Mag.

THE SOURCES OF MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY REV. JAMES W. WARD.

Of the relationships of life, none yields a more permanent and powerful influence than the *Maternal.* No person will doubt its immeasurable strength. And it may not be amiss to inquire *why* the mother exerts an influence so controlling over the character, conduct and destiny of her child.

One source of influence is maternal love. And well may the mother love her own child! It is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh; it draws nourishment from her veins; it is cast helpless and dependent upon her watchfulness and care; she must dress and tend it, and minister continually to its wants. If neglected, even for a very short period, it makes its voice to be heard, and its plaintive cry calls her to the discharge of some office of maternal love. Now it is a remarkable fact, that, under some circumstances, we love those most ardently who cause us the most trouble, and require the most of our thoughts and attention. The little blind child, cut off from many of the enjoyments of playmates, finds the loss of sight partially compensated for in the increased amount of sympathy. It secures the largest share of all the comforts of the family; it becomes the pet child, and receives, like Joseph, the coat of many colors. How

strong, then, must be the mother's love for her babe, so entirely dependent on her for all its comforts, and demanding her unremitted care and solicitude! She will often expose, if not sacrifice, her own health and life for its welfare. There is no passion in the human breast, which, for permanency and strength, can bear comparison with it. Many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown it. It absorbs the thoughts; it possesses and fills the soul. That a woman should forget her sucking child, is represented in the Bible as the next step in improbabilities to God's forgetting his own people. The love which a mother feels for her babe increases as he passes along through the successive stages of childhood, youth, and manhood. This is evinced by the fact, that she mourns the loss much less if taken from her in infancy, than when he has arrived at mature age. Now, will not this strong maternal affection naturally excite strong desires in the mother's breast to secure the power of controlling and guiding her child? And if she *wishes* to secure an influence over him, as she must, if she loves him, will she not *strive* to obtain it? And if she does strive to secure it, will she not *succeed?* Beyond doubt, these laudable efforts will be crowned with success. It is the unquestionable duty of every mother to endeavor, in every proper way, to secure and retain a decided influence over her child. She may often employ it to restrain from evil, and lead him in the pathway of piety and happiness.

Another reason why the mother sways such an influence over the child is, because the *child loves her.* It is natural to love those who love us, and from whom we are receiving a constant succession of favors. And when the child learns the grateful fact, that it is loved, it is not slow to love in return. The mother gains its youngest, tenderest, deepest love. It looks up to her as its chief benefactor. Her lap is its bed, her bosom its pillow, her arms its protection, her hand the source of all its comforts. While lying on her arms, or nursing on her bosom, it looks up with confiding gratitude in her face, and its speaking eyes proclaim more eloquently than

words the strength of filial affection. And this love generally

"Grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength."

Sometimes, as the child grows up, this love becomes cold, and dies. But such a thing is rare and unnatural; and we regard such a child as a monster in human shape. We should be disappointed, if he lived out half his days. As a general thing, filial love never dies.

"It lives to cheer life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age."

And if the love of the child for his mother is so strong and abiding, it will naturally lead him who cherishes it to consult her wishes, and to follow her precepts and advice. In our feelings, opinions and conduct, we are almost imperceptibly swayed by a regard to the views and wishes of those we love. The love which a child feels for its mother, prepares the way for her to exert a mighty influence over him. She ought, if possible, to keep a firm hold of this influence; and, as it is the fruit of love, she should consecrate it all to the advancement of his highest welfare.

The mother exerts a powerful influence over the child, because, in early life, *he always entertains an exalted opinion of her excellences.* The mother, in his estimation, is always beautiful. Her smile has sent many a thrill of joy to his heart, and that face must be beautiful which has given him so much pleasure. And, inconsistent as it may seem, in his view, she is always old. She has not grown any since he first saw her. She has always been a woman from time immemorial; from the time his memory runs not to the contrary. It is difficult for him, with his feeble powers, to conceive of the *long* time she must have lived; and she must, consequently, have seen every thing and learnt every thing. Therefore, in the young child's opinion, his mother is always very wise and learned. She has taught him nearly all he knows. She has readily solved for him a thousand hard questions; and it is only by slow degrees he learns that his mother does not know every thing.

His mother, in his view, is also *very good.* She always does right. He often does wrong in his thoughtlessness and selfishness, and she reproves him for it. But mother, so kind, so careful, so self-denying, can have no motive to do wrong; she must, therefore, always do right. Not only is she right in morals, but, whatever she does is always done in the very best way. Hence, the young married woman who desires to please her husband, has only to ascertain how his mother cooked and managed, and do accordingly, and she will be sure to give satisfaction.

Now, it is not at all strange that a young child, entertaining so exalted an opinion of his mother, should be almost entirely under her influence. It would be strange, indeed, if it were not so. She is to him the centre and personification of all wisdom and goodness, and he must therefore to a great extent be governed by her example, opinions and precepts. It is true, that this influence diminishes in power as the child ascertains that she has failings. It is always a sad day to the young heart, when, for the first time, it learns that the mother is in the wrong, especially if the wrong be of a moral nature. He does not understand it. The wonder is, why it could have happened. Confidence in her receives a shock, from which it never afterwards wholly recovers. Her power to guide him aright is diminished; and, if she continue in the open practice of any sin, that sin loses its enormity in his estimation; its deformed features change, and begin to look lovely. Her influence never dies. If she lives in a consistent, Christian manner, her example remains strong through life to restrain from the commission of crime, and to guide in the path of peace; but if her conduct be wrong, her influence is changed from a means of good to a means of evil. She converts it into an instrument of death, with which she destroys the fruit of her own body.

Maternal influence is great, because the *mind is very susceptible of impressions during the years of early childhood.* Like the bones of its body, the infant mind is flexible. It has often been compared to the warm wax, which easily

receives the impression of the seal; but as years pass along, it becomes hard like the wax when cooled, and retains through life impressions first made. In early childhood, curiosity is awake; every thing around is new and wonderful. It attracts attention, and is permanently engraven on the mind. Tell a tale of suffering to a child, and his heart will be affected; his bosom will heave with sympathetic grief, and tears of pity will freely flow. But go to that person when he has reached the age of fifty, and a similar tale of woe will make but a feeble impression.

The intellect, also, is uncommonly active in early life. Then the mind is awake, always on the stretch, and always inquiring after something new; while the facts which are learnt are laid up safely in the treasure-house of the memory, and influence the child through the whole of his subsequent life. It has been well said, that ordinarily more is done toward forming the character during the first seven years of life, than in all which may remain. During those seven years a direction is given to the thoughts and feelings, which is seldom very much changed. In those years the seeds are sown which spring up and produce a harvest in manhood and old age. Now these first years of life, when the mind is so susceptible to impressions, are almost entirely under the control of the mother. She takes the young mind, and, during these few years, she moulds it at pleasure. She fixes upon it characters, she draws on it lines, she stamps on it pictures, which will be as fadeless as the mind itself. She takes the spirit fresh from the hand of God, and stamps on it an impress which generally decides its character for time and for eternity.

She gives it a direction which will carry it in the circle of duty around the Sun of Righteousness, till, gradually attracted toward its centre, it takes its place a glittering jewel in the diadem of glory; or a direction which will impel it on through the multiplied paths of sin, a wandering star, tending to the regions of darkness, and destined to go out at length in everlasting night. How amazing, then, is the mother's influence, and how fearful her responsibility!

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER RAISED.

The Saviour sat and taught in his own city; —
Crowds came to worship, and their sick to bring,
With tears and prayers imploring him to pity,
And take them underneath his healing wing;
The poor, the blind, the lame, the deaf, drew near,
The word of healing from his lips to hear,
And with them came a Ruler worshipping:
"My little daughter 's dead. Were thy hand lain,
O Saviour, on her now, sure she might live again!"

Jesus arose. The light of love divine,
Stole o'er His features with celestial ray,
Soft as the sunbeams, which at day's decline
Upon the bosom of the waters play; —
Moved with soft pity for the hearts that bled,
He rose, and followed, as the Ruler led
Where his young daughter in her death sleep lay;
The weeping friends were met in sorrow there,
While wailing sounds of grief awoke the slumbering air.

"Why do ye weep?" the pitying Saviour said;
"Dry up your tears, and stay your heart's deep woe:
The little maiden sleeps — she is not dead —
And through her veins the life blood still may flow."
They laughed to scorn each gentle, soothing word,
Anew the fountain of their grief was stirred,
And unsubmissive wept beneath the blow.
They called to mind her goodness, truth, and worth,
And mourned so fair a flower, removed so soon from earth.

How beautiful that little maiden's rest!
What emblems sweet the blossoms that surround her,
Breathing sweet incense on her sinless breast,
Her snowy robe in wavy folds around her!
The eyes were shaded with their silken fringe,
While on the cheeks there glowed a soft rose tinge,
As though in slumber sweet the angels found her.
Celestial beauty beamed upon that face,
Beyond the painter's art, or sculptor's power to trace.

Jesus drew near the sleeper, took her hand, —
"Maiden," said he, with thrilling voice, "Arise!"
That voice had power to move the spirit land,
And bring a glorious angel from the skies!
That soft rose tinge assumed a deeper hue,
The warm life blood came quickly flowing through
Its wonted channels, and those lustrous eyes
Opened beneath the Saviour's earnest gaze,
As morning flowers unfold beneath the sun's bright gaze.

COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

THERE is deep meaning in the Scriptural assurance, that God is the Father of the fatherless; yet his manifestations of fatherly love often differ greatly from those of *earthly* parents. *They* heap up riches, and thus seek to encompass their children with "walls and bulwarks," impervious to what they call the "shafts of misfortune." God, the Omniscient, who sees the end from the beginning, and who often works out his most beautiful designs of love behind a cloud, dark indeed to human thought, — He, with infinite paternal wisdom, levels our strong towers with a stroke, scatters our wealth like chaff from the summer threshing-floor, and exposes us to life's storms and windy tempests, until we are utterly shorn of the armor wherein we trusted. How then does the heart quail with terror before the hand of that power which is seemingly "turned against us all the day!" Faith alone descries the star of promise upon the troubled sky, its hallowed light shining upon darkness which comprehends it not. Who saw this star on that Sabbath evening, when many of our kind-hearted villagers walked two and two in mournful procession to the old burying-ground? Who, among those passing to the verge of an open grave, and looking tearfully down upon the narrow house, now occupied by one whom we had known as the amiable girl, the devoted wife, the affectionate mother, and, latterly, as the chastened, yet meek, cheerful widow? "It is a dark dispensation of Providence," said the village pastor. "A pious woman has been taken from the militant church; one eminently useful from a world demanding the good and the diligent; and, to our narrow vision darker still, the tender mother has been torn from an only child, and that child a daughter, as delicate and fragile as the summer flower. Surely, the way of God is in the deep, and his path in the great waters." "Yet he will temper the wind to the shorn lamb," murmured a poor old creature,

as, shaking with palsy, she tottered to the grave's brink, and with a kindling eye looked into its silent depths. Then, drawing little Emma gently away, she added, "Do n't cry, darling; now that both your father and mother are dead, the Lord will take you up, and He will never forsake you." Poor Madam Dempsey! her eyes were too dim to distinguish one neighbor from another, yet she saw the star of divine promise shining gloriously from night's diadem.

Days and weeks passed away, but to the outward eye there was no fulfilment of the divine promise, that, forsaken by father and mother, the Lord will take us up. Emma was not taken to the hearts which loved her best, and to the folds best watched and tended; for it was in our village, as amid the contrarieties of this strange world it often is, that the kindest hearts had nothing but love to bestow, and the warmest folds were already crowded by helpless lambs. Gentle mothers, who had known the orphan from her birth, mourned that they had not means equal to their hearts' love; but, happily for a world of crosses and earnest duty, fathers are made of "sterner stuff." They knew Col. Winter as the wealthiest man in town. He had offered to take the orphan. It is true, they knew nothing of Mrs. Winter; but, as charitable Yankees, they guessed that she was a nice, clever woman. Their wives guessed otherwise, for the lady had kept herself aloof from her neighbors; and what, in a country village, can a woman do worse than that? But it was necessary that the child should have a permanent home. None better offered itself; and to the stern necessity they yielded. It was Christmas morning when Emma was carried to the snow-capped hill, where, white and lofty, but old and isolated, stood the Colonel's mansion. We saw no more of her until Spring. One pleasant day in April, she was seen planting a rose-bush beside her mother's grave. Her long, sunny hair had been closely cut; and she wiped her pale, tearful face upon her coarse apron, which, being long, narrow, and fastened at the throat, gave her the appearance of being tied up in a bag. A neighbor, who had known and loved her

mother, hastened to greet and caress the child; but fond caresses, anxious inquiries, and soothing words were only answered by fresh torrents of tears. She hastily smoothed the green turf with her hands, cast one sorrowful look upon the rose-tree which she had both planted and watered, and without exchanging a word with her mother's friend, ran hastily away. The pitying friend slowly followed; and, sadly engrossed with her love and care for the child, she heard not the cheerful "good morning" of old lady Dempsey until it had been twice repeated.

"I am at my favorite business," said the aged woman, as she looked out from a hedge-row of grape-vines. "I am always lopping and pruning, for I love to do for my garden what the Great Husbandman does for his vineyard. I have watched his way of cultivating fruitful trees for nearly seventy years, and I have always seen him taking away the branches which bear no fruit, and pruning the fruitful, that they may bear more fruit."

"It may be so," replied the neighbor; "but it is hard to believe, when things look so unreasonable. There is poor little Emma Bradley —"

The old lady raised herself, and with stern seriousness said, "Can *Reason* by searching find out God, or can our unbelief make his promise of no effect? You can't look, as I do, through the mist of seventy years, and see his faithfulness all along lighting up the dark path, as the stars do the midnight sky. But who lives in this world of change thirty, or even twenty years, without finding the Word of the Lord tried and faithful? He counts the man happy who bears the yoke in his youth, and who, because of this salutary discipline, 'sitteth alone, and keepeth silence!' Rare virtue this for the present day, when the multitude talks and nobody listens; and when, save among the early tried, we find but few moral heroes able to stand, or even to sit, *alone*. We must be taught self-dependence before we can become self-possessed; and without this armor, none can meet the harsh battles of the present life, and war a good warfare.

But, my friend, in training the young for the conflicts awaiting manhood and old age, few imitate the divine example. Youth of the present age feel no pressure of any yoke, save that of a will, arrogant, unsubdued, and mighty in forging chains for the coward soul."

"I see," replied the neighbor, smiling, "that Madam Dempsey would bring back the puritanic form of family government: the reign of the birchen rod with its code of iron laws."

"No," replied the old lady, "not if the world, running mad with its own wisdom, will show us how our young people can be taught to stand in the evil day, and having done all, be able to stand *alone*, faithful, well-doing servants before their Judge. A reënactment of some puritanic laws might be a wise dispensation; and in these days of literary and political generosity, I think that at least a *vice-presidency* might with safety be offered to the birchen rod. But we boast a better reign than that of *fear*, and our glorying is not vain. Love is a principle equally potent, and more refined; but in the *use* of this divine principle, have we whereof to glory? Is love really enthroned upon our family altars, or only an image of the true, graven by man's device? Are not youthful worshippers sometimes taught to bow the knee before a God of gold, falsely called parental love; and is it not said to these young idolators, "Behold, my children, the God to go before you through the world's wilderness, to separate earth's flowers from her thorns, her sparkling bowls from their bitter dregs, her summer sky from its lowering cloud, and even the valley of death from its chilliness and gloom!"

"Yes," replied the neighbor; "and when Infinite Wisdom dashes this idol to pieces, the world calls its votaries unfortunate. Why is this?"

"Because, my friend, men do not see that Infinite Wisdom is Infinite Love. They know God as the Sovereign, but not as the Father; the kind, the pitiful friend, who takes no good away without bestowing one divinely better. While

one hand takes from the child his God of gold, the other enriches his spirit with godlike gifts, with inward strength, by which he will do valiantly, and become more than conqueror."

"If such love, my friend, becomes the household angel, we shall not know it as a shield for wrong-doing, an apologizer for self, a panderer for the flesh, and an enemy to the rugged path of duty, cast up in the world's wilderness for the good, the just, and the true. In walking this pathway, my neighbor, God must put shoes upon our feet; and a little child left solely to his guardian care, is always well furnished for life's dangerous journey; not often with gold, (though the cattle upon a thousand hills are his,) for He knows that earthly treasure imparts its own moth and rust to the immortal soul; not always with earthly friends, for human spirits are rendered weak by such dependence; they become the soul's Delilah, by which she is shorn of her strength. Let me comfort you concerning the little orphan, Emma Bradley. That child, with my own poor self, — two of the most pitiable objects in town, — has a promise more sure and steadfast, richer and far more enduring than all the town's land, with its silver and gold. You call me a widow; but the Infinite God calls himself my husband. You call Emma an orphan; but the Universal Father condescends to call himself *especially* her Father and Guardian. And now, concerning her present discipline, I can tell you a secret, thus far kept from the worldly wise and prudent. Parents do so fail in enduing their children with either physical or moral strength, that when God desires a human being for his especial service, he is *compelled*, — humanly speaking, — to sever heart-strings in order to separate them from the mass, making examples of suffering before he can make self-dependent, self-possessed *individuals*. No wonder that the fearful and unbelieving murmur at this. Faith alone apprehends the mysterious way in which present chastening girds the soul with strength, and causes her to yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

With a heart less oppressed by care, the neighbor now turned toward her home, while the old lady resumed her favorite work. The family, with whom the orphan Emma resided, never attended church at the village, and seldom anywhere; but when disposed to go with the multitude who thus kept holy day, they repaired to the city, several miles distant. Emma never made one of a party in the family coach; and it became a matter of much regret, especially among her mother's friends, that the child went not to offer worship in any sanctuary. Some of these friends, with the village pastor, waited on Mrs. Winter for an explanation, but none was given. They were received with cold civility; even Emma testified no joy at the visit, and no gratitude for their friendly interference. "She is in the hands of the Lord," said the village pastor, as they sorrowfully retired; and Emma was now regarded as one broken off from her former friends. Three years thus passed away, when, on a bright morning in June, she entered the village church, plainly but tastefully dressed, and with serious self-possession took her seat in the pew once occupied by her mother. Admiring eyes were turned toward the pew, for Emma was blooming into most beautiful womanhood; but, intent on the quiet devotions of the house, she seemed unconscious of any presence, save that of Him, before whom the world should keep silence. After service, kindly greetings were given, and affectionately returned, though with a manner so formal, that some, who had only known her as the dependent, shrinking, but impetuous child, feared that she was growing proud. From that day Emma regularly attended church, though she did not otherwise mingle with the villagers.

Two more years passed away, when one evening, as old lady Dempsey sat in her cottage door, a female figure flitted through the little gate, and seated itself upon the grass by her side. The old lady was nearly blind; but she saw the white dress, and her dim eyes caught a gleam from the bright hair, as the last rays of the setting sun lingered upon its golden curls.

There was still a deep fountain of rich thought and feeling in that aged breast; but the quiet fancies of second childhood were casting a veil over its clear waters. She pressed the hand laid in hers, and smiled like a dreaming infant. Then she fondled the clustering curls, and at last in a feeble voice exclaimed, "How your hair is grown, honey!" "That is because it was *cropped*," responded a half sad, half merry voice. "I cried about it sadly, but it was all for the best. I cried, too, for my poor heart, for that, too, as well as my head was cropped, or pruned; but here my tears were wasted, for this, too, was for the best."

A ray of thought gathered and brightened upon that aged face. The soul's fountain had been reached, and troubled. Suddenly, as from a deep sleep she turned to the bright face beside her, and asked, "Why have you staid so long from me, Emma?"

"You have been my spirit's friend," was the reply, "and therefore can but know the reason why I staid from those who would have made me weak. Leaving the warm hearts which loved me, and going to live among cold, haughty strangers, I felt, for a time, like a little leaf, seared and frost-bitten, blown by the north blast from its sheltering tree, and left quivering upon the desert plain. For days and weeks I gathered time from my daily task, and from hours of rest, to weep and bemoan my poor little self. Yet the family was not unkind to me. I had plenty of food, and was warmly, though coarsely clothed. It was my *heart* that starved, and ached for a loving heart whereon to rest. Yet such an one was not found. I was never fondled, never pitied. When the orders peremptorily given were promptly obeyed, when I did not fail in one jot or tittle of all that was required of me, I was allowed a longer time to spend in tears, and this was a luxury to tempt my ambition. Going to bed alone in my little room, cold, and remote from the rest of the family, my thoughts had only to wander back a twelvemonth, for a mirror to reflect my present woes. Scarcely a year had passed since I had slept nightly in my mother's arms; since

with warm kisses she had laid me upon my pillow, heard my evening prayer, and with her own fervent petitions had called down the angels to guard her beloved. With this tender remembrance of my mother, I would sob myself asleep; and when the cold, early hour of rising came, I had only to think of the gentle voice which once broke my morning slumbers, assuring me that the fire was burning brightly, the breakfast quite ready, and mother waiting to dress her darling. Then tears would again flow like water, and I would go down stairs to be laughed at, or scolded, according to the humor of my fellow-servants. But, after a time, a new spirit began to stir within me, and I became ashamed of my tears. 'You are an orphan,' said this new monitor, 'with no one to care for you; become *strong* and care for yourself. Read, study, work, and become your own tutor, and see what you can make of this weak, whining child.' The thought was inspiring. I seized it, and began to love my hard lot. My earnest duties, even the cold frost and loneliness of my distant room, seemed like good angels sent to aid me in training my new charge. I now felt grateful for every spur to diligence, promptness and fidelity. Something had awakened in my heart a strong, burning desire to become a noble, self-dependent woman; and the precise, unrelenting Mrs. Winter, was to me a mistress less rigid than I had become to myself. Both she and the Colonel noticed, and were gratified at this wonderful change. They found that I was pursuing a course of study, and kindly furnished me with suitable books; then, seeing my rapid progress, they began to devote a part of each evening to my instruction. I saw that they began to love and to trust me, and that Mrs. Winter, notwithstanding the cold dignity of her manners, was proud of showing off my womanly discretion and ability to her guests."

"Your feet were in a slippery place," said Madam Dempsey.

"Ah yes!" replied Emma, "and they had well nigh slipped; for I thought, verily, that this was all by my own

might and power, and to that devoted love I had bestowed upon the poor little self, which I had trained with so much care. I began to think that all other love was incompatible with true strength of soul; but my Heavenly Father interposed. Through self-loathing and repentant tears, he drew my heart's love to himself. Then I was indeed possessed of a strong tower. I had found a city of refuge. It was with this pearl of great price newly found, that I went, after years of absence, to pay my vows in the village sanctuary."

The old lady clasped her withered hands, and fervently exclaimed, "The faithful, the covenant-keeping God! Blessed, *forever* blessed be his name!" Emma bowed her head, and meekly responded "Amen and amen."

Col. Winter had two children, a son and a daughter. Since Emma had resided in the family, these children had been mostly absent; the daughter at a boarding-school, the son at college.

A few days after the foregoing conversation, these young people returned home. It was said of Miss Gertrude, that she had finished her education; and Henry was to choose a profession. The society of their children was to Colonel and Mrs. Winter a rare and exquisite pleasure. For a time, they were completely charmed with the grace, vivacity and intelligence of their beautiful daughter; but alas for those who spend money for that which is not bread! There is a *homely* education, a stranger to the schools, obtained without money, but not without the price of personal, parental effort; not without line upon line and precept upon precept; not without unflinching purpose and heroic self-denial. Such the education demanded by reason, religion, and God, — the education which brightens our firesides, and makes home the Eden-garden where flowers bud to bloom in paradise. Weighed in this balance, the beautiful Gertrude Winter was found wanting. Can even parental love long remain blind to such a want? No; and their eyes once open to this deplorable fact, Mr. and Mrs. Winter soon made other discoveries equally deplorable. What a flimsy net-work of educa-

tion had been thrown over their darling child; too narrow, too flimsy to cover the barrenness, the desolation of an immortal mind, intrusted by God himself to their parental care. They saw that the captivating grace, so pleasing at first, was not the elastic movement of a healthy frame, every member of which, like each key of a well-tuned instrument, blends harmoniously with the other. It was the studied gesture, the labored attitude; too labored, too unique for every-day use, and which is usually saved for company, leaving our poor fashionables without any *manners* at home. Miss Gertrude's vivacity, too, was not the out-gushing gladness of a free, young spirit. It was the fitful joy, waning with the ebb of pleasure's tide, and waxing with its flow. But, to the thoroughly educated parents more mortifying still, the seeming intelligence of their daughter soon became evident to them as the smatterings of superficial knowledge, blended with a certain tact, by which she adroitly, though not always judiciously, appropriated the ideas born of thought, and the fruit of others' brains to her own use. She thus glided gracefully over a great variety of topics, even as the swan skims the glassy surface of the lake.

Henry Winter was gifted with a superior mind, but Greek and Latin were not sufficient to rouse its latent energies and cause it to put on strength. It needed the ploughshare and pruning-hook of a sterner discipline; and, for lack of this, its noblest gifts were drooping with an early blight. His father, with unspeakable chagrin, noted the luxurious effeminacy of his only son, and in his heart cursed the wealth, the lavish expenditure of which had so weakened his once promising boy. But there were other reasons for grief and self-reproach. This wealth, so long promising the rich man that his house should stand forever, now seemed pluming its wings for a flight. Sundry losses, both by sea and land, justifying the adage that misfortunes never come alone, had placed his affairs in a most critical situation. Such a crisis demanded strength of body and of mind; but Col. Winter was growing old. His eyes were already dim, and he began to feel the

weariness of those to whom the grasshopper is a burden. Mrs. Winter was not ignorant of the suffering, mental and bodily, which was bowing her husband with premature infirmity; and Emma, who had long since attained in the family that place of trust always awarded to the strong, self-dependent mind, knew the cloud which hung darkly over the domestic sky, and, with characteristic firmness, acted accordingly.

But where was Henry? Was it not strange that a young man should see his father, so evidently ill, leaving his home, day after day, in storms as in sunshine, and returning with a countenance so care-worn, without seeking out the cause, and offering his aid? And where was Gertrude? In her unceasing demands on her mother for amusement, had she no eyes to read in the pale face and anxious manner of that mother, a demand on her sympathy, and for the diligent hand of a young, healthy daughter? But whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap. These children had never been trained to copartnership with their parents, except in the one thing of sharing most largely in the fruits of their labor. We cease to wonder, then, at this natural result. In accordance with Emma's advice, nearly all the servants had been dismissed; and this noble girl, — though Mrs. Winter had no longer a claim of service from her, and she was well qualified for a more eligible situation, — still preferred to bear the burdens of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ. "Send Emma to me, my dear," said Col. Winter to his wife one evening, when he had returned home more than usually depressed. "She is my scribe, my accountant, my everything," replied Mrs. Winter, warmly; "everything to both of us."

"There," said the Colonel, after two hours had been spent with Emma in casting accounts, examining papers, &c., "we are done for to-night, my child; it is astonishing how you despatch business. You put new life into me, Emma."

"Well, then," replied Emma, "let me beg you to go below, and forget your cares. Gertrude is playing the piano. Please go down, for it will do you good."

"No," said the Colonel, with some impatience, "I hate those senseless Italian airs. You shall sing to me, Emma."

"What shall I sing, Sir?"

"Anything you please."

With a voice of richest melody, Emma sang the hymn containing the verse,

> "In every joy that crowns my days,
> In every pain I bear,
> My heart shall find delight in praise,
> Or seek relief in prayer."

The Colonel sighed deeply, and with a tremulous voice responded to Emma's "good night." Thus day after day was spent by the earnest, burden-bearing portion of this family in patient struggle with fortune's opposing tide, while the daughter lounged upon the sofa, reading the last new novel,—straining her eyes at intervals upon a piece of embroidery, or weeping till they were swollen from her head, because, in that stupid country town, she found no congenial spirit. Henry made a show of reading Greek in the morning. In the afternoon he went fishing, wrote sonnets, and played the flute. At last, a new notion possessed his idle brain. "Are you a conjuror, my beautiful Emma!" said he, following her into the garden one evening. "If so, please divine my present thoughts."

"You are thinking," replied Emma, promptly, "how you may best kill the next hour."

"Ah," said Henry, laughing, "you judge me by yourself. There is murder in your bright eye, while you accuse *me* of murderous intent."

Emma was silent, and so was Henry. Ever since his return home, he had felt a singular awe, an oppressive sense of inferiority when in her presence. No reflection on what had been her former situation in life, as differing greatly from his own standing in society, could in any degree lighten his soul of this crushing weight; and now, as she stood before him, calm, self-possessed, with no heightened color upon her cheek, and no down-casting of the clear, dark eye, he felt

abashed. He thought best, however, to extricate himself from this awkward position by an explicit avowal. So he told Emma, with a faltering tongue, that pretty story so often repeated about the heart, and begged leave to offer his hand.

"It is a *pretty* hand," said Emma, with provoking coolness, as she looked complacently upon the delicate little digit, "but it would be a poor match for one, which, in this world of 'work to do,' always has, and always *shall* do its part; and your heart, too, my friend, if a counterpart of the hand, could never blend with one which has been hardened to *endure!*" Henry answered in what he intended a tone of raillery; but it was one of real pique.

"So, Miss Emma, you would arm your lover with bow and spear, demanding a hundred scalps as proof of his bravery, before you would receive his love!"

"No," replied Emma; "I would see every man a lover of his race, and armed with true strength of soul; and, before any one can urge a successful claim upon *my* love, he must offer some trophy of at least *one* moral achievement. No," said she, continuing in a less serious tone, "seek you out a pretty dove, Henry; you don't want an *ogress* like me!"

Long after Emma had left the garden, Henry sat overwhelmed with conflicting emotions. Indignation, shame, pride, every passion of the soul struggled with its deepening, widening conviction of truth, for Emma's words had aroused the dormant faculties of that soul, strong in itself, and now struggling fiercely with its chains. At last, in the strength of a mighty resolve, he arose, and with a firm step entered the house. The doubtful crisis was now past. Col. Winter was a poor man, so the world said; but we shall see.

"God has taken our wealth," said the Colonel to his wife, "but he has given back our son."

The father knew not who had kindled the latent spark of the soul's life; he only knew that his son, once dead, was alive again. Neither did those parents know the source of that mighty influence which had won their own hearts to a better, holier love than that of ephemeral hopes, pleasures

and pursuits, which had girded their weak daughter with something of Emma's inward might. They knew not fully, for the record of such deeds is on high.

Four years had passed away, and Henry was again at his home, — that home, which, with most of the Colonel's wealth, had been redeemed by the dauntless energy and untiring effort of his noble son. Warm were the greetings which welcomed him home, as father, mother, and sister clung alternately to his neck, and folded him in a long embrace. "The heart is a counterpart of the hand," whispered Henry, as he took a saucy little hand which had once boasted of "work to do," and in his own gave it a hearty grasp. No wonder that Emma's cheek grew red, and that her eyes, full of tears, fell upon the floor.

It was said of Henry, when he had volunteered his services in a great moral enterprise, — an enterprise demanding zeal, energy, and great self-sacrifice, — that it was wonderful for one who had been so delicately reared. None thought of solving this problem by a reference to the fair young wife who stood by his side, ready to bear with him the burden and heat of each trying day; but to Him who had been a father to the orphan child, and the guide of her youth, — to the eye All-Seeing, this moral triumph over human weakness was open and plain. To the world it will never be revealed, never, till that day when the diadem of glory shall be placed upon Emma's head; and from out that diadem, Henry, the devoted, self-sacrificing philanthropist, will shine, a bright particular star.

"What hast thou, then, proud flesh and blood, to boast?
Thy days are bad at best, but few at most;
But sad at merriest, and but weak at strongest,
Unsure at surest, and but short at longest."
* * * * *
"The world is seldom what it seems, —
To man who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities."

OREAD INSTITUTE.

EDITORIAL.

THIS Institution is located on a beautiful elevation in the city of Worcester, Mass. The engraving presents the peculiar aspect of the edifice. It is designed as a boarding-school, and also receives day scholars. Eli Thayer, A. M., the projector and principal of this seminary, is assisted in giving instruction by several able teachers. "The institution affords young ladies every requisite facility for acquiring a thorough moral, scientific, classical, and ornamental education." In addition to the common and higher English branches, pupils receive instruction in Latin, Greek, French, German, vocal and instrumental music, drawing and painting. Expenses for board and tuition, including incidentals, thirty-four dollars for eleven weeks. The Summer term commences on the fourth Friday in May. The Fall term on the first Friday in September.

Worcester, with its surrounding hills, its beautiful valleys, its lakes and streams of water, its railroad facilities, and its public schools and churches, furnishes a delightful place of residence. Hence, it is rapidly becoming environed with humane and scientific institutions, among which are the State Lunatic Hospital, the Medical School, and the Oread Institute.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

BY S. H. B.

"See, mother! see my little sword,
And here 's my wooden gun;
When I am grown a taller boy,
I 'll have a larger one.
And O! I 'll be a soldier brave,
With buttons new and bright;
And, mother, to the wars I 'll go,
And there I 'll learn to fight!"

A tear-drop kissed the ruddy hand
Of that delighted boy;
His mother thought upon his words,
And wept — but not for joy.
Deeply her pious heart deplored
Such seeds of sorrow sown
In the fresh furrows, where so oft
Had seeds of grace been strown.

She laid the fatal playthings by,
The tiny sword and gun:
"Far other than such arms as these
Be thine, my only son!
There is another warfare, boy,
And other foes to slay,
Than where, to spill their brethren's blood,
Men throw their own away!

It is a warfare fierce and long;
The foes are all *within;*
And there they battle and are strong, —
This conflict is with Sin!
But to the soldiers all are given
Bright arms and conquering skill;
Such is the warfare He approves,
Who saith, *Thou shalt not kill!*"

Dignity. — *True* dignity of deportment arises from well founded self-respect. *False* dignity from the effort to extort respect from others, for excellence of which there is no internal consciousness. The one is like a river, still, deep and beautiful; the other like a brawling mountain stream.

CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF JUVENILE CRIME.

EDITORIAL.

Evil generally comes to the young in the form of an enticement. They are allured from the path of virtue by some engaging aspect of pleasure. Hence, the language of Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And "our warnings must be against the vernal beauty of vice. Its autumn and winter none desire."

There is a grave often visited by travellers, though surmounted by no marble monument, but on the contrary is overgrown by wild grass and poisonous weeds. It contains the ashes of one, who, fifty years ago, was exciting, perhaps, a more general interest in the affairs of this Republic, than any man now on the stage. Though of distinguished parentage and beautiful in person, it was his misfortune to be left an orphan boy at the age of three years. When only eleven he was enticed to run away from his guardian for the purpose of going to sea. Entering again upon a course of education, his brilliant talents enabled him to graduate at the age of sixteen with the highest honors of college, notwithstanding the immorality of his life. Afterward, he enlisted as a volunteer in the army, where he was promoted to office, and became, at length, a member of the United States Senate, Vice President of the nation, a successful duellist with a distinguished politician of his age, aspired to place himself at the head of a rival republic beyond the Mississippi; was called to account for high misdemeanors, sunk to profligacy and disgrace, closed a miserable career, and his mortal remains now moulder in a tomb, on which the curses of injured virtue will rest forever. I need not say that this is the grave of Aaron Burr, whose history shows the liability of boys to be enticed from the path of virtue at a very early period. The records of Penitentiaries afford also ample proof of this liability, not to say, fearful danger. The city of Boston has now a hundred boys in the State Reform School, and the Commonwealth

three hundred. No small portion of the eighty-six persons recently convicted as gamblers in the city of the Puritans were beardless boys. There are now four thousand juvenile offenders in the State Prisons of the nation. Thus, it appears, that boys on the road to ruin are numbered by hundreds in the Commonwealth, and by thousands in the land. These are the advanced pupils in the school of vice, and will, ere long, graduate with the laurels of the Penitentiary or the gallows upon their brow. They constitute the vanguard of Satan's army, pioneers in the work of moral devastation. Well may parents be alarmed, magistrates awe-struck, and ministers of the Gospel be filled with foreboding fears, while financiers inquire with anxiety for funds wherewith to enlarge overflowing Penitentiaries! Well may the whole community tremble with alarm, as when the crust of the earth heaves from the surging waves of volcanic fire, and the rumbling sound forebodes an approaching earthquake! It becomes a momentous question, by whom are these juvenile offenders taught the first lessons in crime? Who initiates them to the fearful work? The seeds of sin lie in the deep depravity of the heart; but we are now inquiring for the exciting causes which rouse these dormant elements.

Beyond dispute, *parental example* constitutes a fruitful source of contamination. When this is good, it is like the salt which the prophet cast into the fountain of bitter waters; when bad, it is as deleterious as deadly atmosphere diffused around the tender plant when it begins to germinate, putting forth green leaves, and unfolding bright petals. The moral tone is usually given under parental influence, and good principles wither or thrive, as the sounds of profaneness and anger, or prayer and love, fall on the ear.

When parents are virtuous, and strive to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, even then may their offspring be corrupted by the influence of *vicious domestics*. "Such persons become the grave of God's blessings in the family." By them, tender lambs of the flock are immolated to demons on the altar of devotion. The

child who follows from day to day a lying, vulgar, sceptical reprobate, will soon receive indelible marks of infamy's branding-iron in his own person.

From the commencement of their public education, children are liable to injury from *vicious schoolmates*. For hours, during successive days of the term, and perhaps during all the period of youth, when the mind is most susceptible of impressions, enticements from this source are before him. Sneers at simple-hearted piety, coming from whatever source, will diffuse themselves into the soul to quench the vital spark of virtue. As one child infected with disease spreads contagion through a school, so will one vile boy contaminate all his fellows.

At every subsequent period, after the child has been taught to read, *bad books are not only accessible, but are thrust upon him*. Through the printed page, the mind is brought into direct contact with the worst principles, and the most corrupting thoughts dressed in language of over-wrought brilliancy, like the burnished hues of unfolding storm-clouds. Bad books are the very worst companions, when they are artfully written with a design to corrupt the morals and the heart. It would be thought an unpardonably presumptuous act for a parent to administer medicine taken at random from the apothecary's store. It would be much more likely to injure than to benefit, — to kill than to cure. So, at the present day, if parents put books into the hands of their children indiscriminately, the chances are that they will be of ruinous tendency.

The fact should be well understood and deeply pondered, that *evening gatherings in the street generally give the finishing stroke to the ruin of boys*. They acquire under the cover of night an excited state of mind; and then they learn vulgar, immoral and profane language, obscene practices, criminal sentiments, and, at length, exhibit a lawless and riotous bearing.

It is in these night gangs that boys are *principally* educated for rowdy, dissolute men. Here they learn the arts of marauding expeditions, learn to plunder orchards, commit

larceny of various descriptions, to insult females in the street, to play and cheat at games of chance, and to stimulate by the use of tobacco and strong drink. It has been remarked, that but very few of those boys in the city, town or village, who have the unrestrained indulgence of night gatherings, ever attain to the eminence of useful citizens. How can it be expected? Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles, nor can boys sit in the seat of the scornful without contamination. Among those who congregate by night are generally the idle and dissipated, incendiaries, gamblers, blacklegs, bar-room tipplers, scoffers at religion, and persons who sing obscene songs, gloat over prostrate virtue, giving and receiving bloody wounds, till, led away by the police to courts of justice, they are condemned and despatched to the already thronged and still thronging houses of correction and punishment.

Under these circumstances, it becomes a question of thrilling interest, and one which legislators, statesmen, philanthropists and Christians are anxiously asking, "How shall these evils be removed, remedied, prevented?" In some cities, it is proposed that an institution shall be erected where outcast boys shall be educated and trained at public expense. In others, boys' meetings have been established in different wards on the Sabbath, and a large attendance from this class has been secured. These lads, though generally presenting a rough aspect, seem evidently interested, and susceptible of good.

More general effort should be made to gather all the boys of the several districts in the city and country into Sabbath Schools. Society at large must set itself in array against juvenile offences. It should encourage faithfulness in magistrates, and aid in the execution of all judicious measures for the regulation of youthful manners. Ministers must preach, and editors write on the subject; and after all, nothing will supply the place of discreet parental influence. Reasonable restraints must be imposed. "The arm of parental authority must nerve itself with strength, and enforce the decree on

youthful impetuosity and recklessness, hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther." Care should be taken that boys have regular employment by day, either of work or study; and let home be made so attractive, if possible, as to retain them there by choice at night. Much may be accomplished in this respect, by cheerful conversation, interesting reading, musical and other innocent entertainments.

Prison records disclose the points to be guarded by parental assiduity. Convicts are generally persons whose early education was neglected, whose wills were unsubdued, and whose consciences were unenlightened. They came in contact with bad example, became rash and rebellious, refused to work, ran away, wandered from place to place, joined in street carousals, read corrupting books, visited dram-shops, circuses, bowling alleys and theatres, committed larceny, and finally went in the ways of the strange woman.

In these remarks we had almost forgotten to address the class most intimately interested in the subject. A word, therefore, to boys themselves.

Those who teach you to disobey your parents and despise the God of heaven, and lead you into vice, and revel with you in forbidden pleasures, will abandon whom they have betrayed, when sin's inevitable disasters begin to overwhelm you. "When at last death gnaws at your bones, and knocks at your heart, when hope and reputation have fled, and long, long ago, all peace of mind shall have taken its departure, even in the last extremity, no offices of kindness may be expected from your enticer." He will not approach to bathe your aching head, cheer your forlorn soul, aid your faltering steps in their descent to the grave, or weep when you are gone. Hope not for consolations from such a source. Better ask fertilization from a burning tide of lava, or protection from the hot thunderbolt. "All the shameless atrocities of the wicked are nothing compared to their heartlessness towards each other when sorrows cluster around. Then, if if the virtuous do not pity and God compassionate, you will find no friend in the wide universe."

BUDS OF PROMISE.

A MOTHER, having lost in early infancy her lovely twin-daughters, expresses the emotions of her heart in view of the event, as follows:—

DEAR AUNT,—

My prevailing feeling is that of submission, though I cannot always restrain the involuntary tear when I think of those sweet ones so recently called into existence, and so speedily consigned to the cold, damp earth. I could not hold them in my arms, I could scarcely imprint one kiss upon their little faces, or realize they were my own before I was called to take the long, last, lingering look, and then resign them to Him who gave, and who, I could but feel, had an equal right to take away, though my fond heart would fain have retained them longer in its embrace. Various were my feelings as I looked upon their little forms all shrouded for the grave, and about to be borne hence to be here no more. The dying groan had ceased, the last struggle was over, a placid serenity had settled upon their still features; their tiny arms were peacefully composed across their breasts, and side by side they lay all mute and unconscious, waiting to be borne away. I gazed, and could not cease that gaze; for to me it seemed that immortal beauty lingered there. Their souls had never been tarnished by voluntary sin, and they had doubtless sped their flight to Abraham's bosom. Mysterious as the strokes of death often are, they seem especially so in the case of in-

fants. To us it appears strange, that the buds of brightest promise should be cut off just as their beauties begin to unfold themselves to our view; but it is because we cannot look into the future, — cannot penetrate the thick veil that conceals the purposes of Jehovah. Now, dear aunt, you are a mother, and doubtless your heart often bleeds with anguish at the remembrance of your own sweet Edward, when you think of what he was, together with what he might have been, had he lived to maturity. But is there not another place of human development, another theatre of human action? You can never forget the chamber where lay the dying child. The fever flush was upon his cheek, the dew-drops of death chased each other down his brow. How helpless, frail and fading a thing he was, writhing in bitter struggles! Composed to his last, long sleep, the faded rose upon his bosom seemed a fit emblem of himself. Should he be disinterred after the rest of years, his beautiful form would present but a handful of common dust.

The course of time rolls on. Centuries have elapsed, empires have waned, worlds have passed, and time is ended. Fast by the throne of the Eternal stands a mighty angel, wise in the knowledge of uncounted years, rich in the wealth of heaven's unfathomable mines of learning, resplendent in his kingly robes, and still growing in his long, long spirit life of joy. The infant of earth is still in the infancy of his heavenly career. Why, then, do we mourn, when these fragile flowers are removed from chilling winds, to bloom forever mid milder skies and brighter suns than earth affords!

DEVOTION. — Prayer is the application of want to Him who alone can relieve it, the confession of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not *eloquence*, but *earnestness*; not the *definition* of helplessness, but the *feeling* of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul.

CASCADE OF THE PILGRIMS IN THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNY.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT,

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND

AND

FAMILY MANUAL.

EDITORS:

MRS. H. B. PRATT, | REV. C. STONE,
WM. C. BROWN, | REV. H. G. PARK.

"Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no gaze of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her."—POLLOK.

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THE HOME.

BY REV. WILLIAM BARNES.

PRIZE ARTICLE.

It is mentioned by the Psalmist, as a reason for thanksgiving and praise, that "God setteth the solitary in families." The great mass of mankind, and especially of Christendom, are born and nurtured under the genial influence of the household relation. We do not commence, and go through life, in the condition of individualism, in a state of isolation. We spend a large share of our earthly existence in the family. And no small part of the good or evil of this life, not to speak of the life to come. depends upon the domestic organization. Like the sun which shines upon our days and years, and the vital air in which we live and move, the sweet and healthful associations and delights of home are so early and constant as not to command our attention. But still they are not the less interesting and important, whether considered as a blessing, or as a study.

> "Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
> Of Paradise, that has survived the fall!
> Though few now taste thee, unimpaired and free,
> Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
> Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
> Unmixed with drops of bitter"

"The Father of mercies and the God of all comfort" is the *author* and *founder* of the family. He has not left the race to work out a lonely destiny, but has set them in groups, bound together by interest, consanguinity and love. The home. like the Sabbath. that sister institution of divine beneficence, is Paradisiacal in its origin, and moral, perpetual and universal in its nature and object. In the declaration of the Holy Book, we are taught, that when Jehovah made man, he instituted the family relation. It is not, therefore, an organism of *human*, but of *divine* wisdom. It is not a *development*, but a *positive institution*. It is not a *voluntary compact*, but an *express* and *specific ordinance* and *power* of God.

"Are we not one? Are we not joined by Heaven?
Each interwoven with the other's fate?
Are we not mixed like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguished,
But roll into the sea one common flood?"

The household is made up of those who reside under the same roof, and come under a common domestic arrangement and management. It consists of parents, children, and domestics. It commences in marriage and ends in death. The birth of every child swells the number, and cements the union, of the home-circle. The members have common interests and feelings, and the chord which binds them together is love.

"Love is a star, whose gentle ray
Beams constant o'er our lonely way;
Love is a gem, whose pearly light
Oft charms us in the darkest night."

In this beautiful arrangement, *affection* antagonizes with *selfishness*, domestic ties with individuality. They weep at mutual sorrows, and rejoice over like blessings. Their lot and fortune are one and the same. The household is an *ecclesiastical* organization; it is a church, and the head is a priest of the most high God. It is also a *civil* community, or state, and the father a king. The government of the family is more like that of the Almighty than any other, and the prerogatives of the parent are only less than divine. A society this, of mutual friendship, aid, protection, and insurance; one in which the Socialists, if they could be induced to look into it, would find their dreams more than realized. The household is a perfect community of goods, and, in this simple aggregation, the all-wise God has solved two great questions, which have perplexed the minds of thinking men in all ages: the proper division of labor and the relation of labor to capital. The most abstruse and contradictory principles become plain and harmonious in the family law. And I confess it to have long been a matter of wonder to me, that philosophers and philanthropists have not made this first primitive principle of the social system more a subject of investigation and admiration. In the simplicity, beauty and power of the principle, there are themes worthy of the poet, the sage and the Christian moralist, as there are evident marks of an unearthly Designer.

"Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

From the household there spring up new and peculiar *duties*. The husband must love and tenderly protect the wife of his heart. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church." And the wife is to honor, reverence, and, in lawful things, obey her husband.

"Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord." "For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church." "Therefore, as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything." "Let every one of you, in particular, so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband," Parents are bound to rear, protect, support, instruct, govern, educate and provide for their children; and children to honor and obey their parents. The word of God, and, I might add, the voice of nature also, is explicit and abundant on each of these relative duties. Thus it is plain that the household is by no means a community of equals, but of unequals. The family is not a democracy. The rights and obligations of the husband and wife are not the same, much less those of parents and offspring. The father is the head, lord, king and priest; and the wife and the mother occupies a glorious central position between the husband and father and their children. Nor is there the least occasion for jealousy, on her part, because she is not the head; for by Heaven's appointment she occupies, if possible, a more important place, since she is the orb around which the mighty influences, joys, and hopes of the entire family revolve. The rights of each member of the family are inalienable, the duties untransferable. The word of life clearly fixes the appropriate place of each, and defines their respective obligations. And these bounds cannot be passed without disharmony and sin. The authority of the husband and father, under God, extends over the whole household; the authority of the wife and mother, under God and her husband, over her children and domestics. It is as unnatural and wrong for the wife to wish to rule her husband as it is for the child to desire to control the parent. And, on the other hand, that husband who has the least disposition to play the tyrant over his wife — nay, who does

not love her, as Christ does the church — is unworthy of that dear relation. And "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The ideas of marriage, paternity and filiation imply obligation and duty which preclude proxyship. The main, most important and solemn part of our duties on earth, is in the family. And these life-responsibilities are necessary to the relations of home:

> "Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
> The first weak tones of nature rose,
> Where first I cropped the stainless blossom
> Of pleasure, yet unmixed with woes;
> Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
> I tripped beneath a mother's hand —
> In *thee* the quenchless flame was lighted,
> That sparkles for my native land."

Considered as to its *importance*, the family institution can be counted inferior only to the church of God. It antedates and underlies all other organisms, is the oldest human society, the mother and nurse of the church, the strong foundation on which rest the state and civil society, and the teacher and model of government. In its nature and benefits it is unchangeable; the same under all forms of government, in all dispensations, and in every age and nation. While empires and religious administrations change, the indestructible household holds on its way in the curriculum of ages. It teaches duties, morals, and religion; fosters generous feelings and benevolence, and inculcates human rights and the principles of submission and obedience to rightful authority. There we all learn to obey. The domestic constitution has great power for good, or for evil; for in it corruption and decay begin and work, while there reform and progress originate. With it Christianity itself stands or falls, and the hope of humanity. In fact, the household has been held so sacred in all ages, that no despot has ever invaded it with impunity. And, as Lord Bacon intimates, the common law of civilization prefers the prerogatives of the master of a family before that of the monarch. It was the beautiful thought of an English orator, in proof of the benign protection furnished to all classes by the constitution and the laws of that country, that though the wind and rain of heaven might enter the poor man's cottage, the king dare not

enter without permission. It is a noticeable fact, that blessings and curses have their genesis in the household; that there deterioration and reform, both in church and state, begin and progress with most power. And history shows that the home has been the parent idea of morals and religion, the matrix of purity, order and love — the first element in every human aggregation, and the cause of all upward and downward tendencies among mankind. Where the high duties of the household have been understood and faithfully performed among the people, nations have flourished, tyranny and wrong have been successfully resisted, bad laws have been repealed and good laws respected, and the rights of mankind have been inviolable. Then it has been that intelligence, truth and piety have held empire over the minds and hearts of men. And it is pleasing to know that religion, in its benign progress through the ages, has seen fit to honor the household. It delighted in the tent and lineage of Abraham and the families of Israel. John the Baptist and the Saviour of the world were near of kin. And of the disciples of our Lord, more than half of them were related, and eight of them were brothers, chosen out of three families, and they all, it is thought, had a pious parentage.

The good and great of the church and of this world have generally been born of the good, if not of the great. Samuel, David, Solomon, Timothy, Washington, Edwards, Dwight and Payson, are examples. We are taught to look upon it as a law of Heaven that the smile or frown of God should flow in the family line. "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." The patriarch Job, in speaking of the sinner, says: "God layeth up his iniquity for his children." We have an intimation in Scripture, that the neglect of family duties was the cause of the degradation of Sodom, in what the Lord said of the destruction of the cities of the plain and of Abraham at the door of the good man's tent. "And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him." Thus it appears that the sacred enclosures of the pure household were broken down

in that wicked place. There was no household, in the divine sense of that term, in the Jewish nation long before the dawn of the reformation under John the Baptist. And the inspired penman, in foretelling his preaching and its effects, said, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." And it was in this way that God saw fit to wind up the canon of the Old Testament Scriptures. Go down into the heart of society, among the masses of heathendom; examine the domestic condition of Mahomedan countries, and the papal and degraded nations of Europe and the western continent, and you will find that the original and divine idea of the household is, in a great measure, lost and unknown. There is polygamy and libertinism enough to satisfy the desires, one would think, of the most wild and licentious disciple of Fourier. Why is constitutional liberty beyond the enjoyment of the French people? It is only necessary to answer, that there is no home, after the heavenly pattern, in France. The domestic altar has there been subverted by impurity. And thus we are presented with one very important reason why the missionaries of the cross should be married men, and erect upon the lands of pagan darkness, where they go, the pharos of the Christian household. Heathens now, as when the Apostle Paul wrote the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans, are strangers to the pure family relation. And hence it is worth all it costs of treasure and of precious life to present to them the model of God's household. O, who can tell the influence of one pious family upon an idolatrous and corrupt people? And it is worthy of a passing thought, that one of the first things which Christianity must do, in converting the world, is to set the solitary in families, and rekindle the sacred fires of domestic affection upon its ancient altars.

> "Oh, the atmosphere of home! how bright
> It floats around us when we sit together,
> Under a bower of vine in summer weather,
> Or round the hearth-stone on a winter's night!"

But it is time that a few words be said with respect to the *design* of the household. The intent of the Originator and Institutor was manifestly as far-reaching as the manifold benefits of the institution.

And, first, the good of children was taken into the account. They could not otherwise be recognized and cared for, and educated for earth and heaven. How sad would be the condition of the rising generation, if they were never to enjoy the nurturing warmth and soothing affection of the family! How dreary their early years, if they were gathered into a common nursery and fed by the unfeeling hand of strangers! The infant world would be in a state of weeping orphanage. The home was also intended as a means of comfort to the individual, to keep alive the gentle and useful affections of our nature, to promote industry and economy, to civilize and sweeten the manners, to inculcate the principles of subordination and government, from the play of love to hold in abeyance segregate selfishness, to provide for helpless infancy and decrepid age, to care for the sick and unfortunate, to give a proper division and direction to labor, and to anticipate the wants of this precarious life. These, however, are subordinate considerations. The main purpose of God, in instituting the family, as appears from Scripture, was to perpetuate in the earth virtue and piety. "And did not he make one? And wherefore one? That he might seek a godly seed." Thus the main object of the domestic constitution was to secure "a godly seed," or to hand down religion among men, not by natural descent, but by example, prayer, promise and grace. The institutions of the gospel are sustained by those, and those only, who are interested in households. It was the opinion of Baxter, that religious family instruction is a more efficacious means of grace than the preaching of the gospel. Whatever may be the truth of this sentiment, it must be confessed to be one of the best agencies of salvation which our Lord in mercy has instituted in this fallen world. Sweep the household from the nations of this world, and what would be the result? They would become worse than those who, in judgment, were borne down under the fire and brimstone of the Almighty in the cities of the plain. The earth would be a brothel. The family and its influences are, in their effects upon the character and happiness of mankind, like the sun and air, and law of gravitation in the domain of nature. The influences are simple and extensive, and mighty and benign. The purpose of the Holy One, then, in the establishment of the household, was to secure a godly seed. And it becomes a momentously important practical question, How is such a seed to be secured? Religion is not inherited, nor can it be transmitted by

natural descent. It is all of God and of grace. But his promises and grace linger round the hearth-stone, and flow in the lineage of piety. Indeed, the very law of the house is religious. The household, therefore, to conform to the holy thought of its Author, must be the home of Christianity, the house a sanctuary. The head must be pious and faithful. The word of God must be a daily study, and the subject matter of constant instruction. Christ must shine in the hourly example and life of parents. The household must be strictly religious, and conducted upon evangelical principles and for holy ends. Indeed, it must be a church of Christ. For the lambs of the flock must be borne upon the bosom of piety. The promises of faith must be pleaded and trusted. The house must have an altar consecrated to the God of grace, and precious morning and evening sacrifice must be offered upon it. The home must be the circle of constant religious worship, praise and instruction, like the tent of Job and Abraham. In the family, God must be acknowledged in everything. The parents must feel that their business on earth and in life is to train a godly seed for Jehovah. "For the promise is unto you and your children." "Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant; to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children." "The just man walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him."

Who does not feel that the wisdom and goodness of our Maker are richly and gloriously displayed in the household? For,

> "Man, through all ages of revolving time,
> Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
> Deems his own land of every land the pride,
> Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
> His *home* the spot of earth supremely blest,
> A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

On this, as on other subjects, men have often attempted to be more wise than Omniscience. Some of the ancient lawgivers, as Lycurgus and even Solon, disregarded the privileges and sanctities of the family. By their codes, children were taken early from their parents, fed in groups at a public table, and brought up under the

care and at the expense of the state. Many of the ancient philosophers, likewise, as Aristotle and Plutarch, in their thories of an *ideal* republic, proposed virtually to abrogate the domicile. It was their speculation that children did not belong to their parents, but were the property of the government. This plan, it is easy to see, would be admirable for raising warriors, but most disastrous for educating intelligent and good men, as they would never hear

> "Those tones of dear delight
> The morning welcome, and the sweet good-night."

There are, moreover, not a few, both in Europe and in this country, called socialists and communists, and wishing to be thought not only philosophers, but philanthropists and reformers, who propose to do away the domesticity of mankind. They would have the sexes herd together like the animal creation, and put the children, as soon as born, into a common nursery, so that they might never know either parent. They call "the isolated household" "the tomb of love," and wish to have men and women mingle according to "the decrees of the heart." And they would have us believe that the workings of their plan would be far superior to the Christian idea of domestication. Now, in contrast to all this, look at the household, the same now as at the beginning of the world, a perfect society, a community in which every impulse and passion of human nature is made to subserve some good purpose, the abode of industry, disinterestedness, kindness, affection, joy, and often of religion. Oh, into what a gloomy condition would socialism and communism plunge the human race! Man may revolutionize governments and public opinion, and even the social state, but he cannot touch the household without harm. I see a perfect halo of divine wisdom and goodness encircling it. God is its author, and wisdom its impress. And every good man is bound to defend this boon of heaven to earth,

> "His warm but simple home, where he enjoys,
> With her who shares his pleasures and his heart,
> Sweet converse,"

as he would defend his sister, wife, and daughter from ruffian violence.

The subject is suggestive not only of the sin, but of the evil also, of polygamy and licentiousness. These enormities, which are, indeed,

the same crimes against nature and God, have prevailed among pagans, both ancient and modern, and in Mahomedan and Papal countries, and, in fact, the world over, except where the conscience has been enlightened and quickened by the gospel, and a religious public sentiment, created by the pure church of Christ, has thrown its barriers around public purity. They are practices in direct violation of the marriage-vow, and entirely subversive of the household and its great ends. The pure family cannot exist without fidelity. And when infidelity once enters the home, its happiness is gone, and from that moment ceases to be a home, where

> "With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
> Glides the smooth current of domestic joy."

As God is the author of the household, it is plain that it should be abolished only in accordance with the divine will. Divorce is the abrogation of the hymeneal compact. The Jews suffered a man to put away his wife for any cause, as did the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. This has been the prevalent custom among mankind. Indeed, even one of the New England States has obtained a very unenviable notoriety on this account. Lawgivers have claimed that the family is a mere creature of human legislation. But it has been shown that the household is older and higher than government; that marriage is a union authorized by the Creator. As God is the originator of the family, he alone has the right to abolish it, or government acting under his authority, and in harmony with his holy mind. Our Lord, in expounding the divine will on this subject, expressly informs us that only one thing is a lawful cause for divorce, and that is infidelity to the altar-vow of marriage. "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." It is certainly proper, then, for Christians to inquire whether it is right for the state to assume the prerogative of Jehovah, and grant divorces for other and minor causes. "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

It is a well known fact that loose men and women have ever delighted to throw odium upon the domestic union. We have also a class of sceptics, who, under the smooth and specious name of reform, are seeking to do away the restraints of marriage. They well know that the Christian family is the foster mother of purity, the hand-

maid of religion, and the school of the church, as it is the abode of constant love. They see God in it, and the benevolent design of Heaven. And, as they are unreconciled to God, and dislike any curb upon their passions, they wish to sever the chords of the household. The fact is significant that infidels are not generally pleased with the limitations which the golden chain of wedlock puts upon their desires, and that the enemies of Christianity are almost universally the enemies of the incorrupt family also. They have a keen perception of the moral tendency of the chaste nuptial state, and hence their opposition to it.

> "Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
> We, who improve his golden hours,
> By sweet experience know
> That marriage, rightly understood,
> Gives to the tender and the good
> A Paradise below."

Often has it been objected to Christianity, that *females* are its most numerous and cordial adherents. Be it so. Is there not reason? What *other* friend has interposed for woman? It is the only palladium of her sex, and she *should* be the last at the cross, and the first at the sepulchre. It becomes her to pour out the most costly ointment on the head of Jesus, and, in gratitude, to wash his feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head. She would be the most heartless ingrate imaginable, if she did not cling to the cross and the household with an inextinguishable affection. The truth is, Christianity and the home have done more for woman than they have for the stronger sex. And I must say that the thought of an irreligious and infidel woman, like the thought of an impure woman, sends over me a chill of horror.

Greatly is it to be desired that Christian reformers would give more attention to the principles of domiciliation generally. The household is evidently the most effectual stand-point of improvement. Let it become what it should be, and both church and state and the people and society everywhere, will be right. With that wrong, on the contrary, "all the foundations of the earth are out of course." How often is it thought and said, that we must begin with the rising generation — with children! But how are they to be reached? We can do but little, either in common or Sabbath schools, without

the coöperation of heads of families. Many a teacher has found more trouble in managing parents, than children. What can we accomplish, in any matter of propriety, or health, or morals, or religion; what can the teacher or pastor do, unless aided by the concurrent influence of the household? How many fathers and mothers neutralize the most faithful and laborious efforts made for the good of the young, and even of their own offspring! O, if the family power were only appreciated and employed aright, it would at once change the moral aspect of the world! And if I were to hazard an opinion, I should say, that, of all the evils of the age and of our own country, the greatest probably is the overlooking of the nature, object, and joys, of the household, and the neglect of home-duties. For

> "'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
> Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like *home*."

It is frequently said, that home is the realm of female exertion and happiness. And so it is. But it is scarcely less dear to the right-minded of the rougher sex. The household furnishes the highest incentives to the industry of the husband and father, and thoughts of the fireside, and of those there, most loved on earth, cheer the laborer in the midst of his sweaty toil. Where are the heads of families, the fathers, who do not feel from their inmost heart to say,

> "Oh, pleasant is the welcome kiss
> When day's dull round is o'er,
> And sweet the music of the steps
> That meet us at the door?"

As the design of the family is not simply to perpetuate the race, and regulate the instincts of nature, but to hand down religion in the world, through a "godly seed," it is indispensably necessary that the members, and especially the heads of it, be Christians. The household, to conform to the original and divine idea of the institution, must be strictly religious. This, of course, is impossible, unless those joined in matrimony are pious. Husbands are commanded to love their wives as Christ does the church. The language of their hearts should be,

> "With thee conversing, I forget all time;
> All seasons and their change, all please alike."

Wives are required to be subject to their husbands as the church is to Christ, her Lord. They should be able to say,

> "I love thee, and I feel
> That in the fountain of my heart a seal
> Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
> For thee."

Aye, and though years of wrong, and wide oceans may part them, the wife, constant as the fixed stars, should be able to send messages of unchanging attachment to the man of her affections.

> "Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought
> That was not his; that on his wandering way,
> Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayer.
> Tell him, even now, that I would rather share
> His lowliest lot, walk by his side, an outcast,
> Work for him, beg with him, live upon the light
> Of one kind smile from him, than wear a crown."

Husbands and wives are to "submit themselves to each other in the fear of God." But how can they understand the nature and extent of their duties to each other, unless they know God, and the relation of Christ to the church, and of the church to Christ? Are you a parent? You are to "train up your child in the way he should go." But how can you, unless you are in the right way yourself? Are you a child? You are to "obey your parents in the Lord." But how can you comply with the direction, if you do not keep the commandments of your heavenly Father? As parents, you ought to offer the morning and evening incense of prayer and praise upon your home-altar, like Job and Abraham. But you cannot aright, unless you have first offered yourselves a "living sacrifice" to God. The Spirit, in the holy Scriptures, does not seem to recognize an irreligious as a proper family. In fact, it appears throughout the Bible to *assume* the religious character of the household. As long as you neglect the gospel, you not only injure yourself, but those with whom you are allied in the closest and tenderest affinities. You harm also your *home*. Oh, it is a fearful thing to be a Christless companion, parent or child! Sad it is to think how many households there are, many of them young and interesting, in which the Lord Jesus is a stranger! It is painful for a single person to live without the Saviour. But to enter into the family relation, to

lead the dear objects of love away from the cross and heaven, to rear children for sin and death, how awful! It must be obvious, I think, to every mind, that we cannot perform the duties of the household without divine aid. As a father, knowing well the parental heart, I beg of you, parents, to think more of your household, to comprehend well the aims of it, and to make it the solemn business of your life to bring up your children for God and heaven. Say, each of you, with pious Joshua, "As for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." You may, indeed, feed and clothe your offspring without religion. But you must be sensible that these are only the beginnings of your care and labor for them. The mind, the moral sentiments and habits, the soul's present and future welfare, these are to be looked to, as of paramount importance. O, as you love your family, to say nothing of yourself, bring Christ into your home to bless and save it!

And the power of the parent over the household is inestimably great. That was a wonderful agency which could cause the family of Abraham to keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment. It was felt in all his house, and has been manifested in the blessing of ages. It has appeared in all the fruit of his loins. The nations are yet to enjoy it, and it will be proclaimed on "the Mount of God." There is no power on earth, and on moral beings, unless it be the power Supreme, which is equal to the power of the head over the family. Every parent, by the help of God, is inferior only to Omnipotence in his own house. As the sculptor chisels the rough marble into a statue, and the proportions and lineaments of grace and genius, which seem almost to live, think and speak, so the parent, by divine help, may form the child of sin into a child of grace, and create within him "the power of an endless life." See the result of Abraham's fidelity, in the character of Isaac and Jacob and the people of Israel, in the birth of Christ from the Abrahamic stock, in spiritual children among all nations of men, and in the good of the race — the hosannas of a ransomed world. See the effect of Eli's neglect, in the wickedness of his sons, and the doom of his house, the capture of the ark of God, and in the woes of the Jewish nation.

A pious and faithful parent is a great blessing. It was an invaluable privilege to be in the family of "the father of the faithful," to enjoy his examples, prayers, faith, instruction, and command; as it was a curse to be the son of Eli. It is good to be the dear objects

of pious anxiety and supplication, remembrance, faith and tears, to be instructed in the ways of the Lord, to be governed, and, if need be, chastised. At the same time, to sin against such a concentration of holy light and love, increases, of course, the guilt. Take one whose tiny cheek has, in infancy, been wet by the godly tear of maternal love, whose spirit has been wafted up to the eternal throne in prayerful and hopeful confidence, who has been taught the cradle prayer and hymn; one who has been early led by the parental hand along the banks of the river of life; take such an one, and let him live in rejection of the love of Jesus, and whose condemnation can be as great? Have we a pious father or mother, either on earth or in glory? Everlasting thanks to God for so valuable a gift of his grace, to shape our existence, and mould our destiny! Such a parentage is worth more to us than silver or gold, or high descent. This was the feeling of the lovely-spirited Cowper, when, on the receipt of his mother's picture, his heart indited those noble lines:—

> "My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
> But *higher* far my proud pretensions rise,—
> The son of parents passed into the skies."

A HOME IN HEAVEN.

A home in Heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven
Does the hope inspire of a home in Heaven!

A home in Heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl, by the terror stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in Heaven.

A home in Heaven! oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit joined with the Bride says come!
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in Heaven.

THE WIDOW'S SON RAISED

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

The deep bell tolled, with slow and solemn tread,
With hearts bowed down beneath a weight of woe,
The weeping mourners bore away their dead
To the dark burial. The rich sunshine's glow
Was in the sky, deeply, serenely blue,
And o'er the earth a heavenly radiance threw;
Though bright the sky, though fair the earth below,
They had no power to dissipate their gloom;
Between them and the light came shadows of the tomb.

He slept in death, the true, the generous-hearted,
The deeply loved, the widow's only son.
With him the sunshine from his home departed,
When his brief life, like a bright dream, was done.
The bounding heart lay still, at rest forever,
And joy again, or grief, would thrill it never
A noble prize the victor, Death, had won.
Slowly and sadly to the grave they bore him,
The green earth smiling round, the blue sky bending o'er him

She followed on, that weeping, childless mother,
Hot, gushing tears fell o'er the lifeless clay.
He was her life, her all, she had no other
To cheer her heart, her faltering step to stay.
The light of life had vanished; o'er her soul
Did the dark waves of bitter sorrow roll.
It seemed her life in sobs must pass away.
He was her all; how deeply, dearly cherished!
But the loved flower had drooped; in early spring-time perished

The Saviour met those mourners slowly winding,
Among the hills, to the last place of rest.
He heard the sobs. He saw the tear-drops blinding
The mother's eyes, and pity moved his breast.
His gentle heart for that poor mourner bled,
And to the slumberer, with low voice, he said,
"Young man, arise!" That trembling mother pressed
Her darling treasure to her breast once more;
Her cup of joy was full; its bright waves brimming o'er!

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

EDITORIAL.

THE above engraving, taken from the design found in the *Carpet Bag*, is intended to represent the new female dress so rapidly coming into vogue. It consists of a Gypsy hat, for which we propose to substitute the common straw bonnet with usual trimmings, except in case of young girls. A tunic of rich material reaches to the knee. We propose to extend it to a point nearly half way between the knee and the ankle. It covers the shoulders, and fits nicely around the neck and waist, and is secured by a belt fastened in front with an ornamental buckle. From the throat to the belt there is one row of buttons, the skirt below the belt being whole. The trousers may be of the same material, in the shape of an inverted cone, fastened with an elastic band around the top of a snugly-fitting laced kid boot.

This new dress is superior to the old, in the following particulars: —

It is more economical. It will require less material and less washing, and be subject to less wear.

It is more convenient. The movements of the limbs are more free when the dress is on, and the wardrobe less bulky when not in use.

It is more becoming. It accords with the most refined notions of symmetry, propriety and good taste. The beholder at once exclaims, "Could anything be more elegant, modest and graceful?"

It improves the personal appearance by imparting a more youthful aspect. One lady who appeared in this costume was judged to be nine years younger than her real age. This is certainly a consideration of some importance to those who desire not to *appear* older than they really are.

It is more conducive to health. The material can be better adapted to the changing seasons. Wet skirts, hanging about the ankles, resulting in countless fatal diseases, would be avoided. The most serious evils of the present costume come from the weight of the skirts, producing compression around the waist, which embarrasses the internal organs in the exercise of their functions. The change proposed would, doubtless, detain multitudes from a sickly existence and a premature grave.

THE TABERNACLE.

"Methinks it is good to be here.
If thou wilt, let us build — but for whom?
Not Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.
The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies."

HAPPINESS.

Happiness depends much more on what we are than what we have. To be fancying what we might be, makes us forget what we are; and thinking what we might have, we are negligent of what we possess.

THE MODEL DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"WHAT a blessing to the family and the community, yea, to the world, is a good daughter! Her precepts are lofty, and her example excellent. She blooms on earth as fair as the favorite rose of Persia, and, when transplanted to the garden of the Lord above, her memory, like the fragrance of that flower, remains to attest her virtues, and enforce her counsels. Happy is the community where may be found most excellent wives and mothers; but, in order to have such, we must first have excellent daughters; for no woman ever becomes so good a wife or mother as she who is first an obedient, affectionate, and pious daughter!"

Such were the soliloquizing exclamations of a young man, whose ideas on the subject of marriage were regarded as singular by those who would have human beings actuated by no higher motives than impulse, in that most important of all earthly relations, marriage. His name was Frederick Pauland, and, at the time of making the above remarks, he was walking in the fine grove situated near the house.

Mr. Pauland was the pastor of the church in Doriville, and eminent, not only for his talents, but for his deep and practical piety. Though he was still a young man, and had been but a few years in the ministry, even the aged of his flock came with confidence to him for advice, and the younger portion were willingly led by him in the way to Zion. He was yet unmarried, for, till within the last few weeks, he had never seen one whom he thought he could conscientiously seek to make his bride, and the sharer of his labors for the good of souls.

It was on the occasion of a social gathering, shortly after his arrival in the field of his labors, that he first saw Mary Everett. She was the daughter of pious parents, who were his parishioners, and had been favored with many advantages for intellectual advancement, which she had faithfully improved. But her crowning excellence was piety. All this, however, the young pastor did not discover for some time, but he was interested in her on the com-

mencement of their acquaintance. He listened to her sprightly, yet instructive and dignified, remarks, and observed that she was the object of the greatest attention from the older portion of the social circle.

In the course of the afternoon, a young gentleman present asked the opinion of the company upon the following passage from Lamartine: "There are some beings, who, by their dazzling radiance, draw all around them into their sphere of attraction, without desiring, or even perceiving it. It seems as though certain natures were like the suns of some moral system, obliging the looks, thoughts and hearts of their satellites to gravitate around them. Their moral and physical beauty is a spell, their fascination a chain; love is but their emanation. We track their upward course from earth to heaven, and when they vanish in their youth and beauty, all else seems dark to the eye which has been blinded by their brilliancy."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed several, but the young pastor was silent. He knew that he now felt interested in Miss Everett, the star of the circle, but whether he could apply such language to her, he could not tell; but we may know that he did feel *much* interested in her, since that was the only thought which occurred to him in reference to the passage.

Toward sunset he observed that Mary left the house. Could he have followed her with his eyes, he would have seen that she repaired directly to her home. On entering the house she sought her mother, and found her seated in her chamber, on a low seat near the window, into which the last rays of the sun were just beaming. Her head was resting on her hand, and her face bore the expression of illness and sorrow, borne with Christian resignation.

"Mother, dear mother!" exclaimed Mary, springing lightly, yet hastily forward, "are you ill again? Has not that headache left you?"

"I am worse, my daughter," replied the suffering mother, "but do not be alarmed."

Mrs. Everett was worthy of all the deep, fervent love which her daughter felt for her. Mary looked at her mother's pale countenance, and, bending over her, she held that dear head upon her bosom, and imprinted upon those lips, then quivering with pain, a kiss, such as the angels might have coveted, so pure and earnest was the love which prompted it.

"Do let me stay with you, dear mother," were Mary's next words.

"My dear Mary," was the reply, "I cannot deprive you of the pleasure which I know you feel in the society of those friends whom you have left. Perhaps I shall feel better soon."

"Oh, I cannot go back, mother!" exclaimed Mary, with the energy of sincerity. "I cannot enjoy my visit while I know that my poor mother is at home, sick and alone. It is my duty and my pleasure to stay, mother!"

Her mother could not refuse such earnestness, but rejoiced to witness it as a token that the love she had bestowed on her Mary was indeed reciprocated. So Mary soon after went below and told the young lady, who had accompanied her home, that she should not return with her to the party. Her young friend returned without her, and the company eagerly inquired the cause. She had overheard enough of Mary's words to know that she had urged her mother to permit her to remain at home, and she presented her self-sacrificing act in such glowing, yet truthful colors before the company, that the pastor could not help feeling a deeper interest in the good daughter.

Mr. Pauland was one of those persons who hold the idea that if an individual can overcome temptation, and practise self-denial in little things, he has gained a great victory over himself, and may be trusted to be proportionally self-sacrificing and victorious in great things. The future soon revealed to the youthful pastor the fact, that, in Mary Everett's case, his views were correct.

The time of greater trial came. Mary remained cheerfully by the side of her mother that evening. For a long time she sat with her mother's aching head upon her bosom, while she softly soothed her excited nerves with her gentle words and affectionate endearments. Happy is the mother who has such a dutiful and loving daughter!

As the evening advanced, Mrs. Everett's head ceased to throb so violently, and she inquired with some interest about the social circle which Mary had left for her sake. Mary frankly told her that it was so pleasant that she shrunk from leaving for home, but she felt that duty called her, "and now," she added, "I am far happier than I should have been had I stayed, even if you had been as well as usual; for I have now the happy consciousness of knowing that I

have assisted to cheer my beloved mother, who has done so much for me."

A gratified smile played around the pale lips of the mother. She had been faithful, and was reaping the rich reward of earnest and prayerful effort to train her daughter for virtue and for God. Deeply had she felt her responsibility, and her prayer for guidance and strength had been answered, until the child of her ceaseless care repaid her amply, by her growing excellence and expanding piety. Rich and full was the joy of that good mother's heart, as her daughter came to her one morning, with some lines, saying, "There, dear mother, this is what I now feel." She had been for some time deeply sorrowing for sin, and her mother anxiously took the paper and read the lines which Mary had herself composed. They began thus: —

"Sing ye of redeeming grace,
Sound the notes of dying love,
While ye fill on earth a place,
When ye warble hymns above."

Her mother then knew that Mary had learned to sing praise to God as her Saviour, and, from that hour, Mary's piety had been evident in all her actions, but in none more conspicuous than in her conduct toward her parents, whom she loved and honored "as the Lord hath commanded."

But we said the time of greater trial came, and it was in the form of loss of property, and deep bereavement. By a series of failures, Mary's father had become so involved that he lost all his property save the house in which they dwelt. Deeply grateful that the home of her childhood was still left, and her parents thus spared the pain of removal from familiar scenes and kind neighbors, Mary immediately exerted herself to assist in providing for the necessities of the family, and so successfully did she toil in her chosen vocation, teaching, that ere long the dark cloud of pecuniary difficulties rolled away. A darker one came, and Mary was called to part with her beloved father.

We would gladly dwell on the events of his last illness, and show how Mary strove to relieve his pain, and how, when all was over, she endeavored to comfort her bereaved mother. But our limits permit us only to say, that from that hour she was her mother's earthly stay.

The youthful pastor had, at the time of our commencement, resolved to seek such a good daughter for his wife, and he did not seek in vain. Mary could reciprocate his love, and, better still, was prepared to unite with him in all his labors for the good of souls, and with her mother's consent, after prayerful deliberation, she accepted the offered hand of Frederick Pauland, and became co-worker with an ambassador of Christ.

Her mother's home was still with her who had been so faithful as a daughter, and the happy husband had never occasion to regret that he sought for a good daughter, believing that she who was "faithful in few things, would be faithful also in much;" that she who was an excellent daughter would also be an excellent wife.

And, we doubt not, that, as Mary watched over her surviving parent, through all the remaining years of her life, and saw how happy she had assisted to make her, and felt the joy of that mother's companionship, and heard her beloved voice declare that her daughter's dutiful and affectionate conduct had cast a glorious rainbow light over all her pathway to her last repose, — we have no doubt that her joy was in itself a rich reward; and if other daughters would experience the same, let them remember and obey that commandment which is the first to which a promise is attached, namely, "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

RELIGION.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

'T is pure and it can soothe
The anxious, sorrowing heart,
Can make life's rugged pathway smooth,
And bid its cares depart.
Come, taste the precious stream with me, —
'T is always full and always free.
'T is holy, and its power
Was never yet denied
To those, who, in life's dreariest hour,
Its healing streams have tried.
Come, then, and taste along with me,
'T is always full and always free.

Cohasset.

THE HEALING OF THE LEPERS.

Luke xvii. 11—20.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

When once to old Jerusalem
The Saviour's journey chanced to be,
As he was wont, he travelled through
Samaria and Galilee.
There met him near a village bounds
Ten leprous men, who far off stood,
And "Jesus, Master," loudly cried,
And earnestly for mercy sued.

The Saviour saw their humble mien,
Who dared not near his path intrude;
And pity touched his gracious heart
To do the friendless sufferers good.
"Go," said he to the wretched ten,
"Go, quickly to the priest repair."
Their faith obeyed. Yet while they went
Their leprous skins grew fresh and fair.

But one there was, who, when he saw
His healing both complete and sure,
Turned back, and, lifting high his voice,
Gave God the glory of his cure.
A true Samaritan was he,
Yet, rescued from the leper's ranks,
Down on his face he humbly fell
At Jesus' feet, and gave him thanks.

The leprous Jews, too, who had cried
For mercy, were to health restored,
But, ah! their vile ingratitude!
They scorned to turn and thank the Lord.
The Saviour marks their fault, and asks
The prostrate one, as low he lay,
"But were there not TEN lepers cleansed?
The NINE, the NINE, O, where are they?

"Alas! there is not found to praise
The God who rescued them from danger,
Of all the ten whom mercy healed,
Save this Samaritan and stranger."
Then turning to Samaria's son,
Who at his feet bowed down his soul,
"Arise," said he, "and go thy way,
Thy humble faith hath made thee whole."

ALPINE SCENERY.

EDITORIAL.

View of the Alps.

MOUNT BLANC, one of the summits of the Alps, is the highest mountain in Europe, being fifteen thousand feet above the Mediterranean Sea, and twelve thousand above the valley of the Chamouny. It receives its name from the immense mantle of snow which envelops it for many hundred feet, without the least object to interrupt its glaring whiteness. The very few travellers, who have ascended this lofty elevation, describe the sky above as of a dark-blue color, bordering upon black. The fantastic forms of glaciers, which resemble a stormy sea suddenly congealed and bristling all over with sharp ridges, increase the effect of this wonderful spectacle. Here is beheld a world of ice, extending far beyond the point where the straining eye vainly seeks to follow the interminable frozen leagues of glaciers, propped by towering pyramids and shapeless heaps, or opening into yawning gulfs and unfathomable fissures.

Avalanches, which often occur in these regions, consist of large masses of snow, producing great damage by their sudden fall from the mountains.

One kind of avalanche is caused by the wind, which carries along vast quantities of newly-fallen snow, and throws it in the form of dust into the valleys. This would be exceedingly dangerous were it not for the lightness of the material, so light, indeed, that persons

thus overwhelmed have been known to survive for twenty-four hours without being smothered.

The thunder avalanches are not blown off by the wind, but, during the spring, fall by their own weight, bringing along with them earth, rocks, trees, and sometimes entire forests, causing wide-spread devastation, and making mountain and valley to quake. In 1801 a portion of these mountains slid down at once into the lake below, causing a wave to rise with such velocity as to drown eleven men on the opposite shore.

From these mountains flow numerous cascades. One of the more celebrated is produced by a small torrent, which descends eight hundred feet into a rocky cleft. The water is not only broken into foam by the fall, but is completely dashed into vapor before it reaches the bottom.

On the whole, this Alpine scenery affords the most striking contrasts. Icy peaks rise from the very borders of fertile valleys, and, in a single step, the traveller passes from the freshest verdure and most luxuriant cornfields, to regions of everlasting snow.

"And fearless flowers, that fringe the eternal frost,
Perfume the air and fill the hills with praise."

MY FATHER.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head:
"God bless thee, O my son, my son!"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems or gold,
But still I was his heir —
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

Still, in my weary hours of toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said
"Dear father!" oft since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

THE CASCADE OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY REV. J. W. WARD.

THE *Cascade des Pèlerins*, or Falls of the Pilgrims, is one of the most beautiful and unique of the many waterfalls that aid in diversifying the mountainous scenery of Switzerland. It is only about a half-hour's walk from the little village that lies on the bosom of the pleasant vale of Chamouny. But though it is so near the village, and singularly beautiful, and perfectly easy of access, it has been seldom visited by travellers, and still more seldom mentioned in the accounts they have given of their wanderings among the Alps. The Cascade is formed by a stream of cold, pure water, which flows from the Glacier du Pèlerin on the side of Mount Blanc. The water of the stream, descending with great velocity and force through a channel, nearly vertical, worn in the solid stone, is poured into an immense rocky basin, which has been formed by the action of the waters, at a point somewhat less than half way down the entire descent of the Cascade. Falling with such prodigious force into the basin, in passing over its forward edge, the water takes an outward and upward direction, and, assuming the form of a parabolic arch, descends, the remainder of the distance, in a white sheet of spray, which, to the eye of the beholder, appears indescribably beautiful and picturesque. A part of the scenery around is exceedingly lovely, while another part is magnificently grand. Below you is the sweet vale of Chamouny, with its meandering Arve; but,

> "—— Above you are the Alps,
> The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The Avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow!
> All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits, as to show
> How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below."

To perform quietly the duties of to-day, without ambition or anxiety, is to ensure comfort; and comfort is a word that suits the present state better than happiness

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM.

EDITORIAL.

THIS engraving presents a single view in the instructive and exceedingly interesting *Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress*, exhibited at Masonic Temple, Boston. We advise all lovers of artistical beauty to visit this truly wonderful production. Having first refreshed the memory with the incidents of the allegory, by reading the book, the painting will then fix indelibly in the memory the whole scene. It seems impossible for the interest of the beholder to flag amid such variety and such marvellous contrasts. How delightful are the views of *Palace Beautiful*, the *Delectable Mountains*, the *Land of Beulah* and the gates of the celestial city; while nothing can be more dreary than *The Slough of Despond*, more fearful than *The Hill Legality*, or more chilling than the black and turbid waters of *The River of Death*. The simplicity, the novelty, the originality, the piety, and the sublimity of Bunyan's conceptions are such as to render his work, which is second only to the word of God, worthy the attention of the reader, the commentator, and the artist.

MY LILY BUD.

BY MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

My God once gave to me
A lily bud so fair,
I laid it on my breast, to see
If it would blossom there.

'T was sunshine to my lot;
The warm blood from my heart,
To save its precious life, I thought
I freely could impart.

I blessed the morning light
Upon its pearly leaves;
And hid my lily from the blight
That stilly evening breathes.

But suddenly the sky
Grew dark as winter's night;
Upon my breast I saw it die —
That bud of silver light.

Beneath the grave-yard sod
They hid my bud away;
But holy angels of my God
Saw where the lily lay.

Earth had but one green spot,
And that the lily's bed, —
For, oh! it was a bitter lot
That bowed the watcher's head.

Now, little hills of green,
And waters of the sea,
And hoary mountains lie between
My lily bud and me.

But angels of my God
Are guardians of the tomb;
And they will watch my lily bud
Until the hour of bloom.

THE CONTRAST.

BY REV. WM. WARREN.

A PAINTER once met with a beautiful child. He was so charmed with its countenance and expressions of loveliness that he resolved to paint it. He did so, and hung the picture in his studio. It was his favorite picture. He made it, as it were, his guardian angel. In his hours of passion and of pain he found relief in gazing upon that charming countenance.

He now determined, if he ever saw the counterpart of that form, to put that upon canvas also, as a *contrast* of his lovely child. But years passed away before he found a face so evil and ugly as to satisfy his idea of a perfect contrast with his favorite picture. It was that of a wretch lying in despair upon the floor of his cell. He painted that terrible countenance, and hung it also in the sanctuary dedicated to his art. But what must have been his emotions, when he learned that this was the same person that he had painted before? The former, the face of the innocent child; the latter, that of the reckless, ruined youth. The best things perverted become the worst. The sweetest juices produce the sharpest acids. Early vice had changed that angel form into the visage of a fiend.

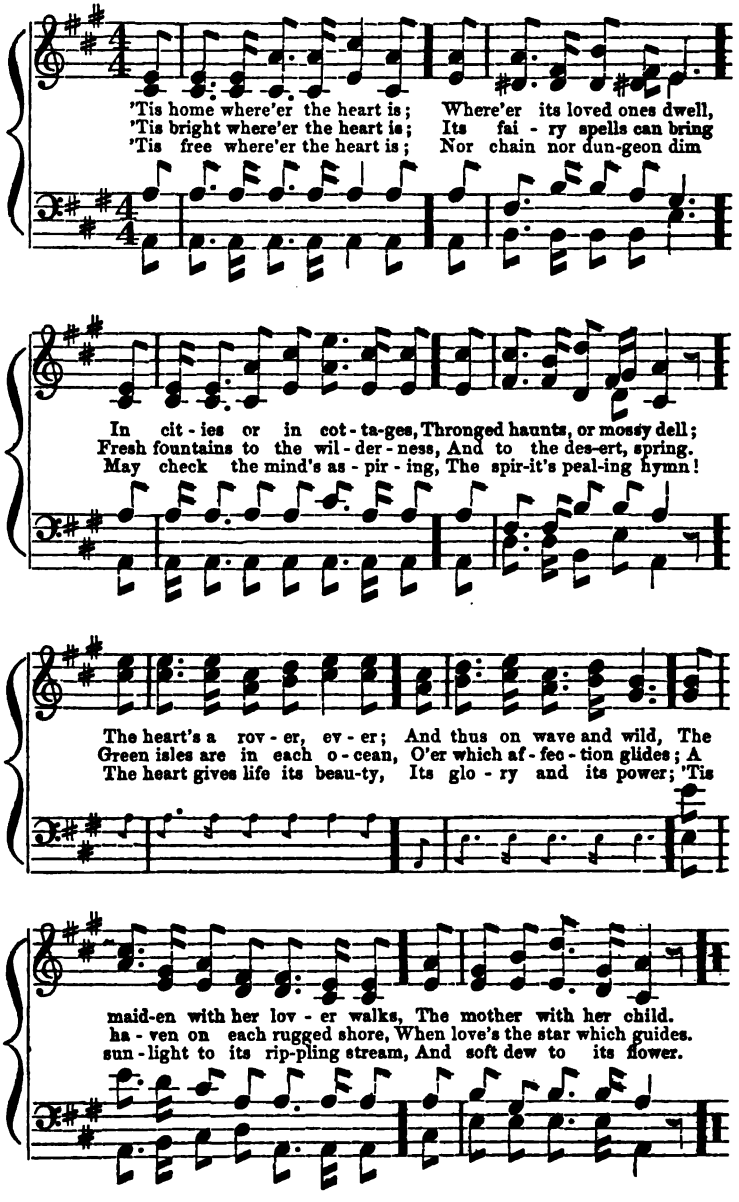
I have in mind a counterpart to this affecting story. In one of the dirty lanes of London, a devoted teacher met a wild, inhuman boy. His half-savage countenance arrested the attention and moved the compassion of the teacher. He took him to his home and school. He clothed him, he tamed him, instructed and loved him. For a long time, however, he seemed to labor with but little success. He was about to abandon the effort in discouragement, when there appeared signs of a change in the boy. Those signs matured into reality. In due time the youth left his faithful, affectionate teacher. Years passed away. An age of religious enterprise had come. Anniversaries were being held in London. The great and the excellent of the earth were there. It was announced, on the platform at a missionary meeting, that the entire Scriptures had been translated into a language spoken by three hundred millions of people. It was an era, an event worthy of the age. The announcement created a sensation throughout the Christian world. And we may believe there was joy in heaven over the event.

But who was the *translator?* Who had accomplished this greatest work of the age, to put the whole Bible into the drapery of the most difficult language spoken in the world? It was DR. MORRISON, who, forty years before, was taken a reckless youth from the filthy lanes of London. But whether more credit was due to the missionary, or the *teacher*, who had saved him from ruin, and put him in a train for this great work, it is not important to decide. We admire the genius which can immortalize in marble the human form, that can give us our heroes and statesmen on the speaking canvas; but what are achievements like these compared with the instrumentality which wrought that rough, wild, wicked boy into the gentle youth, the ardent scholar, the humble Christian and missionary? Yes, the teacher, not only, but the parent, the tender mother, is an *artist*, and more than an artist; for the artist works on the rough stone, the translucent marble, the dull canvas, and to produce the mere *semblance* of things; but the other, on imperishable mind and spirit, to create realities, to produce elements, and to form features which can never, *never* fail.

THE FUTURE WIVES OF ENGLAND.

MY pretty little dears, — you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear little girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint; more kitchen and less parlor; more foot exercise and less sofa; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock-modesty; more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing-room. But as for your pining, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel-devouring, daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumption-soled shoes, silk stockings, and calico shifts, you won't do for the future wives and mothers of England.

'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY LOWELL MASON.

'Tis home where'er the heart is; Where'er its loved ones dwell,
'Tis bright where'er the heart is; Its fai - ry spells can bring
'Tis free where'er the heart is; Nor chain nor dun-geon dim
In cit - ies or in cot - ta-ges, Thronged haunts, or mossy dell;
Fresh fountains to the wil - der - ness, And to the des-ert, spring.
May check the mind's as - pir - ing, The spir-it's peal-ing hymn!
The heart's a rov - er, ev - er; And thus on wave and wild, The
Green isles are in each o - cean, O'er which af - fec - tion glides; A
The heart gives life its beau-ty, Its glo - ry and its power; 'Tis
maid-en with her lov - er walks, The mother with her child.
ha - ven on each rugged shore, When love's the star which guides.
sun - light to its rip-pling stream, And soft dew to its flower.

HUMMING BIRDS.

ISAAC ON THE ALTAR.

BY REV. T. A. TAYLOR.

On many of earth's mountains have transpired scenes of the most intense interest. Moriah is a name suggestive of an exceedingly thrilling occurrence, which may be designated, Isaac upon the altar. In one of the visions by which the Almighty revealed himself to ancient patriarchs and prophets, or by some unmistakable announcement, Abraham was commanded to offer his son as a burnt offering to the Lord. The object was the trial of the father's faith; perhaps also for the exhibition of the son's meekness and piety. Obedient to the high behest, he promptly prepared to execute it. Having long been accustomed to yield prompt and strict compliance with his Lord's commands, he at once moved as he was directed. Probably the sun did not shine upon his habitation, after the edict had reached his ears, before he was actively engaged in fulfilling it. Arising early in the morning, he prepares the wood, takes fire and a knife, selects two servants and a beast of burden, and thus, with his son, goes on to the accomplishment of a service, from the thought of which human feelings have often instinctively shrunk. Not until the light of the third day was shining upon their pilgrimage, did he discover the divinely appointed locality for the sacrifice; and then it was afar off. Oh! had an angel mapped the path in which they trod, how would our eyes love to trace it!

Brevity marks the narrative. Nothing is recorded respecting the words or thoughts of the first two days. On the third, the attendants are bidden to halt, and remain as watchers with the animal, while the venerable man and his most affectionate son proceed to complete their solemn embassy. The latter carries the wood, which had been cleft for the consumption of his own flesh; the former bears the embers and the instruments of death. "And they went both of them together." At length he, who is himself the victim, breaks the silence of their march. "My father, behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?" Did there ever go forth from the lips of a child an expression more adapted to break up the very fountains of emotion in a parent's soul? Had there not been a faith in the rectitude of God, unshaken as the

everlasting hills, could a reply have forced itself from that father? See the composing power of confidence in the Lord! "My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering." Yes, thou, the Eternal One, hast power to meet every emergency. At thy word the flinty rock pours out a living stream, and the desolate wilderness blossoms as the rose. Darkness becomes day, and light is exchanged into blackness.

"So they went, both of them together." How they felt, we can only conjecture. Let us, therefore, not suppose them otherwise than full of praise to Him who giveth songs in the dreariest hour of adversity.

Behold, their journey ends! The wood, the fire, and the knife, are laid down. From the rough stones of the mountain-top is erected an altar, by him long skilled in forming such structures. An old saint is engaged in a familiar service; but never, till this hour, did he place stone upon stone, in the name of the Lord, with such a victim before him as now awaits his priestly authority. The work is finished. The fuel for the flame is laid in due order. Isaac, the son of promise, the heir of eastern wealth, the beloved of his mother, the dear child of his father, is bound and laid upon the wood; and Abraham stretches forth his hand, and takes the knife to slay him!

Behold an angel hovering over the spot. Hear his call from the skies: "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him!" Peremptory orders, but welcome! The Highest utters his compassion, the patriarch's arm is arrested in the midst of its bloody endeavor, and Isaac is set at liberty. Another victim bleeds in his stead, and blessing upon blessing is pronounced upon him who withheld not his only son when required by the Most High. Having given to the place a significant name, they who had gone up for solemn sacrifice, return with exulting hearts. "I can imagine," says Saurin, "of no transports to be compared with those which Abraham felt on his descent from Mount Moriah."

We have heard of the infidel's challenge to all the divines in the world for a reconciliation of the command, requiring the sacrifice of Isaac, with the law of nature, written upon every human heart. Far is it from my present purpose to take up the gauntlet thrown down by the haters of holiness and the boastful antagonists of truth. I frankly confess that I give thanks to the Almighty for this illustrious specimen of faith, and see, neither in the requirement nor in its

execution, aught which should lead me to doubt the literalness of the historical narrative, or to be shocked with its details. On the contrary, facts here are precious. I have not the least desire that this chapter had been left out of the Bible. None in it more impressively exhibits some of the prime principles by which real saints are actuated.

Is there, after all, anything very *mysterious* in the severe test to which Abraham's faith was subjected? The Almighty has a perfect right to call upon his moral creatures to sacrifice objects the most dear. He cannot do wrong. It would be sinful for a parent to *murder* his child, and *this* was not demanded of the patriarch. Nor was it required that Isaac should be less affectionately cherished by the father, but that the Holy One should have the soul's supreme regard. God may justly order any of us to go a three days' journey to worship him in a place "afar off." We would not detract in the least from the common impression that Abraham's trial was exceedingly great; it could not have been otherwise. Still we do insist that nothing in the account ought to occasion a doubt of its truth, or give rise to a single hard thought of God.

Again; the same, in substance, is demanded of every parent. Jehovah requires that all children be consecrated to him. How many of the youth, yea, of children and infants, are cut off! What scenes of suffering does nearly every household witness! Sickness and death are always messengers of the Lord. Even patriotism joyfully surrenders the flower of a nation to be slain, if need be, in promoting a country's good. Who, then, will deny to piety the duty and privilege of sacrificing, for God's glory, whatever he deems necessary? Alas! millions of fathers and mothers, whose blood chills in their veins at the mention of Isaac upon the altar, bind their own offspring and sacrifice them to devils. Abraham knew that the Lord was able to raise up to life his son from the ashes, to which, it was supposed, he must be reduced; and probably he expected such an issue, though his obedience was not prompted by this consideration. It was his rule to go at the divine bidding, leaving results with the Sovereign of all things and beings.

God's will, as made known to us, is our only rule of duty. To deliberate a moment whether or not we will comply when he has spoken, betrays the want of a Christian spirit. Here be it observed, with devout thankfulness, that when believers attempt to obey Jeho-

vah, they not only receive needful aid to *endure*, but are delivered often from the severest part of the trial. "God himself will descend into thy soul with rays of light; with fresh supplies of strength." Yea, "thou shalt raise the shout of victory while thou art yet in the hottest of the battle."

> "The mount of danger is the place
> Where we shall see surprising grace."

O, thou doubting, timid, halting, faltering Christian parent! behold Isaac upon the altar, and lay, in faith, your own sons and daughters there too, and Jehovah will accept the sacrifice, adding blessings rich and many.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK.

CHRISTIAN! walk *carefully* — danger is near;
On, in thy journey, with trembling and fear.
Snares from without, and temptation within,
Seek to entice thee again into sin.

Christian! walk *cheerfully* — though the fierce storm
Darken the sky with the clouds of alarm,
Soon will those clouds and the tempest be past,
And thou dwell safely with Jesus at last.

Christian! walk *humbly* — exult not in pride;
All that thou hast is by Jesus supplied;
Hold thee up, he directeth thy ways,
To him be forever the glory and praise.

Christian! walk *steadfastly* — while it is light;
Swift are approaching the shadows of night!
All that thy Master hath bidden thee do,
Haste to perform, for thy moments are few!

Christian! walk *prayerfully* — oft wilt thou fall,
If thou forget on thy Saviour to call;
But safe shalt thou walk through each trial and care,
If thou art clad in the armor of prayer.

Christian! walk *hopefully* — trouble and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou dost gain.
This from the lips of the Judge, thy reward,
"Enter forever the joy of thy Lord!"

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

BY MISS ADALIZA CUTTER.

Jesus, with his disciples, went alone
Upon a mount in solitude to pray;
No sound was heard, save the low, drowsy tone
Of summer winds among the leaves at play;
Like far-off music on the ear it stole,
Bringing sweet tears, and nestling in the soul.
Weary and worn, the three disciples lay
In soothing slumber on the greensward there,
While Jesus watched alone, and poured his soul in prayer.

As thus He knelt on that lone mount, a bright
Celestial glory beamed o'er all the place;
His robe was white and shining as the light,
And heavenly lustre gleamed upon His face.
Heaven's gates were opened — from its portals wide
Two glorious angels flew, and by the side
Of Jesus stood, in robes of dazzling white;
They spoke of his great mission here below,
His agonizing death to save a world from woe.

As such transcendent brightness shone around,
Wondering, and awe-struck, the disciples woke;
With trembling hearts they listened to the sound,
Which, from the angels' lips, like music broke.
Deep, earnest joy o'erpowered them with its spell;
Upon that mount they evermore would dwell;
And thus to Christ impulsive Peter spoke:
"'T is good for us, O Saviour, to be here;
'T were sweet indeed to live with angels ever near!"

While thus they stood with eye and ear intent,
With their full hearts in adoration bowed,
A strange, bright cloud, with rainbow colors blent,
Encircled them within its misty shroud;
Then o'er their hearts came overpowering fear,
As from the cloud a deep-toned voice they hear,
Sweet as the wind-harp, yet all clear and loud,
"This is indeed my well-beloved Son,
Earth's children hear ye him, and heaven may yet be won!"

Greatness of mind is apparent rather on small than on extraordinary occasions.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY MISS M. M. G.

CHAPTER I. — SUNSET.

It was, indeed, one of surpassing splendor. It was not the going down of the natural sun, as he sinks to rest behind mountain tops, when the crimson-tinted clouds are piled up around him in masses of indescribable magnificence. Such a scene is beautiful; but the going down of a moral sun, the death-bed of the aged saint, is sublime. Let us quietly enter the chamber, and witness the solemn and instructive scene.

For many days Mrs. Harmon had been "dwelling on the sides of eternity." Her long and consistent life, as a professed disciple of Christ, was near its close. The summons from her Master, "Come up hither," had reached her ear, and, while her earthly tabernacle was about to be taken down, she seemed to have glimpses of those ministering spirits who were waiting to convey her home. The triumphant expression on her pale, death-like features told that the victory was almost won, that

> "The spirit struggled with the clay,
> And longed to wing its flight away."

Her daughter, a widow lady of forty, was supporting her head, and wiping the cold sweat from her brow. At the foot of the bed sat her granddaughter, Isabella, weeping without restraint. Other friends were there, and among them was the good pastor, Dr. W., feeling, as he sat by the bedside, that one of the brightest ornaments of his church was passing away. The silence in this chamber of death was broken only by the sobs of the young weeper. Turning over the leaves of the word of God, that lay on a table by his side, Dr. W. commenced reading that sublime passage in Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a voice of such touching sweetness and pathos, as to rouse the departing believer from the lethargic state into which she was sinking. Opening her eyes, and glancing upward with an expression of holy joy, she exclaimed, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is. Oh! to be like him, to be

free from sin,— this, *this* is heaven; and I shall praise my glorious Redeemer without weariness and without end. Will you all join me there?" She paused, while something like agony of spirit seemed to pass over her. Suddenly fixing her eyes on her daughter, she said, with deep solemnity, "One word more, dear Mary, on that painful subject, novel-reading. I charge you, my daughter, as you value your own peace of mind, as you prize your own hopes of heaven, to restrain that beloved child God has given you. Never again allow her to touch a novel; never again suffer those fountains of moral evil to enter your doors. Remember my warnings, Mary, and the solemn account you must render of your stewardship."

"I *will* remember all your warnings and counsels, my precious mother," said Mrs. Wilmot, weeping; "and let the assurance, that, by the grace of God strengthening me, I will not again yield to my child when she pleads for the gilded poison, soothe this last hour."

"It does soothe me; I thank God for this assurance, and do not doubt, my child, that strength will be given you equal to your day," said Mrs. Harmon, affectionately kissing the warm hand which, busy in some office of watchful love, at that moment passed near her cold lips. Then closing her eyes, she lay motionless, the effort having exhausted her. A few minutes passed in anxious, watchful silence, when Mrs. Harmon again roused herself for a last solemn duty. Extending her emaciated hand toward her granddaughter, "Isabella," said the dying woman, in a tone of unearthly sweetness, "come and kneel at my side." Isabella was instantly at the bed-side, and, placing her trembling hand in her grandmother's, knelt as she was desired. "My beloved grandchild," continued she, "I am going home to my God and Saviour, but I cannot leave you without again warning you of your danger from those pernicious books, which are your food by night, your bane by day. They will ruin you both in body and soul, both for time and eternity, unless you abandon them. Promise me, dear Isabella, in the presence of God and these dear friends, promise your dying grandmother that you will never read another novel." Isabella hesitated; there was a mighty struggle in that young heart. She loved her grandmother, and a solemn awe was over her spirit; but how could she give up the delightful pages of the novelist? "Isabella, will you not promise — will you deny my last request?" said Mrs. Harmon, in a voice of such mingled grief and love as went to the very heart of the kneeling girl, and conquered

all its resistance. Trembling and tearful, she at length articulated, in a voice scarcely audible, "I solemnly promise you, dear grandmother, that I will never read another novel." "Amen," said the good pastor, coming forward, and laying his hand on her head. "Amen," repeated the expiring saint; "and forget not, my darling child, if you break this promise *it will peril the salvation of your soul.*" Isabella shuddered as she heard this prophetic warning, while Mrs. Harmon sunk back exhausted, and again unbroken silence was around the bed of death. Soon her eyes opened with supernatural brilliancy, as if they saw visions of glory; transports of holy joy lighted up those pallid features, as if the song of angel bands fell on her ear, and the dying believer exclaimed, "Dear Saviour, I fold thy blood-bought robe around me; oh! take me to thyself; come, dearest Lord, come quickly!" One gentle gasp for breath as the quivering lips closed forever, and the ransomed spirit passed upward to the throne of God.

CHAPTER II. — REMINISCENCES.

As the weary mariner watches, with deep interest, the green shores of other lands that never before met his admiring gaze, and beholds the waters of some broad and beautiful river, meeting and mingling with the ocean over which his noble vessel is rapidly pursuing her way to the desired haven, will he not wish to explore that river, and trace it to its source? As he stands listlessly on deck, does he not imagine himself sailing up that beautiful stream, and love to look on the grassy meadows, the noble forests, the stately mansions, and the busy villages, that mark its course? And when, in some obscure spot, far away from the haunts of men, he finds its secret source, gushing out in crystal purity from the mossy hill-side, or under some overhanging rock, does not his eye rest on it with untold delight? So, when we see the aged believer passing away beyond our weak vision, and her existence swallowed up in the ocean of eternity, we long to know something of that stream of life; something of the varied scenery through which it has passed, its termination being the only part that has met our eye, which to us was both impressive and sublime.

The commencement of Mrs. Harmon's life was as obscure as that little gushing rill from the hill-side. Her father was a poor mechanic, and his home a bleak spot on the Green Mountains. But, though

Isabella Packard's parents were poor, they were pious, and, as she had neither brother nor sister, all their love and anxiety centred in her. To lead her young mind up to God, to have her baptized with the Holy Spirit, of which the baptismal water was an emblem, was the end and aim of all their teachings. "Divine grace educates the reasoning faculties of the soul," and never was this remark of the excellent Legh Richmond more fully exemplified than in these humble, worthy people. Isabella was a child of much promise, and her parents taught her the best things, if not the most scientific. She grew up among the grand scenes of nature; mountain scenery and mountain storms, and all the shifting panorama of that wild region, were among her teachers. At the age of fifteen, Isabella's intellectual powers were more fully developed than in many a highly privileged girl of twenty. She early gave her heart to the Saviour, and at twelve years of age publicly professed her faith in Christ; and when, four years after, she took charge of the little school in the valley below, she possessed uncommon strength and solidity of character, combined with sincere piety. Her earnings soon enabled her to avail herself of the privileges of an Academy some miles distant. While there, her excellent parents died, and she remained as an assistant teacher until her marriage with Mr. Harmon. She then accompanied her husband to the city of P——, in another State, where he was engaged in the profession of law. Here she continued to reside until the close of life, the joy of her husband's heart, the "bright, particular star" of many a talented and intelligent circle, and the consistent, exemplary and discriminating Christian.

In a few years, a numerous family of little ones gathered around the fireside of this happy couple, and faithfully did Mrs. Harmon perform the duties of a Christian mother. Day by day, here a little and there a little, by example as well as precept, was the seed of Divine truth sown in the minds of these young immortals; and, with one exception, they all became the disciples of Christ in early life. Why that exception?

When Mary was twelve years old, a schoolmate of Mrs. Harmon, at the Academy, came to visit her. She resided in Philadelphia. She had just buried a daughter of the age of Mary, and formed so strong an attachment for her, that she solicited Mrs. Harmon's permission for Mary to accompany her home. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon hesitated. They had watched over the books, the companions, and

the amusements of their children, with unsleeping vigilance, and should they entrust this solemn stewardship, even for a brief period, to another? But the repeated assurances of Mrs. Hosmer, that she should share in the watchful attention she paid her own children, at length prevailed; and, to Mary's great joy, she accompanied "Aunt Hosmer," as she fondly called her, to Philadelphia, where a new era opened in her existence.

CHAPTER III. — SEEDTIME.

Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer were worldly professors of religion. They never failed to be in their pew on the Sabbath, and they paid tithes fully and freely, but the family altar was broken down, the meeting for prayer neglected, and the closet seldom visited. The "watchful attention," of which Mary was to have a share, consisted chiefly in directions about dress and manners. This was "not fashionable," and that "not genteel;" this position was "awkward," and that "ungraceful;" phraseology never heard from her mother's lips, but now constantly ringing in her ears. Mrs. Hosmer's children participated largely in those fashionable amusements of which the staid "City of Brotherly Love" has a full share. Mary was not allowed to accompany them to the ball-room, or the theatre; but, to amuse her when they were absent, there were piles of fictitious works on the table, from the charming little story to the three-volumed novel, for half a century ago the novelist had not learned to compress the fancies of his teeming brain into a twenty-five cent pamphlet.

Mary now found herself in a new world. For a time her feelings revolted, as the hours for rising and rest came without family prayer; but she was naturally deficient in firmness, and easily yielded to the force of circumstances. She continued her habit of secret prayer and reading a portion of Scripture, each day, for a season; but she missed the restraining influence of the morning and evening devotions of her own dear home, and soon learned to love the fictitious tale better than the page of inspiration. Conscience whispered, "This is wrong," but the warning voice gradually passed unheeded; and, being passionately fond of reading, she gave up her heart to the wild delight which thrilled her whole frame, as she hung over the fascinating page. Mary was a girl of much wit and beauty, and soon became, not only

the loved, but the praised and petted one of the whole household. So her life passed on like a delicious dream.

Fifty years ago there were few of the facilities for travelling which we enjoy in the present day, and Mary's absence from home was prolonged by unexpected incidents from four weeks to four years. This long stay was to have an end. As they were sitting quietly in the parlor one evening, Mr. Hosmer entered, and, placing a letter with a black seal in Mary's hand, said, in a kind tone,

"I fear it contains sad news, Mary."

Poor Mary! how she wept when she learned her dear father was dead, and she must return. Mr. Hosmer kindly offered to accompany her, and in a few days she parted from them with many tears, Mrs. Hosmer not forgetting to place a few unread novels in her trunk, "to cheer her up, her home would be so gloomy."

The journey was a sorrowful one to Mary. Mr. Hosmer saw her safely under the parental roof. We pass over the affecting meeting between Mary and her mother, and the joy of her young brothers and sisters, as they crowded around her for a kiss. The evening was spent in sad details of the sudden sickness and triumphant death of him they loved and mourned, and there was "joy in grief" as they wept together.

"My own precious mother," said Mary the next morning, when they were alone, "how I rejoice to be with you once more! Could I but see my dear father again ——"

"We would not recall him from the bliss of heaven," said her mother, in a calm, yet sorrowful tone; "he longed to depart and be with Christ. It was his earnest wish to see you again," (Mrs. Harmon proceeded after a pause,) "and solemnly charge you to seek the Saviour without delay; and he also wished you to aid your widowed mother in instructing and guiding your younger brothers and sisters. After the advantages you have enjoyed, I know you will delight to assist me."

Assist her! Mary could not reply. She had a dim perception of what her mother expected from her, and of what she ought to be to this dear mother in her widowhood; but oh, how unfit for the task! Her heart sunk within her. Perceiving her emotion, her mother attributed her silence to illness.

"You are pale, dear Mary; I fear you are sick."

Mary made an effort to speak. "I am not quite well, but, by

another day, I hope to recover from the fatigue of my long journey."

"Go to your room, love, and rest till dinner-time, and I will then call you."

Mary immediately left the sitting-room, and retired to her own apartment. Sick at heart, she seated herself at the window, and, looking out on the beautiful bay south of the city, half wished herself beneath its quiet waters. She was wretched, and this wretchedness was the result of her waking up from her dreamy, ideal state of existence, to the real duties and responsibilities of life. She took a hurried retrospect of the past, thought of her early years, so peaceful, so rich in memories of a father's and mother's counsels and prayers, remembered how earnestly they labored to bring her to Christ, and she felt that she had forgotten she had an undying soul to be saved or lost forever. Then she thought of her four years of "busy idleness," and her love of novel-reading; and the certainty that such books must now be given up, sent a pang through her heart. She rose mechanically, and walked to her trunk, which had not yet been unpacked. Feeling that to take out her garments and arrange her wardrobe would be some relief to her troubled thoughts, she removed a few articles, and came to the novels that Mrs. Hosmer, without her knowledge, had placed there. "Kind Aunt Hosmer!" she exclaimed, taking up one of the tempting volumes; "I *will just look* at this; mother will think I am asleep." A blush of shame rose to her cheeks as this thought passed through her mind, but she threw herself on the bed, and was soon completely absorbed in reading.

Meanwhile, as the morning passed away, Mrs. Harmon became anxious lest her daughter should be seriously ill, and, laying aside her work, she went up to her room. Not wishing to disturb her if she had fallen asleep, she entered the chamber with so light a step, that Mary was not aware of her mother's approach, until she stood at her side. Then, indeed, the hastily closed volume, and Mary's crimson face and neck, told, in language not to be misunderstood, that her reading was not such as her mother would approve. Without speaking, Mrs. Harmon extended her hand for the book; but, instead of giving it to her, Mary said, with forced calmness,

"It is one Aunt Hosmer put in my trunk, and I was just looking at it, but I think it would not interest *you*."

"Give me the book, Mary," said Mrs. Harmon in such a decided tone, that Mary instantly obeyed. Opening it, and glancing at its quaint title, she read aloud,

"'A Novel, in three volumes!' Do you read novels, Mary?"

"Aunt Hosmer reads them, and says they give us pictures of real life. She allowed me to read them, and I have found them very interesting," replied Mary.

"O my child! what have I done?" exclaimed Mrs. Harmon, in a tone of the deepest anguish, and, dropping the book on the bed, she hastily left the room.

CHAPTER IV. — HARVEST.

Wonderful is the loving-kindness of our God in providing a throne of grace for his penitent and believing people, to which they may ever repair in the hour of trial. Mrs. Harmon went directly to her closet with this great sorrow. It was a consecrated spot, where she had often wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant for her dear children, and where thanksgiving and praise had often gone up from her full heart, as one and another of them had hopefully become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Mary was the only child yet out of the ark of safety, and Mrs. Harmon humbled herself before God for what she feared was unfaithfulness to her high trust, and sought wisdom from above, as to the best course to be pursued to rescue her darling child from the snares of the destroyer. Long and agonizing were her pleadings, and such is the effect of communion with God, that she met her daughter at the dinner-table, not only with calmness, but with such warmth of affection in her manner, as melted Mary to tears.

Directly after dinner Mrs. Harmon requested Mary to come to her room, for the purpose of a full, unreserved conversation respecting her habits and mode of life in Philadelphia; and Mary, encouraged by her mother's kindness, frankly disclosed everything. She told her of the first shock to her feelings, of her missing the restraining influence of family worship, her omission of secret prayer, the books she read, and her neglect of the Bible, which she seldom opened except on the Sabbath, when Mrs. Hosmer made a point of having all under her care read a chapter aloud to her.

"Did Mrs. Hosmer furnish you with no other books?"

"O yes, indeed, we had history and travels, and the standard works of the best English authors, but I did not read them."

"Why not?" said her mother, "such books would have strengthened your intellectual powers, corrected your judgment, cultivated your taste, and enriched your mind with various and useful knowledge."

"To tell the truth, dear mother, after I began to read novels, I had no taste for solid reading. Other books seemed very insipid."

"Even the Bible?" said her mother, inquiringly.

"Yes," said Mary, sadly, "even the Bible seemed insipid, and when I did read it, my thoughts were elsewhere. Indeed, I have lost all control over my thoughts. When I am in church, even when I rise for prayer, the bewitching scenes of the novel are floating through my mind. I cannot fix my attention on serious subjects as I once did, even if I try to do so. This morning, when I knelt down alone, and tried to pray, before I was aware of it, I was thinking of the last play I saw at the theatre. I know this is all wrong," continued she, as her mother shuddered and turned away, "but I cannot help it," and she burst into tears.

"Poor girl!" said her mother, folding her in her arms, "you have been sowing your mental field with tares, and these are the *first fruits* of the harvest. You are proving, in your own sad experience, the truth of God's word, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

For some minutes both mother and daughter wept in silence, when Mrs. Harmon said,

"Let us kneel together, my child, and confess our iniquities."

They did so, while the mother, taking her daughter's hand in hers, in the most reverent and lowly manner, spread out the sins and the lost condition of that young immortal, before God, and besought for her conviction of sin and forgiving grace through the atoning blood of Jesus. When they were again seated, Mrs. Harmon pointed out to Mary the great sin of doing what we know to be wrong, its tendency to sear the conscience and harden the heart, and showed her how the reading light and trifling works filled the mind with improper thoughts and unholy feelings, and often excited the worst passions of our depraved nature.

"Are you willing to give up these pernicious books?"

"Yes, mother, for it now seems to me that they separate between

my soul and God. Yet I fear I shall suffer from a craving for excitement, which I have often felt."

"We will try to satisfy that craving with something better than husks; but you must seek strength from on high, Mary, for a long and arduous conflict will be yours before you attain that discipline of mind necessary for future usefulness. Mental habits are peculiarly difficult to reform. If ever you make your peace with God, and become a true Christian, you may still be a very weak and inefficient one, unless your mental powers yield a ready obedience to the dictates of Christian principle."

Alas! Mary found all this true. The poison rankled in her system long after she had ceased to inhale it. She was restless and unsatisfied. There was nothing in the every-day duties of life to interest her. Her mother thought she gave evidence of a change of heart, in the course of a few months, but her perceptions of Divine truth were neither clear nor discriminating, and her hope was ever a trembling one. Her mind had been weakened by the aliment on which it had so long fed, and her besetting sins were strong and unyielding. Her want of firmness of character rather increased than diminished, and so she went through life, a halting, doubting Christian. Through her mother's controlling influence, she acquired a general knowledge of English literature, and was an intelligent and agreeable companion. After her marriage with Mr. Wilmot, she resided near her mother, and continued to lean on that invaluable friend, as her guide and counsellor.

We pass over an interval of many years, during which change and death entered the dwellings of both mother and daughter. Mrs. Wilmot had parted with four of her children, and then followed her husband to the grave. Isabella, the youngest and only surviving child, possessed an affectionate disposition, ardent feelings and ungoverned passions. Her mother's management of her had been anything but judicious, and though Isabella loved her mother, she did not respect her. There was no indulgence she could not obtain by the requisite amount of teasing, and when obtained, in the depths of her young heart, she despised her mother's weakness in granting it. In vain Mrs. Harmon remonstrated with her daughter on the danger to which she was exposing her child, by this cruel kindness; in vain she pointed out the necessity of firm and steady discipline for a child of Isabella's temperament, if she would educate her for usefulness in

time, or happiness in eternity; in vain she directed her to the solemn warning on the inspired page, to pious, but weak-minded parents, in the history and judgment of the house of Eli. Mrs. Wilmot would weep, and resolve that the next time she would be more firm; but when Isabella came, and, putting her arms around her mother's neck, began, "Please, dearest mother,"—all her resolutions vanished quicker than the morning dew before the unclouded beams of a summer's sun.

With a vivid sense of her own mental sufferings, Mrs. Wilmot had been unusually cautious about books, and, up to her fourteenth birthday, Isabella had never read a regularly constructed novel. Newspaper stories, containing all the elements of this class of writings, she had read in abundance; and, though her mother knew it, she had not discernment enough to perceive that they were vitiating her taste, corrupting her morals, and preparing her to read with avidity every fictitious work that subsequently might cross her path.

Among the presents Isabella received on her birth-day was a novel. Rich in gilt and morocco, its exterior was very captivating to her young eye. She ran over its imposing title-page with delight, and then, seating herself on a low ottoman, began to read. Mrs. Wilmot was with a sick friend that morning, and when she entered the room, on her return, said carelessly,

"What are you reading, my daughter?"

"A charming book, mother,—one of my presents."

In a moment Mrs. Wilmot had taken the book. "It is a novel. I cannot let you read novels, Isabella. They have ruined many a young heart," she said with a sigh.

"Ruin me! nonsense! I must read it," said Isabella, snatching the book from her mother in no very respectful manner, and resuming her seat and her reading. A presentiment of coming evil passed through Mrs. Wilmot's mind, but she wavered. "It is a present, and her birth-day, too; but she shall not read another." Weak, misguided woman! Could you have foreseen the harvest from the seed thus sown, you would have consigned the glittering volume to the flames.

For a while there was a contest between mother and daughter, when Isabella brought home a new novel; but at length Mrs. Wilmot yielded, and Isabella continued to read all she could procure, to

the unbounded amazement and grief of the good old grandmother; and this was the state of things when Mrs. Harmon died.

For nearly a year after that solemn event Isabella faithfully kept her promise. But, in an evil hour, a young friend placed the forbidden fruit again in her hand, as she was taking her morning walk, and she secretly conveyed the book to her chamber without informing her mother. Since Mrs. Harmon's death Mrs. Wilmot had manifested more decision of character than Isabella had ever before observed, and, feeling it would be useless to ask her mother's permission, she determined to read the volume without it. Pleading headache as an excuse for retiring early that night, she went up to her room. As she took up the book, the prophetic warning of her grandmother suddenly flashed through her mind with thrilling power, "*It will peril the salvation of your soul!*" She turned pale, and laid down the book; took it up again, and laughed at her own fears; hesitated, and at length began to read. The Rubicon was now passed, conscience silenced, and her guardian angel took his everlasting flight.

Not more surely does the intoxicating cup seal the destiny of the reformed inebriate, than did that one volume sweep away all the barriers against the desolating flood of "Cheap Literature." From that fatal evening Isabella indulged freely, though secretly, in novel-reading; and, while her mother hoped her character was improving, she was rapidly treading the downward path.

As the life of this infatuated girl draws to a close, we omit many a sad and secret page in her history. One morning she was absent from the breakfast-table; and, on going up to her room, her mother found that, too, deserted. All search was fruitless, and no language can express the widowed mother's agony. A long and severe illness confined Mrs. Wilmot to her bed for many weeks, and she was just beginning to recover, when a letter was one day handed her. It was the well-known writing of her Isabella, and was as follows:

"DEAREST MOTHER. — I have but little strength remaining, but I cannot die without asking your forgiveness. I left my home because I could no longer deceive you, and would not break your heart. I am very wretched. Life is rapidly wasting, eternity is near, and I have *no hope!* Precious mother, soon the great gulf will separate us. Oh! if you had been more decided about my reading! Novels ruined me; but you meant to be kind. My betrayer has promised to send my poor remains to you for burial. Let me rest near you in death. Dear, dearest mother, farewell forever! I kiss your very name, and seal this with my tears.

"YOUR ISABELLA."

Mrs. Wilmot read this through. "This is the full harvest. Saviour of sinners, forgive, O forgive!" she exclaimed; and, uttering one long, piercing cry, fell senseless from her chair, and never spoke again! She died the next morning of a broken heart. A few hours after, a rough coffin was left at the door, enclosing the remains of poor Isabella, and the next day one grave received both these victims of novel-reading.

SONG OF THE COUNTRY BOY.

Oh, sick am I
  Of the ceaseless roar
Of heavy cars
  O'er the stony floor!
Oh, take me back
  To my sunny home,
Away from the fog
  And the ocean's foam!

Oh, bear me away,
  For my heart is sick
Of these massive piles
  Of stone and brick!
Yes, take me back,
  For I rue the day
That brought me thus
  From that home away!

The face of the stranger
  Looks distant and cold,
And I long once more
  A friend to behold.
A heart that can beat
  In union with mine,
Is worth all those jewels
  That sparkle and shine!

Oh, let me retire
  From these scenes of strife,
Away from the din
  Of commercial life!
'T will harden the heart
  In its toil for wealth,
And rob the man
  Of honor and health!

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

BY REV. W. C. JACKSON.

THERE are many people, even in this enlightened age, who are ashamed of Jesus Christ. Young people have peculiar temptations to be ashamed of Christ. And some of this class may be considerably acquainted with the truths of the gospel, may have a respect for religion, and be in the constant habit of observing the Sabbath, and attending on the worship of God. Have not some of my young readers felt sometimes deterred, by a feeling of shame, from yielding to the dictates of conscience, and the persuasions of Christian friends, to devote themselves to Christ and begin a religious life?

But why are you ashamed of Christ? Is it not, in part, on account of your irreligious companions? You love to be highly esteemed by them; you wish to be popular. But if you become Christians, you fear you will lose their friendship, and be made the subjects of their ridicule. Perhaps you have with them the reputation of being jovial companions, the unscrupulous followers of mirth and pleasure, and you cannot think of turning your feet into the unpretending, sober way, that Christ requires you to walk; for, in so doing, you will lose your eminence among the vain ones, and drop off from their intimacy.

You have at times, it may be, many serious thoughts about religion; you have deep impressions of your guilt as sinners, and are convinced that Christ is the only refuge from the wrath to come. But lest the world wonder, or vain ones deride, you carefully conceal your feelings, shun the company of pious friends, and seek to appear as thoughtless and as gay as any about you. You affect a boldness you do not feel, in sinning against God, and braving the warnings of his Providence and word. When among Sabbath-breakers, you go beyond your usual custom in Sabbath desecration; with the unprincipled and ignorant, you seem to forget your lessons of gospel truth; if others are disposed to scoff and sneer at religion, you conceal your convictions of its importance and necessity.

Let me affectionately ask, is this either wise or reasonable? Depend upon it, the fears you entertain of ridicule and opposition, should you follow Christ, are greatly exaggerated. Those whose opinions are

worth regarding will only respect you the more for your piety; peradventure they will follow your example. But suppose it otherwise; let the ungodly frown, and the thoughtless utter their idle jests. Will you lose your soul to please them? Will their applause profit you when God shall enter into judgment with you? Besides, is it not *right* for you to follow Christ, and will you be ashamed of doing right? You do not hesitate, from such a motive, to do other right things; you are not ashamed to be honest, though rogues should doubt your shrewdness; nor to be careful to speak the truth, lest deceivers and liars should laugh at your simplicity; nor to have compassion on the suffering, though the hard-hearted and oppressive might mock your charity. And will you be ashamed, from fears equally vain, to do a thing the most eminently right that mortal man can do?

This fear of man is sometimes thought to be modesty. You do not wish to attract so much attention, as you must if you embrace religion. Especially you do not wish to have it said that you are attempting to make yourselves better than your neighbors. But are you sure that this is modesty? See if you never allow yourselves to do other things that will attract public notice. Do you never strive to excel in intelligence, in virtue and behavior, in your standing among schoolmates and equals, lest some should suspect you of wishing to be better than your neighbors? Ah, no! there is no hesitating here; the higher the superiority, the more eagerly is it sought. Why are you afraid to be seen aiming at the excellence which consists in sincere piety? Is it *modesty*, or is it *pride*, that foregoes no other distinction but this, and foregoes this, only because it is not held in high estimation by an ungodly world?

There is truly nothing to be ashamed of in the person or character of Christ, in his doctrines or commandments. A man, in becoming a Christian, greatly promotes, rather than sacrifices, his respectability and worth. But it is *pride*, the pride of a sinful heart, that makes man ashamed of Christ. The gospel is opposed to the feelings of a proud heart. It brings down its lofty looks, rebukes its ambitious aims, gives the lie to its self-conceit, strips off its robe of outward righteousness, and brings to light its inward corruptions. It calls upon the sinner to turn witness against himself, in the confession of his sins, and to cast himself for pardon, as helpless and perishing, at the foot of the Cross. To this the proud heart will not submit, and,

therefore, the man is ashamed of Christ. He will not acknowledge the guilt charged upon him, nor consent to the self-abasement required of him.

But can you justify this opposition of pride? If there be truly sin and corruption in your heart, why not be ashamed of *that*? If you have grievously offended a good and merciful God, why not be ashamed of *that*? If your past life is all covered with guilt and ill-desert, why not be ashamed of such a life? Why not draw, from these lamentable facts, an argument for fleeing to Christ immediately, that the guilt may be remitted and the corruption healed? How foolish it is, not to be ashamed of sin, of vanity, and carnal lusts, and abuse of God's mercy, but only to be scandalized at their exposure; offended at him who exposes the sin only that it may be reformed, and calls the sinner to repentance that he may be saved!

Will you be so *ungrateful* as to be ashamed of Christ? Remember, Christ was not ashamed of *you*, when he came down from heaven to be despised and rejected of men, when he bore the agony and the ignominy of the cross. But he suffered that you might be happy; he was humbled that you might be exalted. And now, though glorified at his Father's right hand in heaven, he is not ashamed to intercede for your salvation. Only confess his name on earth, and he will not be ashamed to confess you as the heirs of heaven, before his Father and the holy angels. And he does all this, though he might find in you abundant cause of shame. Will you slight all this love? Impelled by a groundless, false shame, will you turn your back upon all this compassion and grace?

Mark the fearful consequences, if you do. No such consequences may be apparent now. But, if you go on rejecting the grace of Christ a few years, perhaps a few days, more, the day of reckoning will then come. *It will be his turn to be ashamed of you.* And at what fearful disadvantage do you follow this contest in shame! Christ will suffer no diminution of glory, though millions of foolish men are ashamed of him. But when he shall show himself to be ashamed of you, it will be in the exposure of all your sin and guilt, before an assembled universe, and no fair appearances can be put on to rescue you from their reprobation and abhorrence. This world, you now love so well, will be wrapped in flames. The companions, whose sneers and frowns you now so much dread, will stand with you, quaking with terror at their own expected doom. And the

Saviour, from whom one smile of approbation would be worth worlds to you, will proclaim to you, as his last message, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, — ye workers of iniquity, I know you not." And then will come up before you, as in letters of fire, the words of Christ which you now read with such indifference: "*Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels.*" (Luke ix. 26.)

I have written for my young readers this word of warning, that they may escape from such an end. O, yield not to this criminal weakness; be not ashamed of Christ! Step boldly forth as the servants of the gospel, the friends of Christ. Do not sell your souls for the empty applause of the world, nor let your undue regard for the opinions of other people prevent your seeking salvation. Embrace the Cross of Christ, and make it your glory and rejoicing. Then, after walking with your Saviour for a little season, in humility and self-denial, he will receive you to himself, to be clothed in robes of white, and to sit down with him on his throne, in the kingdom of his Father.

THE GEM AND THE FLOWER.

THERE is a gem, a precious gem,
  Richer than purest gold refined,
Which gilds no monarch diadem,
  To sate a proud and haughty mind!
Would you this princely treasure gain —
  A work, the INFINITE'S device?
Who humbly seeks it SHALL obtain —
  It is the pearl — the "PEARL OF PRICE!"

There is a flower, a spotless flower,
  Which blooms, yet never, NEVER fades,
But cheers with joy each passing hour,
  And e'en the air with perfume lades —
Whose splendor must remain untold,
  For language cannot that disclose —
Would you this lovely flower behold,
  Seek it and find — 't is "SHARON'S ROSE!"

HARMONY.

EDITORIAL.

THIS engraving presents a beautiful picture, and shows that animals of opposite natures may be taught to live on terms of peace with each other.

A young lady in England had a dove, a lark, and a red-breast, so tame, and on such excellent terms with her cat, that they would peck the crumbs from her plate, and often perch upon her back.

A man in London carried his efforts, in this respect, to a still larger variety of animals. He has taught the owl, the pigeon, the rabbit, the cat, the mouse, the hawk, the starling, and the sparrow, to frolic together in the same cage. The owl and the sparrow eat from the same plate, while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws.

A traveller says, "I have seen in the streets of the British metropolis, living harmoniously in the same apartment, a cat, two mice, a rat, three sparrows, one linnet, one canary, one owl, and two Guinea pigs."

Thus we see that animals naturally hostile to each other may be trained to amicable intercourse. How desirable that men, whom God hath made of one blood, to dwell on the face of all the earth; men, who have common interests and sympathies, should learn to live in love and peace! It is estimated that the bodies of those, who have already been slain in battle, would extend six hundred times around the globe!

HUMMING BIRDS.

EDITORIAL.

NEARLY three hundred species of this beautiful bird have been collected in the Zoological Gardens of England. The splendor of plumage, which characterizes this class, has given rise to the error that they are natives of the eastern continent. As a matter of fact, however, they exist only on the western continent and the adjacent islands. The form is, therefore, essentially American.

One beautiful species of this bird is well known in the United States. Passing from its winter quarters in Mexico, it ranges through all the region to the borders of Canada. The most brilliant species known migrates from another portion of Mexico, through California, to Nootka Sound. Others migrate from Bolivia, and sweep the whole length of South America to Terra del Fuego.

Though these birds come from a warm climate, they are capable of sustaining an intense degree of cold. They have been seen around the blossoms of the Fuchsia, at Terra del Fuego, while the snow covered the ground. There is a species which inhabit the snow-lined regions of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi.

It has been erroneously believed that humming birds feed entirely upon honey. Although they do occasionally take both honey and pollen, the real object of their search in blossoms is the insects which inhabit them, insects so small as to escape detection by the naked eye.

The species represented in the engraving, called *Docimastes ensifer*, lives on insects which hide in the blossoms of *Brugmansia*. To enable the bird to penetrate the depth of this long tubular flower, there is a remarkable adaptation of beak to the proposed design.

The jewel-like splendor, which glitters in every direction, upon the head, the throat, the breast, the back, and the tail, of these delicate creatures, must be supplied by the imagination, since an engraving, though in the most perfect style of art, can only exhibit what is remarkable in form.

DR. JOHNSON says, that in proportion as we consult our ease, we part from happiness.

CASCADE DES PELERINES.

BY DR. CHEEVER.

THERE is a water-fall in Chamouny, which no traveller should omit going to see, though I believe many do, called the "Cascade des Pelerines." It is one of the most curious and beautiful scenes in Switzerland. A torrent issues from the Glacier des Pelerines, high up the mountain, above the Glacier du Bossons, and descends, by a succession of leaps, in a deep gorge, from precipice to precipice, almost in one continual cataract. But it is all the while merely gathering force, and preparing for its last magnificent deep plunge and recoil of beauty. Springing in one round and condensed column out of the gorge, over a perpendicular cliff, it strikes at its fall, with its whole body of water, into a sort of vertical rock basin, which one would suppose, from its prodigious velocity and weight, would split into a thousand pieces; but the whole cataract, thus arrested at once, suddenly rebounds in a parabolic arch, at least sixty feet into the air, and then, having made this splendid airy curvature, falls, with great noise and beauty, into the natural channel below. It is beyond measure beautiful. It is like the fall of Divine grace into chosen hearts, that send it forth again for the world's refreshment, in something such a shower and spray of loveliness, to go winding its life-giving course afterwards, as still waters in green pastures.

The force of the recoil, from the plunge of so large a body of water, at such a height, is so great, that large stones, thrown into the stream above the fall, may be heard amidst the din, striking into the basin, and then are instantly seen careering in the arch of the flashing waters.

The same is the case with bushes and pieces of wood, which the boys are always active in throwing in, for the curiosity of visitors, who stand below, and see each object invariably carried aloft with the cataract, in its rebounding atmospheric gambols. When the sun is in the right position, the rainbows play about the fall, like the glancing of supernatural wings, as if angels were taking a shower-bath. If you have "the head and legs of a chamois," as my guide

said to me, you may climb entirely above this magnificent scene, and look out over the cliff, right down into the point where the cataract shoots like the lightning, to be again shot back in ten thousand branching jets of diamonds.

MY HOME AMONG THE FLOWERS.

BY MISS F. PEABODY.

My dwelling is not in the busy mart,
Mid the din of noise and riot;
'T is not in the thronging city street,
Devoid of peace and quiet.

'T is not in mouldering towers and halls
Of the palace reared for ages,
Whose ivied turrets and massive walls
Have stood where the war-shock rages.

My dwelling does not its shadow cast
O'er some island far at sea,
Where mermaids rise through the sparkling wave
To chant their melody.

But I dwell in a vale where green velvet turf
Is balm to the limbs of the sleeper,
And sweet-scented air softly plays through the trees,
To lighten the heart of the weeper.

And my rural home is delightful indeed,
By the shade of cedars befriended,
Whose richly dyed plumes gently wave in the breeze
Where the beauties of nature are blended.

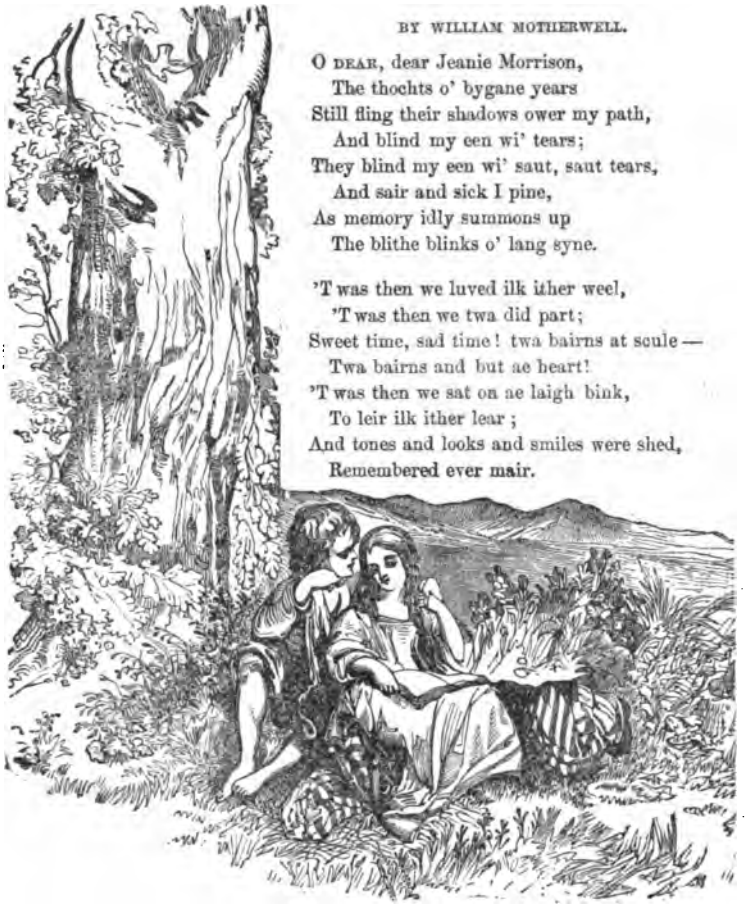
The lily reclines in the shade of this vale,
And the bright roses blush in its bowers;
While all things combine to enliven my home,
My home in the midst of wild flowers.

As a general rule, it will be found that when we have a choice to make, the decision least agreeable to our inclinations is most conducive to our welfare.

JEANIE MORRISON.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

O DEAR, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' lang syne.

'T was then we luved ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at scule —
Twa bairns and but ae heart!
'T was then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

EDITORIAL.

HISTORY informs us of a law in Iceland to this effect: "Whenever a minor commits a crime, the parents are immediately arrested, and unless they can prove, to the satisfaction of the magistrate, that they have afforded to the child all needed opportunities of instruction, the penalty of the crime is visited on them, and the child is placed under instruction."

When reading this enactment, a train of most interesting and solemn reflections was suggested, on the responsibility, most fearful responsibility, of every parent, — not only of every mother, but of *every father and mother.* When a child is born to them, a creature is committed to their care for education. No other persons but the parents are supposed to have the interest in the child which is possessed by them. Others may have a general concern for the welfare of the young immortal, but the particular interest in such welfare, reason, revelation and civil enactment, ordinarily confine to the bosoms of the parents. Such particular interest the entire condition of the child requires; for, at first, there is complete helplessness, and as soon as the intellectual and moral powers are developed, even faintly, there are waywardness and ignorance. Means for the correction of these uniform tendencies of human nature are to be applied as soon as witnessed, and they are to be continued until their beneficial effects appear, in the removal of inclinations to do wrong, and in the storing of the mind with useful knowledge. To apply these remedial means, the particular absorbing interest in the object which demands them must be in existence, which interest is in the parents, if in any individuals. If there be not this particular interest, all means required by the best good of the child will be neglected, and the consequence may be, and usually is, the young immortal will grow up in ignorance, and with vicious inclinations unsubdued, to corrupt and destroy in all parts of society where life may be passed. Because such is the effect of neglect on the part of parents to educate their children, the enactment, with which we commenced this article, doubtless had its origin, and is both wise and just. As a general thing, children pursue the course for which parental care trains them. This is supposed to be the fact by Scripture; for this

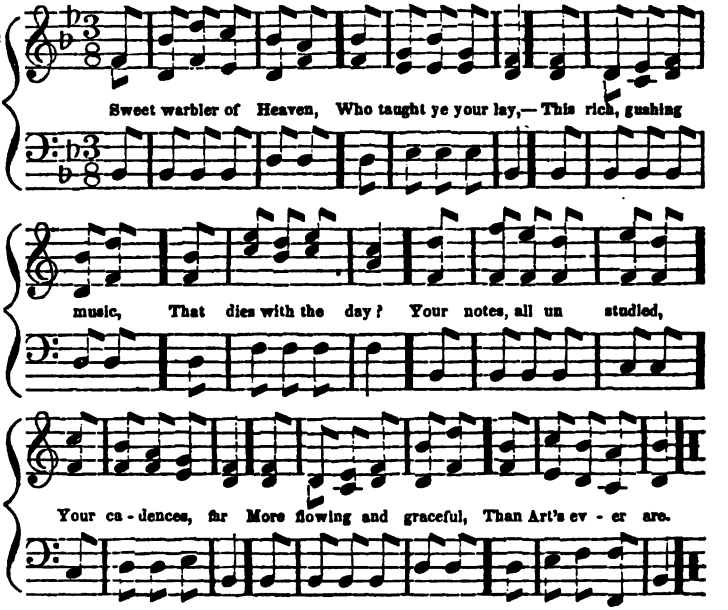
utters, "*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" If parents are faithful, the career of their children will, most ordinarily, be that of usefulness, success and honor. Every department of society will be blessed by them. But if children be neglected by their parents, and are not trained in the right manner, all circles in which they move in life will be cursed by them, and to counteract their corrupting influence the strong bars of the prison, or the more dreadful use of the gallows, will have to be interposed.

In this manner ought parents to contemplate their position, as having in their hands the materials out of which society is to be formed, and as being responsible for the manner in which they prepare these materials. They are to feel that nothing but the employment of appropriate means will fashion their children to be useful in their day and generation, will make them adorn and bless every sphere in which they may be called to move. Likewise, they are to be ever impressed with the truth that, if they neglect to use the means for restraining the evil inclinations of their children, and for moulding them into virtuous and useful members of society, the probability is, they will grow up only to be pests in the earth; and for the parents will be the reflection that they were made such by their own parental delinquency.

If the parental relation be uniformly contemplated, by those who sustain it, in the manner in which it is here set forth, words are not sufficient to describe its awful responsibility. Nor can the years which measure off the duration of the present world depict the effects of unfaithfulness in the discharge of parental duties, or exhibit the blessed consequences of the conscientious and unremitting discharge of such duties. Eternity only can present the consequences of the parental relation; can show what resulted from parental fidelity, and what followed parental neglect.

It is a solemn, momentous relation, then, which every parent sustains. From it is going out an influence for the moulding of members of earthly society, and likewise of that which is eternal. If the responsibility of the relation be in any manner realized, and there be prayerful and diligent efforts to fulfil the high duties of parents, an influence for good goeth out upon the children, of parental love, to make them all an anxious parent could wish or expect. If there be no realizing sense of the responsibility of this relation by the father or mother, and every effort for the good of the child be suppressed, an influence for evil goeth out upon the children, to make them what affection in its feeblest power would shudder in beholding.

"Sweet Warbler of Heaven."

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND BY H. W. DAY.

Sweet warbler of Heaven, Who taught ye your lay,— This rich, gushing
music, That dies with the day? Your notes, all un studied,
Your ca - dences, far More flowing and graceful, Than Art's ev - er are.

The following lines were written one beautiful summer afternoon while the bird therein celebrated was singing most deliciously under the window.

Say, — are ye some seraph, —
To whom has been given,
Some kind, soothing errand
Of mercy from Heaven, —
And lingering a moment,
Ye stoop to my door,
To bless me with music
Ye there learned before?

Stay, — stay sweet enchanter!
Those warblings, that roll
Like waves from the fountain,
Are balm to my soul?
They soften the throbbings
Of sorrow and pain,
And whisper of heart's-ease, —
Oh! breathe them again!

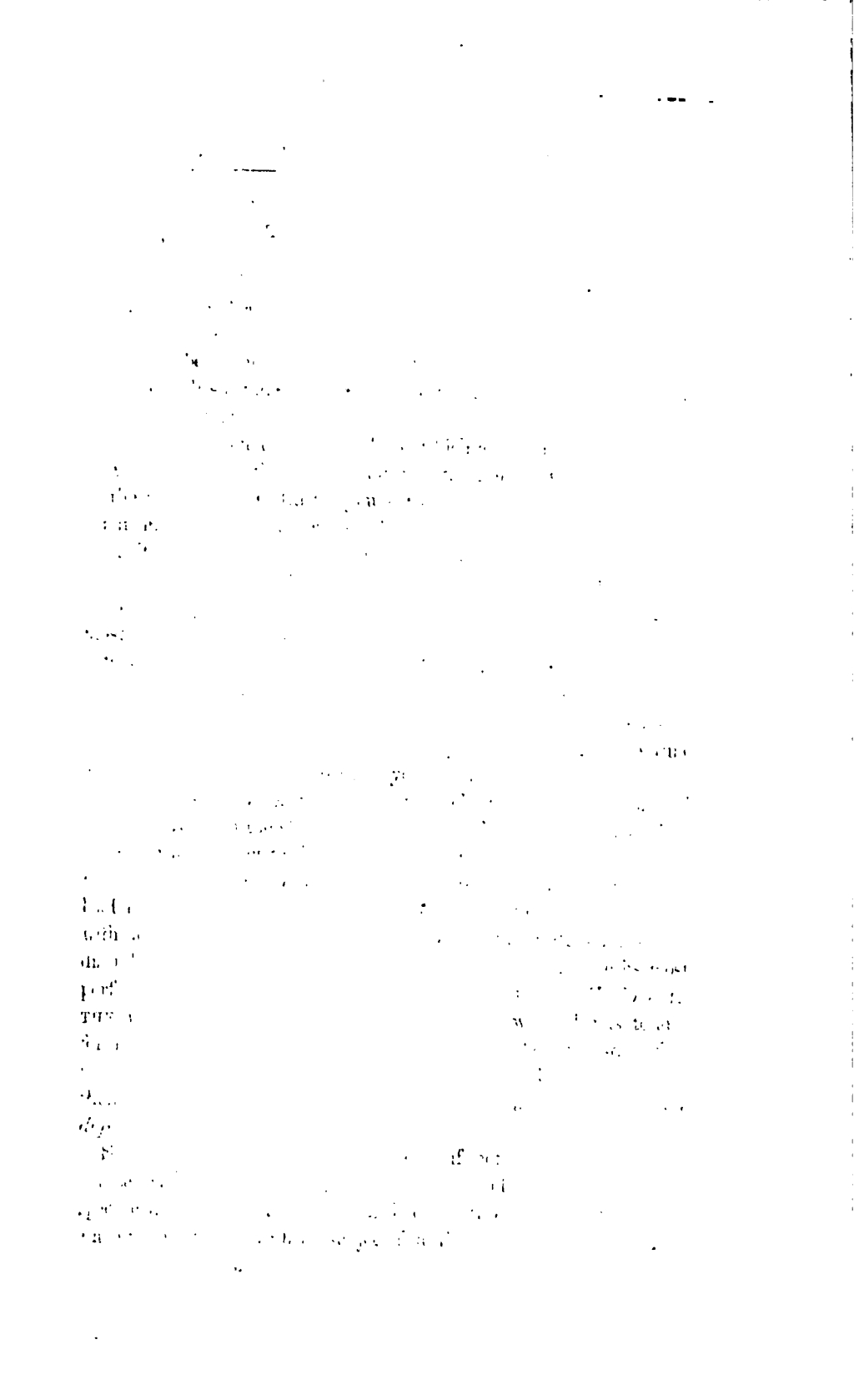
Ye fade in the distance;
Your pinions are light,
And swift as the breezes,
They waft ye from sight.

New Haven, Ct.

Your exquisite music,
I wept at before,
Dies soft on my senses,
And charms me no more!

I mourn my weak powers, —
I blush for my harp!
Oh! chords, — that have trembled
In tune with a heart,
All wild with emotion!
Was one feeble note,
Like those that poured forth from
That soft, swelling throat?

How imperfect our wisdom,
Great Parent divine!
How poor our attainments,
At melody's shrine, —
I 've spent all my powers, —
And yet the wild trill
Of nature's last warbler,
Surpasses me still!



to her children, as if to throw the mantle of defence around them, with the most intense emotion written upon her countenance and giving impulse to her words, she said, "My children, God is in that cloud. It is his voice you hear in the awful thunder. His eye is like the lightning, which is blazing so fearfully around you; it sees our thoughts. He made the hail that is dashing in these windows. Oh, what a wonder, that a God who can do such things has not destroyed us all, while his holy name is so blasphemed in our house! Take warning, my dear children, from what you now see and hear, — yes, even from the blasphemies which have mingled with this dreadful scene; and never, *never*, NEVER, while you live, let your lips utter an oath; for God will not hold him guiltless, even if he do not immediately punish him, who takes his name in vain."

When she had ceased, the violence of the storm was subsiding, and the profane man, who had occasioned more terror in the minds of the children than the storm itself, was silently gazing upon the moral spectacle before him, from another part of the room, as if for a moment awed by the power of godliness. He soon left the house, and as he passed across the street, caught up some of the stones that had fallen, and with fearful imprecations threw them towards heaven.

That scene will never be forgotten. Horror at the sound of an oath was written, as with the point of a diamond, upon the hearts of those children, by the manner and circumstances of that warning. It was simply the transfer of a mother's pious horror at an oath to the bosoms of the children, and under circumstances to infix the likeness. Such impressions are imperishable. And though these occasions may be deemed peculiar, yet they are only illustrations of the *timeliness* of parental instruction and warning, which takes advantage of passing occurrences, the most trivial as well as the more striking, to impress truth. The parent who is assiduous in this element of instruction attains a sort of omnipresence with the child. Though dead, he still speaks, and the child cannot fail to hear. Every incident or event which has been made the occasion of salutary impression to the child, as in after life it revives the original impression, revives also the memory and the savor of parental love. And what Christian parent will not "covet earnestly" this power of perpetuating his influence and himself in the heart and life of his child, as among those "best gifts" which an apostle has exhorted us thus to covet?

THE CHOICE VINE.

BY REV. C. B. KITTREDGE.

THERE is a shooting vine in your garden, which you would rear into fruitfulness. It is a choice variety, whose fruit, with suitable care, will be abundant and grateful. A few years only will pass, and you will sit under its branches, with delight, and rejoice in its ripening clusters.

Now, it is a tender, delicate shoot, which a single unguarded step may crush, or a little neglect fatally stint. And as you look forward to the years of its maturity, you spare no pains in its culture. You set it in a fertile place, where the sunbeams may fall propitiously upon it, and where it will receive the needed moisture for its growth. If need be, you carefully and diligently water it, and, as its branches shoot forth, you *train* them in the form and manner which promise most of beauty and fruitfulness. You furnish it with all possible defences against injury; remove noxious weeds, and other obstructions to its growth, from its roots; with timely care prune off its exuberant and superabundant branches; and, supplying it with appropriate nutriment, you daily watch its growth, with fond anticipation of the time when you will gather rich fruit as your reward.

That shooting vine, parent, is your child. The "wise man," with his eye upon the strong likeness of the child to the garden plant or vine, with respect to their culture, has denominated his education *training*: — *Train up a child in the way he should go;* that is, lead forth his expanding mind in the proper direction; furnish it with appropriate nutriment and support, appropriate checks and discipline, with all needful impulses and control, to secure its most perfect symmetry of character and ultimate usefulness. *Train it* IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO; and as the sapling, which bends to any form you please, becomes the hardy oak, defying the tempest, so that mind and heart, grown strong in the principles to which you formed them, will not depart from them; — *when he is old he will not depart from it.*

Some have been disposed to question, if not openly to deny, the "wise man's" conclusion on this point. And they have at hand specific and multiplied examples of defection from the right way, even among those who have been subjected to the best parental training.

While we would kindly remind such that a "wiser than Solomon" dictated both the precept and the conclusion or inference which he records, we would also ask them, whether they be quite sure that, in the examples of defection they find so abundant, there were no error, or fault, or defect in the training, which might have given occasion to the sad result? And they will remember that it will not suffice as proof that the training is perfect in any given instance, to show its favorable and happy result in other cases in the same nursery; since no two minds are precisely alike; and, consequently, no two minds can be trained aright by precisely the same culture.

The skilful horticulturist is aware that different trees and plants require very different treatment, in order to secure vigor and fruitfulness. Some require a dry and some a moist soil; some a full southern exposure to the rays of the sun, and some a partial exposure; some one kind of nutriment or stimulus, and some another; some need frequent pruning, which others could not bear. Now every parent should understand that like differences exist in the mental constitution and the natural tastes and temperaments of children, even in the same family, requiring oftentimes the widest disparity in the mode of treatment and training for the different members. We are not, therefore, to conclude, that, because a certain kind or class of influences have resulted favorably for one child, the same influences must be exactly right for every other child. There is no stereotype recipe for the training of children. The word *train* plainly indicates the process; not putting our children into a mould of set influences, to be "run" like candles or buttons, or "cast" like cannon or kettles, but drawn or *led forth*, — their natural impulses directed and controlled toward an appropriate end, and proper stimulants applied for the development and cultivation of the mind and heart in right principles and affections. This is a work, which, together with correct principles and skill in discipline on the part of the parent, demands a nice discrimination in relation to the natural tastes and temperaments of the child, or a full insight into his natural tendencies and impulses. With the best principles on the part of the parent, and the most assiduous instruction, and the most rigid discipline and restraints, there may still be disappointment in relation to expected results in a given case, simply from a failure to discern the peculiar wants of the mind to be trained. With ordinary interest and skill, the secret of success in the education of children lies in the single power of ADAPT-

ATION. That parent trains up a child *in the way he should go*, who, with correct instruction, is able to *adapt* to his mental and moral state the exact stimulants, checks and supports, which his case demands. This is the point of success or failure in parental management, and puts in requisition all the wisdom which ordinarily falls to the lot of those occupying this high station of responsibility, as well as that "wisdom which," in answer to prayer, "cometh down from above."

There is another general principle or feature in parental influence and instruction, which, next to adaptation, is of vital importance; viz., its *timeliness*. There are some states of mind which unfit the child for any salutary moral impression. Instruction finds no way of access to the heart, and the parent must wait till the door is opened. And, as human nature is, lapsed and depraved, it is especially important that instruction should insinuate itself into the mind and heart of the child at unexpected seasons. He who goes out in a violent shower, or a drizzling storm, will be sure to wrap his cloak about him, and spread over him an umbrella for defence. But he who walks out in the beauty of the evening will be drenched with the gentle dew before he is aware of his need of defence. So the instruction of the parent, if it come to the child only in set lectures and Sabbath-day discourses, may find the heart wrapped in close defence against its wholesome appliances. But let that instruction gently distil as the dew; imperceptibly mingling with the passing occurrences of the day; breathing its fragrance into the little cares and petty griefs of the child; let the countenance tell it, which so faithfully and yet so silently tells the emotions of the heart, and therefore speaks so impressively *to* the heart; and the child has no cloak or umbrella to ward it off. It insinuates itself into the very depths of the soul, and becomes a part of its living motion and impulse.

There is a power of seizing upon passing events, and giving them a tongue which will utter its lesson of instruction, or warning, not once merely, but with frequent repetition in all after time. The most abiding and salutary impressions of early childhood, in the writer's experience, were produced in this manner; impressions which twenty years in the active duties of life still leave in all their original freshness and fragrance upon the soul, and in all their primal power for good; though the lips, which, perhaps, with a single word,

or a passing remark, first produced the impression, for more than twenty years have been silent in the grave.

On a Sabbath morning, a light and gentle step, as was usual on that holy morning, aroused two sleeping boys. A slender form bends over them, and a mild voice says — "My children, the Sabbath is come; and I am come to tell you that the poor horse is *dead!* AND WHY WAS IT NOT ONE OF YOU?" This was uttered with such tenderness, and such evident emotions of gratitude to God that we were alive, that it needed nothing more to fix the impression. The horse, which was a great favorite, had returned the preceding day from a journey, in apparent health, but soon gave evidence of disease, which thus terminated in the course of the night.

Many years passed by, and those two boys, grown to manhood, are travelling together fifteen hundred miles from their mother's grave. They stop at night for entertainment with other travellers. While refreshment is preparing, a noise is heard among some horses near the house, which called all to the scene. One of the horses, a few minutes before in apparent health, had fallen and was evidently in distress. He was released from his fastenings, rolled over, and immediately died. Scarcely was it said, "He is dead," before the thought, in the precise form in which it was originally presented, darted into the mind of one of the brothers, — "And why was it not one of us?" It was at the time unaccompanied with any thought of early life. They retired to rest; but that thought still came and went, and went and came, as a messenger of Heaven, "Why was it not one of us?" Shortly the original scene of that impression is fresh in view; the chamber; the Sabbath morning; the gentle step; the lovely form; the mild and affectionate tones, — all are distinctly before the mind; a vision which revived not that one solitary impression alone, but seemed to restore to the bosom of the care-worn child, in all their tenderness and solace, a mother's sympathy and love. Thus it is that early impressions, by association with passing events, are made to repeat themselves in all their original power as often as like events occur to suggest them.

"Children," said a mother, as she was busily preparing her two little boys to accompany their father to a military parade or muster, "Children, you expect to be very happy to-day, I suppose. You will see a great many people there." And then she described, in a familiar and cheerful way, the appearance of the soldiers, the parade,

the officers, the spectators, the review, — not forgetting to speak of the idle and profane words which she feared they might hear. And then she adds, "When you see the great multitude of people around you, I want you to think, children, that *they will all be at the judgment seat of Christ!*" It was enough. A nail was fastened in a sure place. A thought of deepest solemnity was associated with a scene which was wont to be very far in itself from any tendencies to seriousness. And from that day, probably no military parade has been witnessed without associating with it, in the mind of one of those children at least, solemn thoughts of the *judgment seat of Christ* and that final review.

About the middle of the afternoon of a pleasant summer's day, a black cloud gathered in the west, assuming rapidly a very threatening aspect. A high hill directly west of the house concealed for a time the body of the cloud, which rolled up its dark folds one upon another, shooting higher and higher their threatening summits, like volumes of dense smoke from a hidden volcano, and with a rapidity truly terrific. The sun was covered, and a strange darkness hung over us, and a peculiar tremulous motion was communicated to the atmosphere, indicating great disturbance of the elements, as if nature, in suspense, dreaded the approaching shock. A low, rumbling sound, like the noise of a thousand carriages on a distant pavement, together with almost incessant flashes of lightning, and sudden intercepted gusts of wind, furnish no doubtful presage of the approaching visitation. A dash of rain follows in large heavy drops, suddenly ceasing; then another; and then the cloud pours out itself in torrents of rain, intermingled with hail-stones of all sizes, from that of a goose-egg down to a rifle-ball.

Mr. F., a neighbor notorious for his impiety, and especially his use of profane language, was at a shop across the street on business. At this point, he, with the proprietor, hastened to the house. As they crossed the street, Mr. F. caught up one of the hail-stones, about the size of a goose-egg, and holding it up, as if in defiance of Jehovah, as he entered the house, uttered most horrid blasphemies. Until this moment, the scene to her who was to the children the light and the guardian angel of the household had been one of manifest though silent communion with God. The voice of blasphemy upon the threshold, mingling with the voice of God in the elements, aroused her, and she earnestly, but in vain, remonstrated. And then turning

to her children, as if to throw the mantle of defence around them, with the most intense emotion written upon her countenance and giving impulse to her words, she said, "My children, God is in that cloud. It is his voice you hear in the awful thunder. His eye is like the lightning, which is blazing so fearfully around you; it sees our thoughts. He made the hail that is dashing in these windows. Oh, what a wonder, that a God who can do such things has not destroyed us all, while his holy name is so blasphemed in our house! Take warning, my dear children, from what you now see and hear, — yes, even from the blasphemies which have mingled with this dreadful scene; and never, *never*, NEVER, while you live, let your lips utter an oath; for God will not hold him guiltless, even if he do not immediately punish him, who takes his name in vain."

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PURE LOVE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Pure love is a thing of too holy a birth,
Too exalted a nature, for beings of earth;
It expands in no atmosphere tainted by sin,
It resides in no bosom defiled and unclean;
Hence mortals can never, no, never can prove,
In this sin-burdened state, the delights of PURE LOVE.

There 's a shrine where the lover his passion ne'er told;
There 's a fount, whose clear waters for ages have rolled,
Where the poor pilgrim saint, when he drops his rude staff,
Kneeleth down on its margin its nectar to quaff;
'T is the fount of pure love. It springs up near the throne
Of the Ancient of Days for his city alone.

We may talk of a mother's pure love for her child,
But the fount is corrupt, and the stream is defiled;
Of the pureness and strength of a maiden's affection
For her one cherished idol. Yet sober reflection
Persuades us there 's guilt where her passion had birth,
For pure and true love is a thing not of earth.

But it glowed in the breast of the image of God,
As thy fields, Palestina, his weary feet trod;
It resides where the seraphs adoringly stand,
In the presence of God, in that bright, sinless land;
And the ransomed of God, who have gone to their rest,
Find the essence of heaven is pure love in each breast.

It was neither its streams, nor its fruits, nor its shade,
Which the garden of Eden a Paradise made;
It was not that its flowers in luxuriance grew,
That its landscape was fair and all nature was new;
But the crown of all good gifts came down from above
On the first happy pair, in the bliss of pure love.

And now were God's will done on earth as in heaven,
That gift to us mortals again might be given,
Our Paradise lost be regained and restored,
And happiness bask in the smile of the Lord.
While earth, now so dreary, an Eden would prove,
And the curse be repealed by the power of pure love.

INFLUENCE.

THIS human attribute, like every other, is the creation of circumstances. We behold individuals, in certain positions, capable of wielding great power. Napoleon, while emperor, was possessed of immense authority. His naked name carried terror to his enemies, and inspired his armies with confidence. When an exile on the sea-girt Helena, he was shorn of his terror, and felt to be divested of his strength. Hannibal, while perforating the Alps, and marching his victorious legions over the rugged cliffs, was deemed invincible; when in Bithynia, he was regarded as impotent. Benedict Arnold, while the faithful, energetic general, was relied upon as an able commander; at the discovery of his perfidy and treason, he was viewed with contempt, and denounced with execrations. In a greater or less degree, private individuals are invested with personal influence. So long as they act fairly and with integrity they have the public confidence, and a consistent course of conduct is the best guaranty of a continuance of the same. But let them deviate, let them swerve from the path of rectitude, let them evince recklessness of the common sentiment and the public wishes,—their doom is sealed. Suspicion hovers over their every movement, casts a pall over every motive, and leaves them helpless. In vain they appeal to former authority; in vain they summon their old resources; their influence is gone beyond the power of retrieve. It matters not how high was their station, how respectable their standing. While they walked uprightly, their reward was accompanying satisfaction; when they departed from the true standard, the consequence of accompanying condemnation followed,—it is an immutable law of nature,—it is human nature.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

BY REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB.

MUSIC is one of the best promoters of domestic happiness. As an awakener of sympathies, and a uniter of hearts, a more efficient agency cannot be employed, next to the religion of the Gospel. It humanizes and elevates the depraved soul, enlivens hospitality, and excludes the demon, discord, from the home-circle. It is ofttimes as necessary to soothe the ruffled spirit, as David's harp was to calm the turbulent breast of Saul. It lightens care, augments joy, and increases conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal affection. Hence, in all families where there are individuals who can sing, or play on instruments, there should be a good deal of music. I would that there were more instruments of music in the habitations of the people, and also much more vocal music in families. But, especially, I would there were "singing and the voice of melody" and praise around every family altar, where night and morn the members of pious households take delight in assembling to pay their vows unto the Most High.

"Music in the family," as one truthfully expresses it, "is a means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family will, in spite of perplexities and trials, be habitually cheerful; not gay, for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gayety; but cheerful in that sense which implies good spirits and freedom from corroding care. You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most cheerless day, if you only have music there; and if affliction has caused tears to flow, music, coming to the aid of divine consolation, and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of pain, and a lightener of the weight which oppresses the spirit.

"Music promotes good-nature in a family. And in this world, where there is so much ill-humor manifested in a thousand ways, anything which will increase good-nature is to be prized. Who can be angry in the midst of music, or fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears, or keep up sour and sulky manners when the very air around him is bland with soft harmonies?"

Let parents cultivate the power to sing, not only the infant's soothing lullaby, but hymns fraught with truthful, religious sentiments,

for the benefit, present and everlasting, of their little ones. The words of a song may outlive the most eloquent sermons in the memory of the young. How important, therefore, that memories which commence with life be favored with songs worthy of lasting till life's close; yea, of influencing the soul while ages on ages roll their unceasing rounds in the endless day of heaven! So deeply impressed was one celebrated man of the importance of music, that he is said to have exclaimed, "Let who will make the laws of the people, but let me make their songs."

When the glorious truths of inspiration are breathed forth in expressive melody, they are clothed with a diviner eloquence than that of the preacher, or of the orator. Oh, ye upon whom is imposed the responsibility of imparting instruction to children,

> "Teach them some melodious measure,
> Sung by raptured tongues above;
> Fill their souls with sacred pleasure
> While they sing redeeming love!"

Many of the ancients, and one modern infidel writer, considered music as an accidental discovery of the Egyptians, while listening to the whistling of the wind through the reeds on the banks of the Nile. But, could they enter some of our common schools, and Sabbath schools, or could they attend one of our juvenile concerts, or surround the fireside of many of our families, they would be convinced of the fallacy of their theory. They would plainly perceive that music is one of the earliest developments of infancy, the most pleasing charmer of childhood, and that man, however he may be defined, is naturally musical, with some rare exceptions; in other words, that music is one of the very elements of the soul and the voice, implanted there by an all-wise Creator; and that these latent powers, these germs which are a part and parcel of the nature which God hath given us, need only to be cultivated in order to send out upon an atmosphere exactly adapted thereto a combination of the sweetest notes of song. As the poet has it,—

> "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
> Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
> Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

To trace the thing to its very commencement, I suppose that the first music ever made in the world, to say nothing of the angelic

choirs and sons of God who "sang together" on the morning of creation, was produced by the singing of birds on the fifth day of the Creator's labor, in making and fitting up this globe, before Adam was formed from its dust. We may well imagine that the birds, as they flew from the hands of their Maker, instinctively began carolling forth their richest notes of praise; that ready-taught to join the choir below, theirs was the first vocal symphony in nature's anthem. Hence, in all probability, the earthly accents first heard by our first parents were those of music from the feathered songsters soaring over their heads, alighting on their hands, or flying from tree to tree in the garden of Eden.

"O God! if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,
Poured by a soulless bird
Or human minstrelsy,
What can mortal heart conceive
Of golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But by purity and love?"

Adam and Eve, before their melancholy fall, may have held familiar and loving intercourse with the holy inhabitants of heaven, listening to strains of harmony from their celestial visitants, and responding in strains well-nigh as musical. Milton, in his immortal poem, Paradise Lost, presents us with the beautiful idea of their learning lessons of praise from angel lips and golden harps attuned above. Just before their evening worship, one of them is represented as thus addressing the other:

"How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
Alone, or responsive to each other's notes,
Singing their great Creator! Oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With glorious touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

What is it, more than aught else, which tends to solace while it saddens the lonely exile in a distant land of strangers? It is the song of "Home, sweet home." What occasions the tear-drops to

start warm to his eye-lids, the palpitations of his heart to quicken, and recollections of olden time to pass before his mental vision? Listen to those snatches of some domestic tune, or national air, by a careless passer-by. The deepest fountains of his soul are stirred within him, and he involuntarily turns his wishful gaze towards his native land. How inexpressibly dear, amid all the toils of maturer years, and the cares which throng and press upon us in life's meridian, are the remembrances of those songs from a fond mother's lips, or a loved sister's voice, or a visitor from abroad, which were music to our ears and hearts in tender, lisping infancy, or boyhood's and girlhood's sunny days!

> "The charms of sweet music no pencil can paint,
> They calm the rude savage, enliven the saint,
> Make brighter our pleasures, more joyous our joy;
> In raptures we feel, yet those raptures ne'er cloy."

The most of those families who are unable, for want of pecuniary means, to attend the public concerts of Jenny Lind and other distinguished musicians, can, if they desire it, have excellent concerts at home, preparatory to entering upon the everlasting concert of the redeemed in the mansions of glory above, whither Christ our forerunner hath gone to provide accommodations for all his chosen followers. "And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne."

TO ONE WHO FEARED SHE WOULD INTERRUPT ME.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Interrupt me, little darling?
Ask the river,
Freely flowing,
If the sunbeam or the zephyr
Interrupts it in its going.

Like the light upon the ripple,
Like the south wind,
On the sea,
That bears upon its wings the breath
Of flowers, art thou to me!

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

EDITORIAL.

With all the works of the Almighty are connected means by which they may attain the full end of their creation. The anxious father or mother may be assisted in understanding the value of filial obedience, by studying the analogy of nature, and perceiving how God brings around, in their beauty and glory, the ends for which all things were created. The investigation at first may appear unpromising and irksome; but if there be deep affection for the child, and an ardent desire to know the value of filial obedience, the track in which the discovery is to be made, though apparently unbeaten, will be pursued with interest and delight.

In contemplating the works of God, we behold law everywhere manifested. Whether we look at the heavens above, or at the earth beneath us, or on the seas in their grandeur and vastness, the different departments of Almighty power exhibit laws by which they are all guided and controlled, that they may each fulfil the purpose of their creation. So, too, when surveying animal life, as we look at man and beast, we are impressed with the fact that appropriate laws are enacted to regulate their being. It is the same with mind. This wonderful part of the human constitution, in all its developments, manifests its relation to government.

In thus noticing the different departments of God's earthly kingdom, the fact is most apparent, that what are the natural departments are *obedient* to the laws which are over them. The sun daily illumines the world in its circuit from east to west, and the moon nightly makes its track across the heavens. The seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter, regularly come with the revolving year, and thus allow the regular growth and maturity of the fruits necessary for the sustenance of both man and beast. In consequence of this obedience of the works of God in the natural world to the laws which are over them, we experience, in rich and varied succession, all which our physical nature demands for comfort and enjoyment, and much that our intellectual and moral nature needs for happiness. All the sources of our outward comfort, sunlight and shade, heat and cold, rain and drought, come to us from the obedience of the natural

to her children, as if to throw the mantle of defence around them, with the most intense emotion written upon her countenance and giving impulse to her words, she said, "My children, God is in that cloud. It is his voice you hear in the awful thunder. His eye is like the lightning, which is blazing so fearfully around you; it sees our thoughts. He made the hail that is dashing in these windows. Oh, what a wonder, that a God who can do such things has not destroyed us all, while his holy name is so blasphemed in our house! Take warning, my dear children, from what you now see and hear, — yes, even from the blasphemies which have mingled with this dreadful scene; and never, *never*, NEVER, while you live, let your lips utter an oath; for God will not hold him guiltless, even if he do not immediately punish him, who takes his name in vain."

When she had ceased, the violence of the storm was subsiding, and the profane man, who had occasioned more terror in the minds of the children than the storm itself, was silently gazing upon the moral spectacle before him, from another part of the room, as if for a moment awed by the power of godliness. He soon left the house, and as he passed across the street, caught up some of the stones that had fallen, and with fearful imprecations threw them towards heaven.

That scene will never be forgotten. Horror at the sound of an oath was written, as with the point of a diamond, upon the hearts of those children, by the manner and circumstances of that warning. It was simply the transfer of a mother's pious horror at an oath to the bosoms of the children, and under circumstances to infix the likeness. Such impressions are imperishable. And though these occasions may be deemed peculiar, yet they are only illustrations of the *timeliness* of parental instruction and warning, which takes advantage of passing occurrences, the most trivial as well as the more striking, to impress truth. The parent who is assiduous in this element of instruction attains a sort of omnipresence with the child. Though dead, he still speaks, and the child cannot fail to hear. Every incident or event which has been made the occasion of salutary impression to the child, as in after life it revives the original impression, revives also the memory and the savor of parental love. And what Christian parent will not "covet earnestly" this power of perpetuating his influence and himself in the heart and life of his child, as among those "best gifts" which an apostle has exhorted us thus to covet?

PURE LOVE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Pure love is a thing of too holy a birth,
Too exalted a nature, for beings of earth;
It expands in no atmosphere tainted by sin,
It resides in no bosom defiled and unclean;
Hence mortals can never, no, never can prove,
In this sin-burdened state, the delights of PURE LOVE.

There 's a shrine where the lover his passion ne'er told;
There 's a fount, whose clear waters for ages have rolled,
Where the poor pilgrim saint, when he drops his rude staff,
Kneeleth down on its margin its nectar to quaff;
'T is the fount of pure love. It springs up near the throne
Of the Ancient of Days for his city alone.

We may talk of a mother's pure love for her child,
But the fount is corrupt, and the stream is defiled;
Of the pureness and strength of a maiden's affection
For her one cherished idol. Yet sober reflection
Persuades us there 's guilt where her passion had birth,
For pure and true love is a thing not of earth.

But it glowed in the breast of the image of God,
As thy fields, Palestina, his weary feet trod;
It resides where the seraphs adoringly stand,
In the presence of God, in that bright, sinless land;
And the ransomed of God, who have gone to their rest,
Find the essence of heaven is pure love in each breast.

It was neither its streams, nor its fruits, nor its shade,
Which the garden of Eden a Paradise made;
It was not that its flowers in luxuriance grew,
That its landscape was fair and all nature was new;
But the crown of all good gifts came down from above
On the first happy pair, in the bliss of pure love.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

EDITORIAL.

THE above engraving presents us with a Sabbath School teacher, surrounded with his interesting charge. Thousands of such groups assemble for instruction in the word of God every week. We hope all our readers are in some way connected with this most excellent institution.

If another planet, peopled with inhabitants like our own, but devoid of our institutions, should come up closely to our globe, and they, like two steamers, should move along side by side so near as to afford facilities of intercommunication, and it was known that the one was soon to diverge to a returnless distance from the other, all classes of persons, it has been said, would desire to do something for the inhabitants of this stranger world. Artisans would desire to send on board some of their most useful articles of mechanism. The statesman would hasten to send them works on government, the physician books on medicine, the clergyman treatises on theology. Of all modern improvements we should prefer to send those thronged multitudes a model Sabbath School, with a competent supply of faithful teachers and a good library. The superintendent, as he led the van, should bear a banner with this inscription: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Now, such a world as has been supposed, actually exists in the *rising generation*. It is coming closely along by our side. We are to hail their arrival and extend the parting hand at the same interview, and then to diverge to a returnless distance from them. As parents and teachers, our exertions on their behalf must be speedily made, or it will be too late.

MUSIC IN THE FAMILY.

BY REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB.

MUSIC is one of the best promoters of domestic happiness. As an awakener of sympathies, and a uniter of hearts, a more efficient agency cannot be employed, next to the religion of the Gospel. It humanizes and elevates the depraved soul, enlivens hospitality, and excludes the demon, discord, from the home-circle. It is ofttimes as necessary to soothe the ruffled spirit, as David's harp was to calm the turbulent breast of Saul. It lightens care, augments joy, and increases conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal affection. Hence, in all families where there are individuals who can sing, or play on instruments, there should be a good deal of music. I would that there were more instruments of music in the habitations of the people, and also much more vocal music in families. But, especially, I would there were "singing and the voice of melody" and praise around every family altar, where night and morn the members of pious households take delight in assembling to pay their vows unto the Most High.

"Music in the family," as one truthfully expresses it, "is a means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family will, in spite of perplexities and trials, be habitually cheerful; not gay, for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gayety; but cheerful in that sense which implies good spirits and freedom from corroding care. You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most cheerless day, if you only have music there; and if affliction has caused tears to flow, music, coming to the aid of divine consolation, and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of pain, and a lightener of the weight which oppresses the spirit.

"Music promotes good-nature in a family. And in this world, where there is so much ill-humor manifested in a thousand ways, anything which will increase good-nature is to be prized. Who can be angry in the midst of music, or fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears, or keep up sour and sulky manners when the very air around him is bland with soft harmonies?"

Let parents cultivate the power to sing, not only the infant's soothing lullaby, but hymns fraught with truthful, religious sentiments,

or a passing remark, first produced the impression, for more than twenty years have been silent in the grave.

On a Sabbath morning, a light and gentle step, as was usual on that holy morning, aroused two sleeping boys. A slender form bends over them, and a mild voice says — "My children, the Sabbath is come; and I am come to tell you that the poor horse is *dead!* AND WHY WAS IT NOT ONE OF YOU?" This was uttered with such tenderness, and such evident emotions of gratitude to God that we were alive, that it needed nothing more to fix the impression. The horse, which was a great favorite, had returned the preceding day from a journey, in apparent health, but soon gave evidence of disease, which thus terminated in the course of the night.

Many years passed by, and those two boys, grown to manhood, are travelling together fifteen hundred miles from their mother's grave. They stop at night for entertainment with other travellers. While refreshment is preparing, a noise is heard among some horses near the house, which called all to the scene. One of the horses, a few minutes before in apparent health, had fallen and was evidently in distress. He was released from his fastenings, rolled over, and immediately died. Scarcely was it said, "He is dead," before the thought, in the precise form in which it was originally presented, darted into the mind of one of the brothers, — "And why was it not one of us?" It was at the time unaccompanied with any thought of early life. They retired to rest; but that thought still came and went, and went and came, as a messenger of Heaven, "Why was it not one of us?" Shortly the original scene of that impression is fresh in view; the chamber; the Sabbath morning; the gentle step; the lovely form; the mild and affectionate tones, — all are distinctly before the mind; a vision which revived not that one solitary impression alone, but seemed to restore to the bosom of the care-worn child, in all their tenderness and solace, a mother's sympathy and love. Thus it is that early impressions, by association with passing events, are made to repeat themselves in all their original power as often as like events occur to suggest them.

"Children," said a mother, as she was busily preparing her two little boys to accompany their father to a military parade or muster, "Children, you expect to be very happy to-day, I suppose. You will see a great many people there." And then she described, in a familiar and cheerful way, the appearance of the soldiers, the parade,

the officers, the spectators, the review, — not forgetting to speak of the idle and profane words which she feared they might hear. And then she adds, "When you see the great multitude of people around you, I want you to think, children, that *they will all be at the judgment seat of Christ!*" It was enough. A nail was fastened in a sure place. A thought of deepest solemnity was associated with a scene which was wont to be very far in itself from any tendencies to seriousness. And from that day, probably no military parade has been witnessed without associating with it, in the mind of one of those children at least, solemn thoughts of the *judgment seat of Christ* and that final review.

About the middle of the afternoon of a pleasant summer's day, a black cloud gathered in the west, assuming rapidly a very threatening aspect. A high hill directly west of the house concealed for a time the body of the cloud, which rolled up its dark folds one upon another, shooting higher and higher their threatening summits, like volumes of dense smoke from a hidden volcano, and with a rapidity truly terrific. The sun was covered, and a strange darkness hung over us, and a peculiar tremulous motion was communicated to the atmosphere, indicating great disturbance of the elements, as if nature, in suspense, dreaded the approaching shock. A low, rumbling sound, like the noise of a thousand carriages on a distant pavement, together with almost incessant flashes of lightning, and sudden intercepted gusts of wind, furnish no doubtful presage of the approaching visitation. A dash of rain follows in large heavy drops, suddenly ceasing; then another; and then the cloud pours out itself in torrents of rain, intermingled with hail-stones of all sizes, from that of a goose-egg down to a rifle-ball.

Mr. F., a neighbor notorious for his impiety, and especially his use of profane language, was at a shop across the street on business. At this point, he, with the proprietor, hastened to the house. As they crossed the street, Mr. F. caught up one of the hail-stones, about the size of a goose-egg, and holding it up, as if in defiance of Jehovah, as he entered the house, uttered most horrid blasphemies. Until this moment, the scene to her who was to the children the light and the guardian angel of the household had been one of manifest though silent communion with God. The voice of blasphemy upon the threshold, mingling with the voice of God in the elements, aroused her, and she earnestly, but in vain, remonstrated. And then turning

The light of love was glowing in His eye,
As He gazed upwards to the frowning sky,
And o'er the waters bent with outstretched arm.
"Peace, peace — be still!" The raging billows heard,
And the loud thunders ceased, rebuked at Jesus' word!

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

THERE are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing a license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and to those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man, who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and true ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

THE STORKS AN EMBLEM OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE storks are very much venerated in the East on account of their love for their parents. They hover over them when exposed to cooling damps, drive off their enemies, bring food for them, and when, on the wing, their aged mother tires, they bear her on their own back.

"The stork 's an emblem of true piety;
Because, when age has seized and made his dam
Unfit for flight, the grateful young one *takes*
His mother on his back, provides her food,
Repaying thus her care of him,
Ere *he* was fit to fly."

SILVER TROUTS.

BY LOUISA PAYSON HOPKINS.

THIS engraving suggests a beautiful story which we have read in "*The Pastor's Daughter.*"

"There were once three little silver trouts, who lived in a stream of clear water, which ran between two high green banks. It was protected from the wind and the storms, and the sun shone there, so that it was a very delightful place. Beside, these fishes had a plenty to eat and nothing to trouble them; so that you would have expected them to be perfectly happy. But, alas! it was not so; they were so foolish as to be discontented and unhappy, and God heard them complaining. So he told the little fishes that each of them might wish for whatever he pleased, and it should be granted. Then the first little trout said, 'I am tired of moping here in the water. I should like to have wings and fly in the air as birds do.'

"The next said, 'I am a poor ignorant little fish, and do not know how to protect myself from danger. I should like to know all about hooks and nets, so that I might always keep out of harm.'

"The other trout said, 'I, too, am a poor ignorant little fish, and for that reason I do not know what is best for me. My wish is that God would take care of me, and give me just what he thinks best; I do not want anything that he does not choose to give me.'

"So God gave wings to the first, and he was quite happy, and, soaring away into the air, felt very proud, and despised his companions whom he had left in the river. He liked so well to fly, that he flew away off, till he came to a great desert, where there was nothing but sand as far as he could see. By this time he was tired of flying, and was faint and thirsty, but could see no water. He tried to fly further, but could not; his wings failed, and he fell down panting on the hot sand, where he died miserably.

"God gave the other little fish knowledge, as he desired to understand all kinds of danger; but instead of being happier, he was all

the time in terror. He was afraid to go into deep water, lest the great fishes there should swallow him up; and he was afraid to go into the shallow water, lest it should dry up and leave him. If he saw a fly, or anything he would like to eat, he did not venture to touch it, lest there should be a hook concealed under it. So he pined away and died.

"But God loved the other little trout, and took care of him, and kept him from all danger, so that he was the happiest little fish that ever lived."

And now, reader, which of the little fishes was the wisest? O, the the last, you will say. The others were to blame for not being satisfied with what God had given them, and believing that He knew best.

MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how oft doth creep
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by—
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee. — *Willis.*

INFANT DAUGHTERS.

Oh ye, my beauteous nest of snow-white doves,
What wealth could price your guileless loves?
My earthly cherubim, my precious pearls,
My pretty flock of loving little girls,
My stores of happiness with least alloy,
My treasures of hope and trembling joy!
Yon toothless darling, nestled soft and warm,
On a young, yearning mother's cradling arm;
The soft angelic smiles of natural grace,
Twisting with love that other little face;
And the sweet budding of this sinless mind
In winning ways, that round my heart-strings wind,
Dear winning ways, dear nameless winning ways,
That lead me joyous to my God in praise. — *Tupper.*

GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAITS

THE FRETFUL HUSBAND.

BY MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

COUSIN THOMAS felt as every young man should feel, when about to enter that state which seldom finds a middle ground between happiness and misery. Absolute conjugal felicity, or unmitigated discontent, is the usual lot of him who takes woman for "better or for worse," and promises to love and to cherish her until death. Still more may be said of woman; for that dove, which, upon the waste of waters, found no rest for the sole of her foot, is but a feeble emblem of the woman who is shut out from the heart's home — the sanctuary of home affection.

Thomas saw these things only as shadows upon life's dial plate, for their substance was still in the distance; but even these shadows crossed his spirit like a summons to deeper thoughts, and he wisely obeyed the mandate. Many an evening was spent in close conversation with grandmother, and he listened with fixed attention to the interpretation of mysteries which he now had both eyes to see and ears to hear.

"Where has my son been gleaning to-day?" asked the old lady, as she laid her spectacles upon the book, which, for a long life's day, had been to her like Israel's manna upon the morning grass.

Thomas hesitated, and then, smiling, said, "I am almost ashamed to come to you with complaints against our lady neighbors, especially as you are so adroit in transferring the blame to other shoulders."

"Ah, my dear boy," replied the old lady, "you hardly do me justice there. In bearing blame, I think you must acknowledge that I have made woman a 'help' meet for man. I know that from woman much is expected; man expects much, and God expects much; therefore, she should require much of herself; but on that day, when, by word and deed, all shall be justified or condemned, then the barriers opposing themselves to woman's progress, the burdens too grievous to be borne under which she fainted by the way, the injustice which drank up her spirits, the oppression which broke the bruised reed and quenched the smoking flax, all shall be taken into the account, and God will do us no wrong. But where

have you been to-day, Thomas? You seem, by your grave appearance, to have found one, at least, who should have judgment without mercy."

"No," replied Thomas; "you have taught me to judge nothing before the time; but I should like to hear what excuse you can render for Mrs. Lyford. I have understood that she was once a poor girl, living in the poor cottage which now stands just beyond Summer-seat Green. Mr. Lyford was once the handsomest and wealthiest young man in the town. He preferred this poor girl before the rich, beautiful, witty ladies of his own rank; and how has she rewarded this preference, how requited his noble affection? What excuse has Mrs. Lyford for being the miserable slattern she is?"

An indignant flush burned upon Thomas' cheek, as he asked this question, and he seemed to have forgotten the resolution to judge nothing before the time.

"I have no excuse to render for Mrs. Lyford," said grandmother, mournfully; "no excuse for any woman who does not walk straightforward in the path of duty, though it lead her over mountains of flinty rock, and through the hottest sands of the world's desert; for God has promised shoes for our feet, and, before He would allow us to perish in that way, he would command the desert rock to overflow with water for our thirst. But, my son, I can tell you the *reason* why Mrs. Lyford is the slattern she is; *excuse*, as before said, I have none. Mary Morton (now Mrs. L.) was what the world calls a poor girl, for her mother was a widow, and, save the poor cottage on the Green, she was without house or land; silver and gold she had none; yet I doubt that it ever once occurred to Mary Morton that she was poor; they had enough; no happy birdling ever folded its wing within a sunnier nest. She was beautiful and merry, but this was not all; her warm-hearted, affectionate mother, who had nursed her sweet and only flower so tenderly, was a pains-taking and God-fearing woman. She had, in training her beautiful child, an eye to life's storms, as well as its sunshine, and she had not been remiss in that department of female education suited to these emergencies. Neither Mary nor her mother dreamed that they were to make an offering to Henry Lyford's gold. The young man said that he loved her very well. The odds was on her side now, for she loved him as no man *can* love. Henry Lyford had gold for Mary, but she was to sacrifice a better wealth for him. I need not tell you what

that wealth was, for you must know, that, to a true woman's heart, the home of childhood is no small treasure, and Mary's was no ordinary home.

"But though Mary and her mother had not taken Henry's gold into the account, it was soon evident that he was not guilty of such an oversight. The spoiled child of wealth had grown up into the peevish, fretful man. Self-respect had opposed itself to a full development of this propensity while he remained single, but now he was married to a wife too tender and too delicate to resent his ill-humor, and then she had nothing but endurance to offer as an equivalent for his wealth, and this endurance was soon taxed to the utmost.

"'I cannot please him, dear mother; pray what shall I do?' was now the frequent and agonizing inquiry of the young wife; and the good mother's exhortations to patient endeavor, to study carefully his taste in all things, with many, many other items of precious advice, were again and again treasured and acted upon by the earnest, loving wife; but, as the well-spring of bitterness was within himself, how could she command it to send forth sweet waters? It was in vain; hope declined, courage failed, her love grew cold, and *she ceased to strive.* Years of misery have followed; the poor mother went down to her grave in sorrow, mourning hopelessly over what her daughter was, and what she might have been. Mr. Lyford has, no doubt, seen, and bitterly repented his error, but it was too late; he has recklessly overthrown the golden cup of pure affection, and its bright, holy waters cannot be gathered up again.

"I have given you the reasons," said grandmother.

"May the merciful Judge find in them an excuse for the *disheartened!*" answered Thomas, as he turned thoughtfully away.

PRETTY SENTIMENT.

THE memories of childhood, the long, far-away days of boyhood, the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, the ancient church and school-house, in all their green and hallowed associations, come upon the heart in the dark hour of sin and sorrow, as well as in the joyous time, like the passage of a pleasantly remembered dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

PARENTAL ERRORS.

INDECISION.

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

More than thirty-four years have passed away since I commenced my career as a common-school teacher, and with it, my career as a missionary in *boarding round*, as it was called. For, despite of the odium which has of late years attached to the custom of boarding in the families of those persons for whom we teach, it has, at least, one advantage. It enables the teacher to act the missionary; and this, too, in a sphere where missionary labor is greatly needed. It also gives him a deeper insight — if he has eyes open — of human nature.

But, beside boarding in many hundreds of families as a teacher, it has been my lot, as a lecturer on health, and private instructor in families on the same subject — to say nothing of the opportunities I have enjoyed in the same way as a family practitioner of medicine — to know something of the internals of, at least, ten thousand other families in the United States and elsewhere. Your readers will therefore bear with me, I trust, as I make a few notes on Parental Indecision.

A mother said to her child one day, "Now, my dear daughter, you must go and sweep the wood-house."

"But, mother," said the daughter, already ten or twelve years of age, "you told me to finish my sewing before I did anything else."

"Well, I tell you now," said the mother, "to lay it aside, and attend to the sweeping. You neglected it yesterday, and it must be neglected no longer."

"Why, mother, did I not sweep it yesterday? I certainly did."

"Yes, you went over it, but it was very poorly done. It might almost as well have been left untouched. I wish to have it done thoroughly to-day. Come, set yourself about it."

"May I not finish this seam, mother?"

"No; go to your sweeping at once."

"But, mother, it is only a few stitches; why may I not finish it?"

"I can't stop, now, to give you the reasons," the mother added, rather angrily. "Why don't you do a thing when you are bidden,

without being spoken to twice about it? How long are you going to give me trouble in this way? I am wearied out with such things. They are happening every day. We spend a great deal of time in these useless discussions. A good child does as she is bidden, asking no questions."

I heard several of these discussions, and had not the slightest doubt that the mother's final statement, that she spent a vast amount of time, amounting to whole days in the course of the year, in these worse than useless discussions, was true. It was impossible for me to avoid the following inferences.

1. This mother's theories in education were good enough, but she did not carry them into practice. Thus, her remark, "A good child does as she is bidden, asking no questions," is strictly and unqualifiedly true; but her training was of a very different character. The child who is not trained to go and perform, unconditionally and immediately, whatever she is bidden to do, is trained wrong. She should yield this unconditional obedience so early as not to be able, in any subsequent period of her life, to remember a single instance in which it ever occurred to her that she could do otherwise.

2. But the mother's *indecision* was the most strikingly manifest. She told the child to do something, and then stopped to argue with her the question of its propriety. Did she not know the truth of the old adage, in its application to this subject, "Give an inch, and an ell will be taken?" Did she not know that in opening the door to a discussion with the child, on a point she had settled at the outset, she put herself on a level with her, and, instead of occupying the high station of a *parent*, became, practically, an equal, or *companion*?

Had she discussed the subject in the first place, and issued her command afterward, the whole case would have been altered. In truth, I know of no objection to the latter course, unless it is so often repeated that the child expects it. Done occasionally, it might serve to show the reasonableness of the parent's conduct, and to establish, more firmly than before, the family authority. And yet no child who sets out right will require any such preliminaries. Her entire faith in the parent will preclude any necessity of this, in order to procure submission. It is only the child who is trained to pitched controversial battles with her parents, that cares much about hearing your explanations and reasons; but to her it is, as we have seen, that they are most ruinous.

On this point, however, I do not wish to be misunderstood. As soon as a child begins to manifest signs of reason in other matters, I would have her taught to reason on the subject before us. There is the same necessity that children should be early led to think and reason for themselves, as there is that we should first think *for* them, and that they should yield to us *an entire and unconditional submission*. This will never weaken our authority; but, if managed judiciously, will always serve to strengthen it.

What I would chiefly insist on, is, that there should never be any *after* words. We should not open the door to any. *No*, should always *mean* no, and should be final. So should *yes* be final. So should *do a thing*, or *avoid* it. In truth, the evils of a contrary course are almost innumerable.

The blessed consequences of training a child to unconditional submission are almost innumerable also. They refer both to this life, and that which is to come. I know how much has been said in favor of never breaking the will of a child, and I most cheerfully respond to it. But it is quite another thing to *bend* it — to lead it, by early habit, to that involuntary acquiescence of which I have spoken above. This should be done early, and at all hazards, and at all sacrifice. Let it be *bent* at the threshold of life, and no attempts to break it at a later period will often be found necessary.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh! still in thy loveliness, emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day.

Forgive and forget! there 's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;
And the best of us all require something concealing —
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive!
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;
Oh! how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,
If Heaven refused to forgive and forget?

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

EDITORIAL.

THIS truly magnificent structure, as represented in the engraving, was reared in Hyde Park, London, for the World's Fair. It is in the form of a parallelogram, being 1848 feet long, and 408 wide, with an addition on the north 936 feet in length and 48 in width. It is three stories high, the greatest elevation from the ground being 108 feet. The frame-work is iron, the sides and roof of glass set in iron sash-bars. Like Solomon's Temple, the materials were shaped before they were brought to the place, so that little else was requisite on the spot but to fit them together.

To this structure have been brought, for exhibition, articles from all the civilized nations of the earth; from the Yellow Sea and the Ganges in the East, to the Mississippi in the West; from Australia to California. The number of these articles is almost incredible, and the catalogue of them, printed in quarto form, and in double columns, makes a volume of three hundred and twenty pages! The most interesting specimen of mechanism is a Bible, printed in one hundred and thirty different languages! No other book was ever printed in one quarter part of the number of tongues.

The civil, moral, intellectual and social benefits which must accrue to the congregated multitudes, who have assembled from all parts of the globe to witness this spectacle, must surpass calculation.

The Crystal Palace suggests for contemplation another structure, far more spacious and glorious, whose light is like unto a stone, most precious, even like a jasper-stone, clear as crystal. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

ADVANTAGES OF STUDYING NATURE.

THE coloring of animals is an important part in their economy. I remember holding a conversation with a scientific friend, as remarkable for the originality of his genius as for his love of piscatorial pursuits, and the conversation turned upon what was the best dress to fish in. Perhaps you are aware that Izaak Walton says, that a fisherman must be a sad man dressed in a sober suit. My friend,

however, said that if he were to dress for fishing, he would put on a sky-blue coat and white waistcoat; he would dress "sky-fashion." Shortly after this conversation, while walking through a collection of aquatic birds, I was rather startled to find that they almost all wore blue coats and white waistcoats; almost all of them were dressed "sky-fashion;" and if you look at the heron you will see an illustration of this. Look at the sea-gulls, and you will find blue coats and white waistcoats upon them. Is not this astonishing? What could induce the little fish to come within the reach of the heron? Were he visible, depend upon it, the fishes would go in all directions; but on account of his color they are not able to perceive his presence. The color of birds will be found to be worth our attention. Colors, as I have said before, are invariably given for concealment. What, you will say, is the parrot colored for concealment? True, they are not colored for concealment, while they are in your cabinets, but put them in their native situations, and examine them there, and you will find that these brilliant colors are better defences than any more sober ones would be. Look at the heads of these creatures, and fancy them among the fruit-trees of tropical regions, and tell me if this gaudy plumage is not the best possible defence they could have. If you want a better illustration of this, look at the grouse of the northern regions. The feathers of the ptarmigan grouse are brown —the color of the heather in which it lives; and the eye of the sportsman will pass over it. But let the ground be covered with snow, and its color would make it a conspicuous object. What is to be done? No sooner does the snow begin to fall, than the ptarmigan takes off its summer coat, and puts on its winter great-coat, which is white instead of brown, and thus the grouse is equally secure in the winter as the summer.

A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE FIRE.

BY REV. W. NICHOLS.

EIGHTEEN years since, I entered the valley of the Mississippi, as a minister of Christ. Among the first who invited me to enjoy the hospitalities of his board, was a stern, hardy pioneer, whose rude log cabins, which were reared by the assistance of the red men of the forest, were still standing. He was now living in a large brick house,

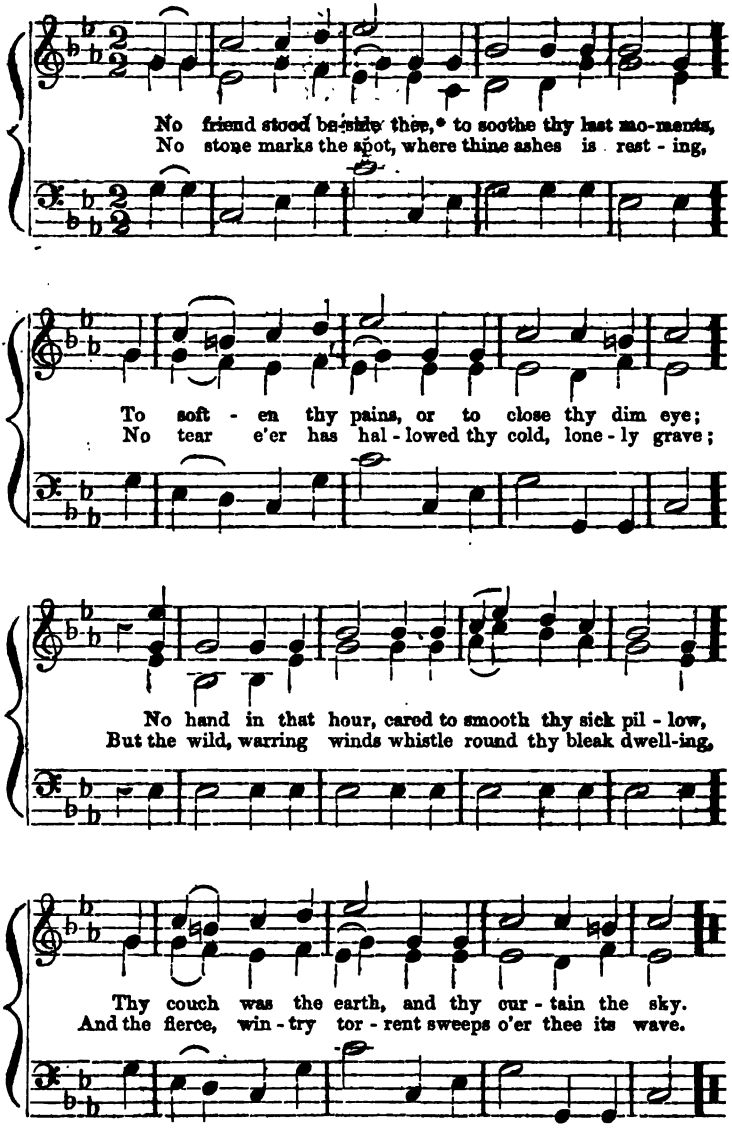
partly finished, and had, in his enclosed, cultivated fields, about four hundred acres, beside large pasture-grounds. He was once a resident in an eastern city, and had travelled in most of the States. Fifty-five winters had frosted his locks, which hung thinly about one of the most lively, expressive faces, seen among many thousands. As an officer, he led on to victory in battle when the enemy was six to one of his men. Habits of profaneness and intemperance had been contracted in the army. A residence of fifteen years, amid profane revelry, without a Sabbath, or the ministrations of the sanctuary, had done nothing to soften or refine this lion heart.

But there was one circumstance of unspeakable interest connected with the history of this headstrong unbeliever, and caviller against the religion of Jesus. The death-bed scene of a godly mother he could never forget. To a holy life she added the testimony of a death of triumph in the hope and faith of the gospel. I cannot do justice, from recollection, to the scene which made such an impression on his mind, that, through the many years of his wanderings from God, would often pass in fresh remembrance, and bring him to his knees in prayer. With flowing tears, he repeated the 17th Psalm, Watts' version, which his mother requested him to read at her bedside, just as she was entering the "glorious hour," the "blest abode." The seed, lodged in his heart at the age of nine years, though "buried long," was not lost. A minister, with a few of his church, visited that place. Meetings were held for a few days, and the Spirit of God seemed to guide the speaker. He attacked some of the peculiar positions of this caviller at truth, and won his heart to Christ.

After his conversion, he spent a great part of his time, for three months, in reading, praying and conversing on religious truth. He resolved to have a minister, if he supported him alone; he resolved to have a good meeting-house, if he had to build it alone. The first object he accomplished, and he was burning the brick for the meeting-house, when God called him, amid the triumphs of faith and hope, to a higher sphere of service.

Many facts of thrilling interest might be related of him, but none more affecting than his affectionate remembrance of a godly mother. When reflecting on her life and death, he was often constrained to get up in the night, and, on his knees, to beg for mercy, years before the great and happy change in his character took place.

MARTYN. 12s & 11s.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY WM. C. BROWN.

No friend stood be-side thee,* to soothe thy last mo-ments,
No stone marks the spot, where thine ashes is rest - ing,
To soft - en thy pains, or to close thy dim eye;
No tear e'er has hal - lowed thy cold, lone - ly grave;
No hand in that hour, cared to smooth thy sick pil - low,
But the wild, warring winds whistle round thy bleak dwell-ing,
Thy couch was the earth, and thy cur - tain the sky.
And the fierce, win - try tor - rent sweeps o'er thee its wave.

* Henry Martyn.

THE TITMOUSE.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANTS.

BY REV. EDWARD P. CUTTER.

THE MOTHER has a great work to do. An immortal spirit is placed under her hand, to be moulded for eternal being. This work she cannot commit to another. She must do it,—do it faithfully and well; for of her will the trust be required again by Him, who has loaned it for a brief season.

But in this great work she needs help, and earnestly desires it. Her time is short, there being but a brief season, interrupted by many perplexing cares and daily increasing hindrances, allowed her. The infant will soon be the man, thrown into the world to buffet with temptation and sin, and struggle with a heart, whose passions and lusts grow into early maturity and strength. The mother herself is not untouched of infirmity; she is "subject to like passions as others." Her duty may be left undone, or but partially done.

What, then, can she do *alone?* She brings to her work the deepest, purest love which ever sways the human heart. If love were always wise, or if it could control and bind *the loved*, as it does the *loving*, her work were well done. Its fruit were ripe on earth, ripe in heaven. But love does not always guide wisely. It is often blind where it should see, weak when it should be inflexible, and gentle when it should be stern; and thus, by partial, well-meant indulgence, ruins what it fondly desires to bless. The child, too, may escape its control, and, though his heart forgets not a mother's kindness, it may hate and throw off a mother's restraints. In his feverish desire to attain premature manhood, he may spurn the silken cords by which the loving mother seeks to draw him toward God and duty.

What mother has not deeply felt this, and, oppressed by her heavy burden, earnestly looked out of herself for some stronger arm to aid? Is she, then, left *alone?* Must she labor, not only in sorrow, but in loneliness, without sympathy and help? No! God never leaves the creature alone, either in labor or in conflict. It is his earliest teaching of human nature, even when man was in his best estate, that "it is not good for man to be alone." To man in Eden he brings the woman, his "helpmeet," bone of his bone, and, by the earliest and most hallowed relation of earth, they twain are one flesh. One

in joy and sorrow,—one in heart and home,—one in each change and event of life, they are mutual helpers. In one hour to them a child is given; and that child, weak, defenceless, dependent, is *not alone* in the world. A father, a mother, with ready welcome, "take it up." It is *their* child, committed to their hand, and of *them* will the trust be required again. The mother is not *alone;* the father is her natural, God-appointed "assistant" in the nurture of the little one, who bears the image of them twain. The mother, indeed, from her peculiar office to the child in infancy, and her seclusion in the quiet home, but rarely absent from her babe, may exercise the most important influence in early years. But he who leaves her *alone*, who does not in sympathy, in labor, and in prayer, prove himself the faithful "assistant" in training aright the child, to whom they mutually sustain a parent's relation, forgets his own position and responsibility. How much more guilty is he who opposes her gentle influences, and devotes to the world the child whom the pious mother would fain consecrate, in its earliest bloom and beauty, to God! How often, by such neglect or opposition, are her prayers hindered, and her spiritual teachings effaced from the child's memory, through the unfaithfulness of him, whose duty to herself and *their* child alike demands that he join with her in prayer and instruction!

It were well, then, that the father's duty were more urgently pressed, for with him, we believe, the greater unfaithfulness will generally be found. Many a wearied, toiling mother, who labors early and late to train her little charge in the fear of God, and is left to labor *alone*, is ofttimes discouraged and disheartened, as the popular periodicals and books on family education fall under her eye, and she reads page on page, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," on a mother's obligations and duties, without a word or intimation that implies the child may have another parent, who is under equal bonds with herself to educate the little one for heaven. She turns sadly from the oft-repeated page, and wonders why the burden should fall wholly on the mother, when God has given to the child *two* parents; and, beside, has constituted the father as head of the household. The father, on his part, too readily slips off his responsibility, either with careless sneer, "I leave the training of the babies to the woman; that is her appropriate business;" or with more respectful plea, "I trust the education of my children to the mother; and I give myself no trouble about it, for I know

she is faithful." These ideas seem to prevail widely in the community; for we have circulating, in large numbers, such works as "The Mother's Assistant," "The Mother's Magazine," "The Mother's Journal," "The Mother's Friend," et cetera; while the father is left out of sight, as though his obligations and duties were comparatively of no importance. We have, therefore, endeavored to point out his position. We would yield the mother the first place, especially in training infancy and childhood. She has more admirable tact and skill in conveying instruction to the infant mind, more patience and perseverance, as well as more constant intercourse, to instil the lessons of wisdom, that they may fall as rain upon the tender herb, drop by drop, as they are able to bear it. But she must not be left *alone*. The father, in all that relates to the child's education, must be the "mother's assistant."

Happy is that mother, who ever finds in her husband a true-hearted "assistant," with ready sympathy, sweet counsel, earnest prayer, and wholesome authority, to aid her in the arduous labor of training her little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She is blessed and is a blessing in her home.

As her children advance from infancy to childhood, the mother may find other "assistants" in her great work. She sends her little ones to school on the week day and on the Sabbath. The teachers, if faithful, are only "mothers' assistants." The true education is home education, and the great teacher is the mother. It is her eye which must guide, her hand that must mould the manners and habits of the child. And yet, a good teacher may lend her efficient aid. But no other teacher can occupy her place. Even in the Sabbath school the teacher is thus subordinate. For we would give more for a mother's home teaching, if she is true to God herself, than for all the instruction given at the Sabbath school without such maternal guidance. We would not, however, undervalue either, but let each keep its place. The Sabbath school teacher knows very well how much the order and prosperity of her class depend on the mother at home. It is the mother who helps to prepare them in their lessons, reads to them their books, and by many "a word in season," dropped during the week, fixes on their minds the instructions given during the brief hour of the Sabbath school. It is the mother who "teaches their infant lips to pray," and whose early watchings have guided them toward God, and inclined them to hear

the teacher's voice, speaking of Jesus and heaven. She may not now relax her labor, because she has placed these children within the Sabbath school. She *alone* is their mother, and cannot transfer her obligations to another. She, however, gladly accepts a helping hand; and is grateful for any aid which may offer. The teacher offers such aid; she thankfully welcomes it, and more than repays by the deep, earnest prayer, with which she follows the precious charge, pleading for the Spirit's blessing to reward the teacher in the salvation of her pupils.

All the aids which offer in the sanctuary are precious to a mother. She goes to the house of God, not alone, but with her little ones gathered round her. For them, as for herself, she prays that "the word preached" may profit; and seeks, by many a word of comment, to fix in the memory the truth spoken. All these provisions of God are "mothers' assistants." Who prizes them more highly than the pious mother, or more fervently blesses God, that, amid "temptations and sins pressing hard," to draw her loved ones down to death, she is not left to labor *alone* for their salvation; that, to a world lying in wickedness, there remain a Sabbath, a sanctuary, a ministry of reconciliation? Shut out from these, she were, indeed, *alone*, —a poor, feeble woman,—guarding her precious flock against mighty foes.

There is another invaluable "assistant" to the mother, and it never fails in the hour of need. It is the blessed comforter, the sure counsellor, THE BIBLE, God's own guide, amid the mazes of this life, in the way to life eternal; emphatically the "mother's own book." It is full in promise to strengthen her weak and desponding faith; and rich in wisdom to enlighten her doubting and tried spirit. It cheers her heart, and assures her that, though she sow in tears, she may reap in joy. In its teachings, "the way, the truth, and the life" are revealed to her soul; the way of peace, the truth of God, and the life eternal, laid open to her mind, so that she can unfold them to her children. There is no book so precious to the mother as the Bible. There is none so adapted to aid her in quickening and forming the mind and heart of her offspring.

Simple and easy to be understood, with all the interest without the gloss of fiction, the beautiful stories of Scripture, when taught by a mother's lips, are ever the sweetest lessons for infancy and childhood. How fondly we remember them still! The lapse of years,

marked by many vicissitudes and cares, has left their impression fresh and green. They shall fade only when memory dies. How easily we run back to childhood's happy hour, and are again by the mother's knee, and she reads to us from the "big book;" and, by simple question, teaches us who was the first man; who the oldest man; who built the ark; and so on to the traitor disciple and the great apostle to the Gentiles. We love, in our own quiet home, at the still twilight hour, to listen while the mother, with our own sweet babe on her knee, repeats these simple teachings, for it carries us back, and we throw off the burden of manhood, and are "a boy again." The mother and the Bible! how close the association! the two richest gifts of God linked as one in our heart of hearts.

The Bible is a fountain of life all along our pilgrimage. But it never is more pure or refreshing than when drawn by a mother's hand, amid the little group of children, in the quiet, peaceful seclusion of the nursery. What could she do without it? We know not anything which could replace the histories, so beautifully written in the Old Testament, of Cain, in angry hate, lifting his hand against his own innocent brother; of Noah, building the ark, and safely floating on the mighty waters, that wrapped the mountains in their depths; of Isaac, meekly bearing the wood after his father, in childhood's simplicity, wondering where the lamb is for the sacrifice; of Joseph, beloved of his father, but hated by his brethren, sold into captivity, cast into prison, raised next the throne, and saving his father and brethren in the years of famine; of Moses, laid in the frail ark of bulrushes by the waters, and snatched thence to become the leader of Israel; of Samson, the mighty man of strength; of David, the warrior boy, smiting the giant of Gath with a stone from a shepherd's sling; of Daniel in the den of lions; "and what shall I say more? for time would fail me to tell" of Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Jonah, and many others, whose names are "as household words," familiar from our earliest years, written on memory by a mother's teaching, "to live there while we live, to die only when we die;" whose wonderful histories are our earliest impressions of the Book of God, and first led us to love its page, and desire to study its wisdom.

We must not, however, omit the beautiful narratives of the Gospel, and the Acts of the apostles. "The mystery of godliness" is there, —"God manifest in the flesh." The babe in the manger; the

angels, the shepherds, the wise men from the East; the boy disputing in the temple; the man preaching, doing good, healing the sick, and blessing little children; the good teacher hated, betrayed, denied, crucified, rising from the tomb, and ascending into heaven, where he now reigns a Prince and Saviour. How sweetly the mother weaves the story of the babe, without home or cradle, and teaches the eager, listening group that this was the Son of God, who came into the world to suffer and die for lost men! How naturally she draws out the lesson of their sin and his love! Deep is the truth written on their young minds, the story of Jesus born at Bethlehem. Sweetly they fold their hands to pray, and the mother sings by their cradle,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

"How much better thou 'rt attended,
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

"Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay."

With equal skill the mother tells of the cruel death, the crown of thorns, the purple robe, the nail, the spear, the vinegar and gall. She repeats it after the Bible, marking each minute incident in truthful coloring, and thus fastens it on the tender mind. The death on the cross, as she tells it, leaves no room for doubting; we see the print of the nails in the hand, the wound of the spear in the side. How beautifully, too, she shows us the widow of Nain, the Syrophenician mother, the bereaved family at Bethany, and Jesus drying their tears; or that scene, so precious to a mother's heart, where he takes little children to his arms and blesses them! With what deep seriousness, if the little one has told a lie, she tells of Ananias and Sapphira! This is truth; we feel it, we believe. It is childhood's simple faith in a mother's teachings from the word of God. Would that, in riper years, it were never mingled with "philosophy falsely so called," that, "by its subtlety, corrupts our minds from the simplicity

that is in Christ." We would be as "little children," and sit as trustingly at Jesus' feet as by a mother's knee.

To the Bible the mother may ever turn as an "assistant." It is a choice repository of "stories," full of truth, and ever fresh in interest to childhood. It quickens the mind, and forms the heart. Let her make it familiar in every part, and draw out its facts, precepts, counsels and doctrines, as they are able to bear them. From the first dawnings of the infant mind to its noon-day strength, here are lessons she may impart. It is a blessed provision God has made for her. She is not left to her unassisted powers. God speaks from her heart and by her lips. The mother is not *alone*, cannot be *alone*, now the Bible is put into her hands.

The helps we have noticed are but instrumentalities. They need an agent to impart life and power. Alone, they fail to accomplish the desired end. To these, therefore, another and a mightier "Helper" is added, who works by them and with them, to renew the heart unto life eternal. It is the Spirit of the living God, graciously pledged to all who seek him by fervent, effectual prayer. "He helps our infirmities;" he remembers each laborer in the vineyard, the mother in her secluded home as well as the minister in his wider pastoral field. To whom is the promise of his aid more precious than to her, who watches for souls in the nursery of home? Who prays more earnestly for the Spirit's blessing on herself and her charge, than the mother? A mother's prayers! have we not all learned to associate them with a faith which never falters, with an importunity that never keeps silence, with an urgency that will not be denied, with a perseverance that will not let God go, till he bless her children? The praying mother is our "Israel, for as a prince, she has power with God, and prevails."

With what intense interest does woman often regard the hour when a child shall be committed to her hand; and, even before that hour, seek for herself and for him the baptism of the Holy Ghost! This feeling is beautifully expressed in the following passage from the Memoir of Samuel J. Mills:—"Could we, without sacrilege, enter the sanctuary of a mother's bosom, we might whisper a tale, which would account for the distinguished usefulness, with which God has condescended to favor some of the best of men. Many a godly mother can say, 'I have had peculiar solicitudes respecting *this* child. Even before its birth, I dedicated it to the Lord, and then engaged

that it should be unreservedly devoted to his glory. And when the little immortal was committed to my arms, with many prayers and tears did I renew my engagements, till it was strongly impressed on my mind, that God heard my cry, and accepted my offering.' Here the mother flies to the strong tower, and enters into the secret of the Almighty. She rejoices that she is not *alone;* the Father is with her. Such an hour she can never forget. She now looks on the child as not her own; for she has given him to God, and, by God's help, she will train him for God. She has marked out her rule of life, and may say with pious Hannah, 'For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him; therefore, also, I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord.'"

The feeling is too deeply implanted ever to die in the mother's heart. It is the secret spring of her ceaseless, importunate prayer. It keeps alive her faith in every dark, desponding hour. She abides by the altar, and dwells under the shadow of the cherubim. She lightens her burden by prayer, and labors on, praying still as she labors,—"hoping on, hoping ever." Her hope is not without foundation, for no more prevailing suppliant ever approached the mercy seat, than the mother pleading for the souls of her children. It is the prayer of the heart — the whole heart. She waits for the answer. She expects it; she cannot, *will not*, be denied. She watches with eager interest for some token that the Spirit is moving on the hearts of her children, and in secret places prays, as in agony of soul, that the grace of God may not be bestowed in vain. How solemn to her the hour, when a child struggles against the conviction of sin, and resists the hand which would draw him to Jesus! She may speak but few words to him, but her lips are open before God, and she pours out her heart in strong crying and tears. It is related of Samuel J. Mills, that, when he was fifteen years of age, "his attention was powerfully arrested, during a season of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon his native town." "Such were his views of his own sinfulness, so severe his distress, and so bitter his opposition to God, that he would sometimes break out in expressions of unyielding rebellion." "Such was his state of mind for many months, and such it continued, when the revival began to decline, and when it was gone by!" Two full years he remained in this dismal frame of mind, still refusing to bow at the footstool of mercy; and, to adopt

his own sentiment, "at heart still cursing the day in which he was born." He was about to leave home for a season, when his mother, "ever anxious for her son, and never more than now, took an opportunity of inquiring into the state of his mind, and begged him to make an ingenuous disclosure of his feelings. For a moment he was silent and wept; but his heart was too full long to suppress the emotions produced by so affecting a request. He raised his head, and, with eyes streaming with tears, exclaimed, 'O that I had never been born! O that I had never been born! For two years I have been sorry God ever made me.'" What reply could such a mother make at such a disclosure? It was given her in that same hour what she should speak: "My son," said she, "you *are* born, and you can never throw off your existence, nor your everlasting accountability for all your conduct." The mother was not left *alone;* her love might have blinded her, and whispered comfort to her sorrow-stricken son. The Spirit came to her aid, and spoke by her lips, driving the arrow deeper into the rebellious heart.

Thus they parted; the boy to go on his journey with a heavy spirit, and the mother, where could she go? But one spot invited her presence. Thither she hastened. "The farewell to his mother drove her to her knees. There is such a thing as special faith in prayer. It was such to this dear saint, when she went to plead for her poor son. She felt his sorrows and her own, and God was pleased not only to show her that all her help was in him, but to enable her to feel that to him could her heart turn as her only God in covenant, and from him could it find unutterable relief. She did not leave her closet till she found the full relief she sought, and till her mind was confidently assured that God would remember mercy for her child!" Her confidence was not misplaced; she looked in the right quarter for aid, for on that very morning, light broke on the troubled mind of her child. The Lord met him in the way, while he was journeying, and revealed his perfections in such beauty and glory as subdued the enmity of his heart, and led him to cry out, "O, glorious sovereignty! O, glorious sovereignty!" The mother's prayer was answered while she was yet speaking.

This is a memorable example of the mother taking hold of the strength of God. What in such an hour could she do *alone?* Whose aid had availed aught, but that of the Spirit, who turns the hearts of men as rivers of water? All other "assistants" in such

an hour are forgotten. The father's sympathy, the word of truth, the teaching of the sanctuary, are but means; the hour demands more than these, "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." From all these earthly appliances the mother turns, and takes hold on the horns of the altar. She reaches forth "to the promise of the Father." "My child! my child!" she pleads. "O God, may my child live before thee!" God draws near; the suppliant mother is not *alone;* He raises her up. He speaks words of comfort: "Go in peace! thy child liveth."

It is well, then, for the mother to feel her weakness, and shrink from laboring *alone.* The feeling leads her to the great "Helper." God, in the experience of her own heart, and of the hearts of her children, is ever teaching the lesson, "Without me, ye can do nothing." She finds daily occasions to mourn the infirmities of her own spirit, and the early risings of passion and sin in the tempers of her little ones; she trembles in view of the temptations which await them in the world, and is sick at heart to mark how easily, with increasing years, are effaced early impressions of God and Christ, and the spirit departs further from the way of salvation. What, then, can she do? Her children seem escaping from her power; what power can bind them; what hand *can* save? But one hope offers. It is in God. She flies to him, and is helped. She pleads, but not *alone.* "The Spirit also helpeth her infirmities, and maketh intercession for her with groanings that cannot be uttered." If ever this beautiful promise is fulfilled to the very letter, we believe it is in the hour when the agonizing mother pours out her heart unto God, in pleadings for her children. Hence her fervency, her faith, her perseverance. The fire on the altar never goes out; it is kindled from heaven, and fanned by the breath of the Spirit. Hence, too, the rich blessing which follows a mother's prayer. The great day of revelation, when it breaks off the seals of the books, and opens to the eye the answers granted to those who pray in secret, will unclose no brighter nor fuller page, than the record of children blessed by a mother's supplication. Even here we read many portions of the page. We know the prayer whose return reached the heart of Augustine, of Newton, of Mills, of Cecil, and many others, "bright and shining lights" in the church. In heaven alone shall we read the entire page. "Now we know but in part," yet know enough to cheer the

heart of every mother, and lead her to seek help where help may surely be found.

To each mother we say, then, You are not *alone*. It is no unmeaning word we speak, when we bring to you the "mother's assistant." If all others fail, God will never leave nor forsake thee. When he says, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages," the promise is full of meaning. He will surely pay thee thy wages; not only when thy work is done, and thou standest at his right hand, happiest among the happy, with all thy loved ones circling round, and givest account for thy stewardship, in those sweet words, Lord, here am I and the children thou hast given me; but He will pay thee now day wages whilst thou art doing thy work. With each day's toil he will give strength, and under pressing discouragement will raise thee up "assistants" to stay thy hand and cheer thy heart. Nay, more; He will come himself to thy aid in his word and his Spirit. Call upon Him—pray in faith, nothing doubting; thy prayers are heard, thy tears remembered. Thy God will pay thee thy wages, and, by his blessing, thou and thine shall enter life eternal.

WILD FLOWERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY A YOUNG LADY

"——— born to blush unseen."

There are flowers that grow in the untrodden glade,
'Neath the long, tangled grass, or the vine-woven shade,
Whose charms to *man's* vision are never unveiled,
Whose fragrance no mortal has ever inhaled,—
Not created for naught is their beautiful bloom,
Nor lavished in vain their delicious perfume.

For the messenger spirits from regions of light,
As earthward they speed on their love-guided flight,
Pause on their swift pinions to gaze on the flowers,
That "blush" all "unseen," in the wilderness bowers,—
Delighted they bend o'er the blossoms so fair,
For the finger of Him whom they worship is there.

Then, happy the flowers of the unexplored wood,
Undreamed of, unsought in their wild solitude;
Too pure for humanity's eye to behold!
'Neath the bright glance of angels their petals unfold.
Oh, blest is the boon to humility given!
The unnoticed of earth are the favored of heaven.

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Now, glancing down "the aisles of coming years," life seems but a point. May you all so live, that when earthly scenes are fading, you may cling to the Rock of Ages! May you all share in the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" above, join the triumphant anthems of heavenly music there, and shine forever in the glorious light gleaming from the eternal throne of uncreated Omnipotence!

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Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
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WOMAN'S SPHERE OF ACTION

BY JAMES THOMSON.

This be the female dignity and praise;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
To make well-ordered home man's best delight;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:

THE ORPHAN.

BY MISS ELIZA JENKINS.

ALONE! and the young head was bowed upon the hands again,
While through the slender fingers gushed the falling tears like rain;
And closer fell the dark-fringed lids, as though he fain would press
Back to his heart its bitter grief, its utter hopelessness.

Yet beautiful, how beautiful was that fair summer scene!
With glancing wave, and sunlight glow, and turf of varied green,
And flowers with soft and dewy eyes, whose fragrant breath was given
Unto the air until it rose like incense unto heaven.

A murmur, as of spirit tones, was in the leaves above;
The soft, low wind came to his cheek with wooing breath of love,
Striving to cool, with gentle touch, his cheek's deep, burning glow;
Parting the dark and heavy curls from off his aching brow.

And near him then there came a gush of wild, sweet music ringing,
As if some heart its notes of joy upon the air was flinging;
Tones to have made that young heart thrill in happier days gone by,
But now he moved not, — all were naught, — sunshine and melody.

Thine is a bitter lot, fair child, — there is no father's eye
To kindle at thy coming step, and watch thee silently;
No mother's heart to beat for thee, with fervent love and pure,
The gentlest and the holiest, the longest to endure.

Thou must go forth with timid steps the world's wild storms to brave,
Tossed like a fair and fragile flower upon the ocean wave;
And that young heart, that thrills and aches at every careless tone,
How will it bear its heavy load so utterly alone?

ALONE! how on the weary heart falleth that mournful word!
As if the depths of bitterness were by its breathing stirred,
To go forth sad and sorrowing, longing for one kind smile,
One voice to say, "God bless thee," yet finding none the while.

To wander 'mid the busy crowd, to see the throng go by,
And vainly search among them all to find one kindly eye;
To watch the smiles on beaming lips, yet know they 're not for thee,
And feel, when words of love are breathed, thine own they may not be.

Oh! it is sweet in hours like this, when life seems hard to bear,
To turn the tearful eye to heaven, and see a Father there;
To feel, although no earthly heart is answering to thy own,
That while thy Father lives and smiles, thou canst not be alone.

GIVING AND RECEIVING PRESENTS.

BY DR. WM. A. ALCOTT.

THE great lesson, it is more blessed to give than to receive, must be enforced at the threshold of life. How vain is it to expect that after years of drilling in the opposite doctrine, viz., it is more blessed to receive than to give, we should expect a few set lessons, either from the pulpit or elsewhere, should be the favored instrumentalities of high Heaven in making mankind benevolent!

We need not hold forth the doctrine that it is *not* blessed to receive. The apostle says no such thing. Our Saviour says no such thing. There is a blessedness in receiving. But the great evil is, that mankind, as a general rule, rest here, at this precise point. The blessedness of receiving, — an inferior sort of blessedness, — is all they know. They have no conception, by happy experience, of anything more elevated. They have not been accustomed to it. They have been miseducated.

As one example of this kind, we might instance the custom of receiving presents at Christmas, New Year's, &c., and on birth-days. It is obvious, of course, that if our children *receive* presents on these days, somebody must *give* them. But, in general, the giving is done by persons who are older, who have already been educated to the great and fashionable doctrine of receiving; so that they are not much affected, in any way, by their gifts. Besides the young practically claim them, and the more advanced in life practically concede the justice of the claim. So that these gifts are *not* gifts, after all, as the matter now stands; they are the mere fulfilment of an obligation, either real or supposed, and are practically regarded so by both parties. They, at least, who receive the gifts, have no thought of any benevolence about it.

The whole thing should be reversed. Because we have been receiving all our lives long, — from birth to six, eight, ten, or twelve years of age, — till we have become already very deeply indebted to our parents and friends, is this a sufficient reason for being willing to be laid under still greater and deeper obligations? What is it but the most downright selfishness?

Let the young be trained, from the first, to *give* something on

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> Cast over other hearts its cheering ray."

Not the mere intellectual, clear, cold, and shining as the ice mount clothed with brilliants; but those with hearts learned in the school of Him who went about relieving human suffering, "ready for every good word and work."

Let such be your ensamples; and in all coming years, whether your path be with sunlight and rejoicings, or if the deep, dark shadows come, and hope deferred, and pain are yours, ever remember your moral power, and that, to make it effectual as a blessing, your hearts must be right. Ever keep in remembrance, that those "who touch the strings that rule the soul," will be responsible for the music of that harp which performs but its prelude here, which reserves its full strain for the eternal world.

Now, glancing down "the aisles of coming years," life seems but a point. May you all so live, that when earthly scenes are fading, you may cling to the Rock of Ages! May you all share in the "joy unspeakable and full of glory" above, join the triumphant anthems of heavenly music there, and shine forever in the glorious light gleaming from the eternal throne of uncreated Omnipotence!

QUEEN ANNE.

EDITORIAL.

In the above engraving we have a representation of the last sovereign of the house of Stuart. Anne, the second daughter of James II., was born 1664, and ascended the English throne 1702. She married Prince George, brother to the King of Denmark, and became the mother of seventeen children, all of whom died young. During her reign, England and Scotland were united under the name of *Great Britain*, and the important place of Gibraltar added to her dominions. Her reign was distinguished alike for the brilliant success of the British arms, and as the golden age of English literature. Though of moderate capacity, she was an excellent wife and mother. The goodness of her disposition secured for her the title of the *Good Queen Anne.*

AN EPISTOLARY FRAGMENT.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

I AM going to translate for you one of the parables of Krummacher, which I have just been reading in German. You cannot but be struck with its poetic beauty, even in the imperfect reflex of an English rendering. It is entitled,

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Twined in each other's arms, like brothers, the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death wandered through the earth. It was evening. They reclined upon a hill-side not far from the abodes of men. A melancholy silence reigned around; even the vesper-bells in the distant villages were mute.

Then the Angel of Slumber arose from his mossy couch, and with gentle hand scattered the invisible influences of sleep. The evening winds wafted them to the dwellings of the weary husbandmen. Now sweet sleep embraced the inmates of the cottages, from the old man who leans upon his staff to the babe in the cradle. The sufferer forgot his pain, the mourner his grief, the poor man his care. All eyes were closed.

His task fulfilled, the Angel of Sleep returned to his brother. "When the red morning breaks," cried he, in cheerful innocence, "then will men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh, what joy to do good in secret, and unseen! How happy are we, invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful our silent vocation!" Thus spake the Angel of Slumber.

The Angel of Death looked upon him with silent sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large, dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "that I cannot rejoice, like you, in the hope of gratitude! Earth calls me her enemy, and the destroyer of her happiness!"

"O, my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "will not the good man, when he awakes, own thee his benefactor and friend, and gratefully bless thee? Are we not brothers, and messengers of one Father?"

The eyes of the Death-Angel glistened, and the brother spirits tenderly embraced.

Do you not like it, dear Helen? I think the delineation of the Death-Angel very beautiful. His large, dark eyes dimmed with tears, because earth calls him her foe,— grieved that his ministry is not, like that of his brother, a welcome one to men. How much better than the portraiture, which makes him a fearful, fleshless form, with the scythe in his bony hand, delighting to despoil and destroy! It is singular, that while the Pagan Greeks represented Death as a beautiful youth, the twin-brother of Sleep, he should have been transformed by Christian poets into a skeleton fiend, "the king of terrors." Surely it should not be so. As old Owen Felltham says, "Well looked into, Death is rather lovely than a monster. It is fancy gives him those hideous shapes we think him in. It is a soft and easy nothing, the cessation of life's functions, action's absence, and nature's smooth repose."

Another German, — the poet Salis, — has given us as beautiful a portrait of death as this of Krummacher's. You have, doubtless, seen Longfellow's translation of the poem, in which it occurs; but I will, nevertheless, quote it:

"For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the silent Land!"

* * * * *

WOMAN'S SPHERE OF ACTION

BY JAMES THOMSON.

This be the female dignity and praise;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten nature's dainties; in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
To make well-ordered home man's best delight;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:

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OUR HAPPY HOMES.

BY REV. GEORGE COOK.

WHAT makes them such?

I. *Protection.* How many guardian angels are appointed to watch around our houses and shield our enjoyments!

The stoutest arm and heart is weakness itself, in the maintainance of domestic prosperity, without those protective influences which are provided in just and appropriate laws; the efficiency of a righteous and energetic government; in those institutions which sustain a healthful standard of public virtue; in that adjustment of rights and duties between citizen and citizen, neighbor and neighbor, which precludes ruinous contentions; in the free culture of those arts which subdue the ills of poverty; in the free course of those streams of light and love from the school and the church, which make the family companionable, not as animals, but as intelligent and amiable helpers in the journey of life; in the constant flow of those treasures of earth and sky, which secure competence to industry; and those dews of heaven descending from the throne of the GREAT PROTECTOR, whose eye watches, and whose love penetrates the abodes of men.

Some theorists upon the origin and progress of human government, tell us that the first development of a State is found in a social compact, formed for mutual *protection*, — protection against avarice, lust, robbery, murder, and such foes to domestic security as are liable to spring up at any time from the recognised depravity of the human heart, — protection against the disasters of war, and the ravages of wild beasts, and all such evils as can be averted by the combined wisdom and strength of an organized society.

In a neighborhood of citizens there are, as commonly distinguished, the strong and the weak; those whose force of natural endowments, or whose acquisition of place and influence, cause them to be regarded, and who even regard themselves, as, in some sense, the protectors of their weaker and more dependent neighbors.

II. *Easy conditions of subsistence. My* house, *my* land, *my* herds and flocks, *my* home. Be it ever so homely, if it is *my* home, I am greatly blessed. How is it that I can say *mine*, so confidently and joyously?

God has given me health. I have been able to labor. My parents and the example of the community taught me industry, and the methods by which industry might be rewarded. There have been no casualties disastrous to my success, through the merciful dispensation of my Heavenly Father.

The state has not drafted me for war; it has protected my industry, it has wisely adjusted the principles of commerce, and regulated the conditions of traffic, so that I could buy and sell with safety; and that steady and well-ordered course of social life, which is directed by the educational and religious influences about me, has placed me upon a platform of mutual trust and confidence with my neighbors.

Seed-time and harvest, rain and sun, in the beneficence of the Almighty, have prospered my efforts. I have shelter for myself and my loved ones; I have food and clothing for their comfort, and more or less of those advantages which secure not merely the life and health, but the education and refinement, of my family.

My home is a happy one, because we suffer not from want; because we are not at the mercy of heartless landlords, who might at any time thrust us out of doors. It is a happy one, because we can subsist so comfortably as a family.

How our land is favored above others in the abundance and availableness of the means of subsistence! What person, who has health and energy, may not easily gather the common comforts of home?

Labor rapidly gains what, in many countries, a life-time of toil can hardly attain, namely, the means of family support. To how many wanderers on the face of the earth, to how many starving poor, to how many whom necessity has sundered from their families, and consigned to solitary toil among strangers, this one aspect of home has the charms of a perfect paradise! They hardly care to look beyond the merely comfortable subsistence which might suffer husband and wife, brothers, sisters, parents and children, to gather and abide under their own vine and fig-tree; and in their destitution and separation, they would ask no more, if their industry could only sustain them together in a pleasant home.

With no onerous taxes to cripple the limbs of industry; with no foraging armies consuming the hard-earned harvest; with no system of exclusive land-holding; with no fear of rapacious robbers, in high places or in low, and no natural impediments in soil or climate to the

ready acquisition of the means of subsistence, — our land ought to abound in happy homes; and so it does.

While the closets of statesmen and the halls of Congress are burdened by the responsibility, with all its overwhelming solemnities, of conducting our grand "experiment" of government to the goal of hope, cheap land, good ploughs, and good hoes, are stealing the march upon their lucubrations, and giving to our body politic a capital constitution; not a paper one, but a real one; having a genius, not savoring of lamp-smoke and eight-dollar-a-day speeches, but of pure nature; a spirit resident, by the appointment of God, in this beautiful earth, and spontaneous from the furrow.

Cheap land and good ploughs make happy homes, and a nation of happy homes is bound to be great and prosperous.

III. *Education.* Protection and the means of subsistence are indispensable to happy homes. But the mere security of our homes against external harms, or the mere supply of bodily wants, hardly deserve to be ranked among the elements of domestic happiness itself. The log-hut, with potatoes, buttermilk and salt, may be a happier home than the palace with its army of liveried servants. Wealth has very little to do with happy homes, but education has greatly to do with them.

Education is not merely the acquisition of knowledge, nor is it chiefly the discipline which strengthens memory, judgment, and the various faculties of the mind. It is that training which fits the man for usefulness and happiness; the development and cultivation of his varied capacities and of his better nature. That man is the best educated who can make the most of life, — who has best learned to turn the materials of his observation and experience to account, in promoting the good of his fellow-men, and perfecting his own character.

The first and most permanent educational influences are exerted at home. The child receives from parental example, instruction, approbation and reproof, and its fundamental ideas of the objects, the proprieties, and the amiabilities of life. The discipline of the mind and heart has commenced and progressed, long before the book and the school exert their direct influence. Yet the school, and the influences which the school sustains in the community, have guided parental instruction and example, and actually determined, to a great degree, the character of that home discipline.

But the child, now, himself, *at school*, receives new stimulus to mental activity; his reasoning powers are developed; and, in proportion as the school is what it should be, his whole nature is improved. Along with the growth of his understanding is the growth of all those attributes which give dignity to his being, and a purer and more elevated zest to his pleasures. Children reared under liberal and elevated educational influences, both at home and in society, become objects of greater domestic interest. Intercourse at the fireside is attractive, as it never can be in the abodes of ignorance.

Mutual respect, in addition to that mutual affection which is a mere instinct, gives zest to all the commingling offices of home employment.

Good educational influences have to do not only with the interchange of *thought* in the family, (which is itself a fountain of pleasure,) but with all those particulars of deportment, which an enlightened regard to mutual happiness will always require.

As the eye is animated by the active movements of the mind, and made to speak with silent eloquence the thoughts which stir the soul, so the whole deportment takes the forms which harmonise with the intelligence and cultivated sensibilities of the mind.

The word *refinement* sometimes suggests to one mind certain fashionable elegances of expression and action, which so smack of affectation as to be disgusting to frank common sense; to another it intimates advantages which wealth alone can command; to another it raises images of flowers in tasteful vases, and pretty keepsakes, and sentimental rhymes.

But what is true refinement? Its basis is good common sense, and in its development in speech, dress and deportment, it is simply common sense, adopting those methods which a sincere regard to the happiness of others requires. It shuns what is offensive, and despises what is mean. It cherishes whatever deserves respect, and will, at the same time, in the simplest and most unaffected manner, please. Its pleasures are of that class which lead the mind away from all that is grovelling, selfish, or rude, and leave it with self-respect, when the seasons of enjoyment are over.

There is a vast range of such attainments in the families of a land of schools. No two mothers, even with equal capacities for educat-

ing their children with books, will make just the same attainments in that cultivation which is called refinement.

There can be no standard of perfection in domestic education, any more than there can be a standard of mental and general perfection in individual men. But the general influence of education upon *happy homes* is none the less appreciable or marked. Where would you choose to be placed for your *enjoyment?* In a family which you suppose to be more or less cultivated in manners and intelligence than your own? If your child must leave home, to be received into the bosom of another family, you would choose, if you had the liberty, that family which is characterized by the superior intelligence and refinement, other things being equal.

The particulars of home happiness resulting from liberal means of education, are too numerous to be specified here; but what person, who has entered many family dwellings, cannot testify to their influence in making happy homes?

This is a land of schools, and the influences springing from them, in the respect now contemplated, are not to be estimated by the intelligence and refinement at our firesides alone. The appreciation of what is just and good, beautiful and noble, which is spoken in the public voice around us, is also a source of home happiness of precious value to every family. And along with the thrift of schools, every *art* and *custom* which tend to increase the pleasure of the fireside, and uphold systematized efforts for home improvement, take root and thrive.

The blessings of education make us happy homes.

IV. *Religion.* Many of the virtues and graces which dignify and sweeten domestic intercourse, are found existing in individuals and in families who are not ranked among the religious, in the common acceptation of that term. But they are none the less to be traced to the instructions and examples of Christianity, amid which the family was reared. Just as we have no state religion, that is, no *state doctrines*, defining the belief, the spirit or the practices which men should adopt in the worship of God; yet the laws and the principles of public and private morality belonging to the State proper may, with no less distinctness, be recognized as the peculiar result of Christianity.

The law of love, as developed in the gospel of the Son of God, and constantly illustrated and enjoined by the institutions of religion,

affects all men and households throughout the Christian community; and no abode can be found, however destitute of the distinctive Christian spirit, which is not actually entered by many influences from the Bible, the Sabbath school, or the pulpit, to make it a happier home than it would be if located in a heathen or an infidel land. But where there are Christian mothers, Christian fathers, brothers, sisters and children trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, where the themes of religion engage the minds, and the spirit of religion fills the hearts of those who are so closely linked in the journey of life, in addition to the other constituents of the happy home already enumerated, it becomes an earnest of *that Happy Home*, where purity and love eternally reign.

Religion makes our homes happy. If those precious bonds of common interest in Christ, which make the family, as well as the church, "perfect in love," do not exist, still those virtues and graces which religion enjoins, stand like sentinels at the doors of our lips, hover in angel forms around our domestic boards, penetrate to the secret chambers of our thoughts to chasten or restrain the impulses of lust and passion, and always whisper to every conscience the *accents*, and force in some way upon every eye the *beauties* of a higher and better life than the appetites of the flesh can conceive.

They distil a fragrance upon the charities of life. Every home is a *happier* home for the blessings of a religion, which, if it cannot be enthroned on the family altar, still throws its light and beauty, with the perseverance of determined love, into the very darkest dwellings.

Now, think of your happy homes; the shielding efficacy of good laws and public virtue; the bounteous gifts of the earth and sky; the comforts as well as competence of the "vine and fig-tree;" the privileges and blessings of education, and the precious influences of religion, all concurring to make them such.

If gratitude is not excited by such reflections, to what can the mind be turned for more quickening suggestions?

Let these words, *Happy Homes*, abide with us as watchwords, both to awaken our gratitude at the family altar, and to animate our endeavors to cherish home endearments with affectionate assiduity. "*Home, sweet, sweet home.*" There are times when every one feels the pathos of these tender words. May the associations which they awaken when we are in positions, or in the mood, to utter

them, be quickly recalled when the spirit of domestic contention is excited. May these watchwords spring to the least stir in the air about the camp of our domestic peace, and challenge the intruding foe, and the angel sentinels cry, *Stand!* to each word of unkindness, each pulse of unholy passion, each traitor to the happiness of Home.

And may these abiding words lead out our benevolence toward the creatures of want; quicken the pulse of our sympathy for the outcasts and wanderers; and animate those enterprises which seek for all the degraded and oppressed the blessings of *happy homes.*

When, in the fulness of time, the protection of states, the means of subsistence, the resplendent gifts of education and religion, will all concur to the gathering of the races and tribes of the human family into *happy homes*, where they can dwell safely under their own vines and fig-trees, and the voice of praise and thanksgiving to God will arise from the family altar in every household, — then the glory of gorgeous courts and palaces, the glory of navies and armies, and of all the mere achievements of art and genius, may well be forgotten, for this will be the transcendent *glory of love*, and best bespeak the glory of God.

WOMAN.

BY O. O. M'CLEAN.

THE heart of woman, like the diamond, has
  Light treasured in it. There a ray serene
  Of heaven's own sunshine evermore hath been.
And though each star of hope and joy may pass
Away in darkness from life's stormy sky,
  If man but rightly keep that heart, he 'll find
  Sweet gleams of consolation there enshrined,
That will again illume his spirit's eye,
And through all time, and trial, and distress,
Beam on him with a constant blessedness.
Oh ! did he always love her as he should,
  She never would forget him. Did he strew
  Nothing but thornless flowers of kindness through
His " household ways," her happy spirit would
  Gather from them love's honey like the bee,
  And hive it in the cells of memory,
In after years to be his manna food,
When worn and faint in sorrow's solitude.

RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

BY MRS. ADALIZA C. PHELPS.

They sat alone in voiceless sorrow weeping,
Those sister mourners,— how their poor hearts bled!
Sadly they thought of the beloved one sleeping
His dreamless sleep in his low, narrow bed.
Around them stole the cool, soft breath of morning,
It came unheeded, for it brought no dawning
Of hope or joy,— those rainbow lights had fled.
Round that loved brother all their heart-strings twined
With that firm, holy clasp, which death could not unwind!

They were but three, and love's strong cords had bound them
Spirit to spirit, beating heart to heart,
Until it seemed the bright spell thrown around them
Could not be broken, that they could not part;
But as in dreamy hours fades some sweet vision
Of heavenly dwellings and of fields elysian,
So had they seen him from their side depart.
O, deep the wound! oh, bitter was the cup!
Yet must they humbly bow and meekly drink it up!

But in those hours of sorrow and of sadness,
Where was that Friend to whom they might have flown,
Whose presence might have brought them joy and gladness,
With lightest look, or gentlest whispered tone?
Why came He not with word or touch of healing,
His love and mercy, and his power revealing,
Ere death had claimed the loved one for his own?
He was away, that mightier love and power
Might be revealed to them than in that dying hour!

He came at last, and forth they went to meet him,
To pour their woes and weep upon his breast;
With gushing tears wrung from the heart they greet him,
And choking sobs, that would not be repressed.
They met the Saviour with a mingled feeling
Of joy and woe over their spirits stealing;
Hoping yet fearing, sorrowful though blessed;
At Jesus' feet with trembling voice they cried,
"Saviour, hadst thou been here, our brother had not died!"

"Where have ye laid him?" Jesus asked, replying.
"Lord, come and see;" — the sisters led the way.
Around his grave the long, green grass was sighing,
And with the leaves the soft winds were at play;

On every side were sweet wild flowers upspringing,
And countless birds a requiem were singing,
A low, sad dirge from every dewy spray.
They pointed where their darling brother slept,
And, bending o'er the mound, the blessed Saviour wept.

"Roll back the stone," said the Redeemer, turning
To those who followed to the silent tomb.
Each eye was fixed intent, each heart was burning
With anxious wish to know the sleeper's doom.
Could the strong fetters of the grave be riven?
Could he call back a spirit gone to heaven?
Raise up the body from its burial gloom?
"Lazarus, come forth!" the Saviour loudly cried,
And in their midst he stood, ere the last echoes died!

FLEE YOUTHFUL LUSTS.

THE following passage, from the biography of Fisher Ames, by the late President Kirkland, is worthy of being printed in letters of gold. Happy are they on whom the lessons of age and experience are not lost! Happy are they who are not too wise to emulate the bright examples of the great and good who have gone before them!

"When vice approaches the youthful mind in the seductive form of a beloved companion, the ordeal becomes threatening and dangerous in the extreme. Few possess the prudence and unyielding firmness requisite to pass it in safety. Those who have been accurately observant to the dependence of one part of life on another, will readily concur with us, that Ames' future character derived much of its lustre, and his fortunes much of their elevation, from the untainted purity and irreproachableness of his youth. Masculine purity is as necessary to real eminence as a powerful intellect. He that is deficient in either will never, unless from the influence of fortuitous circumstances, be able to place and maintain himself at the head of society. He may rise and flourish for a time, but his fall is as certain as his descent to the grave. He who holds parley with vice and dishonor, is sure to become their slave and victim. That heart is more than half corrupted that does not burn with indignation at the slightest attempt to seduce it."

THE CROWN OF AGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

WHY should not men, too, honor him whom the Creator honors? Upon the head of the wise and virtuous, gray hair is a beautiful crown.

Three old men were celebrating together their birth-day jubilee, and were telling their children why it was that they had become so aged. The first, a teacher and priest, said, "Never, when I went to teach, did I mind the length of the way; never did I haughtily stride over the heads of the youth; and never did I lift up my hands to bless, that I did not truly bless and praise God; therefore am I become so old." The second, a merchant, said, "Never have I enriched myself to the injury of my neighbor; never did his curse go with me to my bed; and of my wealth gave I willingly to the poor; therefore has God lengthened out my years." The third, a magistrate of the people, said, "Never have I taken a bribe; never did I obstinately insist on my own opinion; in the most difficult cases, I have always sought first to conquer myself; therefore has God blessed me with my old age."

Then came to them their sons and grand-children, and kissed their hands, and crowned them with flowers. And the fathers blessed them, and said, "As is your youth, so may your old age be! May your children be to you what you are to us—upon our gray hair a blooming crown of roses."

Old age is a beautiful crown; but it is found only in the way of temperance, righteousness and wisdom.

C. F. H.

THE STAR.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

IT was a cold, dark midnight, and old Herman was going with his son across the heath. They had travelled on foot all day long, and were now joyfully returning to their native village. Gray night-clouds were closely heaped upon each other in the heavens, so that not a single ray of friendly light illumined the lonely path. Herman,

familiar with the road, walked cheerily on before his son, but all at once it seemed to him that he had lost his way. Doubtless his foot wavered upon the half-worn track; and when now they came to a little brook, the course of which he did not know, and to a grove which he had never before seen, he was certain that they were deviating further and further from their home. Uneasy, and with anxious heart-throbbings, Emilius clung to his father's hand, for he feared that they would be obliged to pass the night on the heath; but his father said to him with comforting words: "Let us but keep going onward until we come to some hospitable cottage, where they may give us lodging and shelter till the morning dawns." They hastened on; but they reached no hospitable cottage, and wilder and wilder became the way, more and more uncertain their course. But suddenly a sharp, piercing wind rushed roaring into the gray masses of cloud, and quickly scattered them, so that the starry heavens looked down with all their lights upon the wanderers. "Now, God be praised!" said Herman; "no doubt we shall now find our way." "And how so, father?" asked the boy. "Dost thou not see Sirius sparkle in the distance? It stands, at this season, directly over our village. Well, we must turn to the right, then we shall yet reach home to-night." Thereupon Emilius was astonished, and said: "It is a thing I never should have thought, that we should find our way by the heavens."

And the father replied: "The traveller cannot do without the stars in a dark night; they are to him the guides of his way, and when he has wandered, they direct him in seeking anew his journey. I will teach you the number and the path of these heavenly bodies, that you may go safely upon your way when I am no longer your leader. And I will point out to you other stars; you cannot see them with the bodily eye, but in spirit you shall behold them, and they shall lead you on to your heavenly home."

Thus the two talked with each other on the road; and ere the midnight hour was past, they stood at the door of their village dwelling.

A. P. F.

THE tears of beauty are like light clouds floating over a heaven of stars, bedimming them for a moment, that they may shine with greater lustre than before.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

If any seek for peace in vain,—
Forsaking godliness for gain,
  Or holiness for pleasure,—
The pearl, unwarrantably sought,
He 'll find is nowhere to be bought
  For merit nor for treasure.

Vain man may search creation through,
The universe brings nought to view,
  In all its works and wonders,
Which can to guilty souls reverse
The terrors of that dreadful curse
  The Law of Sinai thunders.

But here 's a volume that reveals
A balm which sin's deep bruises heals,—
  The gift of my dear mother,—
Which tells how He removes our stains,
Who died, who rose, who lives and reigns,
  In heaven, our Elder Brother.

Is it a lamp? I 'll mark the path
Its light illumes,—for God's deep wrath
  On every other darkens;—
Is it a voice? Its sound I 'll hear
With listening and obedient ear,
  For blest is he who hearkens;—

Who hearkens, but doth not forget
Obediently to set his feet
  To all God's righteous will;
That man, by life's ascending road,
And travelling in the strength of God,
  Shall reach his heavenly hill.

Then let my eye its light receive,
My heart its solemn truths believe,
  Its path my footsteps lure;
And O, while Jesus intercedes,
May she who gave and he who reads
  Make their election sure!

CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

BY MISS HELEN B. CHEEVER.

Thy generous deeds, like herbage pressed,
Will perfume yield when thou shalt rest;
As seed, on Nile's fair bosom cast,
Outstemmed the tide, outlived the blast,
And, when the obedient waters fled,
Left sevenfold treasure in its stead,
So is the liberal man outpaid
For offerings which, in faith, he made.

In Egypt rain seldom falls, but the country is indebted for its fertility to the river Nile, which, being affected by the periodical rains at its source, begins to rise about the last of May, and remains in a swollen state till the last of October. It is confined within certain limits by mounds, which, at the proper season, are cut to admit the water into canals, which conduct it to every part of the country for the irrigation of the fields and gardens. The time of opening these mounds is kept as a jubilee, and celebrated with great splendor and ceremony. But anciently the river overflowed its banks, shrouding, for a long time, the adjacent country in a bed of waters. Had the husbandman waited till they found the way to their native bed, the seed-time would have passed away, and the scorching heat of summer arrived both to mock and destroy his labor. But he acted more wisely. Casting abroad his seed on the face of the waters, he left it to their fostering care. Presently they dried away, leaving their charge to the moist, rich earth, well prepared under their long dominion. Here the already sprouting seed shot downward its root, and upward its blade, till, at length, waving fields and blooming gardens smiled over the late inundated expanse. Thus, their bread being cast on the waters, after many days, returned to them. They sowed in faith, that is, in the belief that the waters would dry away; and in hope, that is, in expectation that the seed would vegetate and produce a crop. And it did so. Year after year, and generation after generation, proved, unlikely as it might seem, that those who sowed in hope would reap in joy. Had they watched the waters, they would have done neither.

So God calls on us to make him our offerings in faith and con-

fidence, waiting for the promised reward. He has bid us abound in good works, to regard the welfare of our neighbor, and be ready to distribute; to regard ourselves as his stewards, our property as his right, and be ready to use it in his service. On such a course he has promised his smiles and blessing; has assured us, that, by liberal things, the liberal man shall stand; that, while withholding more than is meet tendeth to poverty, he that scattereth (judiciously and in faith) shall increase. Nor has one generation proved to another more certainly that the labor of the husbandman shall not fail, than it has proved that good measure, pressed down, heaped up and shaken together, shall be the reward of the bountiful. It may tarry long, but we must wait for it. Though its return ofttimes may seem as unlikely as did that of the Egyptian seed when cast on its limpid bed, yet, as surely as did that, so will the offerings of humble, confiding faith, return in sevenfold blessings. The man of truly liberal feelings will contemplate as gratefully the reward of his bounty descending on children's children as on himself personally. That the reward is sure, the records of the world abundantly prove. Did not Job, whose life was a continued scene of benevolence, prove it, when, after clouds had, for a time, hung over him, his sun shone out brightly on treasures an hundredfold multiplied? Did not David prove it, when, after, "in his trouble," he had prepared abundantly, and "with all his might," for the house of the Lord, he saw the people bringing their offerings, and joyfully placing his son, and such a son, on the throne, while he, full of days, of riches and honors, was gathered to his fathers in peace? Did not Solomon prove it, when his noble provision for the Temple was followed by prosperity so abundant that silver was as plenty as the stones in Jerusalem? Nor are our own times wanting in proof. To pass over other instances which might be cited, in what country on earth are benevolent institutions more abundant than in our own, and what country more prosperous?

When every individual shall learn and act as if the earth were indeed the Lord's, and the fulness thereof his also, then shall every one experience that his goodness is great toward them that obey him.

TIME well improved need never be recalled.

MY CLOSET OF PRAYER.

BY MISS ELIZA PAINE.

Oh! is there a spot of all others beside,
Where oft I have lingered and loved to abide,
Far dearer to me than the social retreat,
Where youth's happy circles of gayety meet?
It is where I go all unnoticed, alone,
Where grates on my ear no harsh, unwelcome tone;
And forgetting I breathe in the earth's tainted air,
Imbibe purest joy in my closet of prayer.

Or, is there an *hour* of all others beside,
When moments in peaceful tranquillity glide;
And th' unfailing stream, flowing fast from on high,
Refreshes the soul with o'erflowing supply?
It is when I flee from the world and its strife,
Where each fond enjoyment with sorrow is rife;
And alone with my Saviour, who waits for me there,
Sweet communion I hold in my closet of prayer.

I 've sought it at *morn*, when all nature is calm,
And found for my spirit a heavenly balm;
At *noon-day*, when tired of the follies of earth,
I 've loved there to steal from its unhallowed mirth;
When odors of *evening* on zephyrs ascend,
I 've loved with the incense my offering to blend;
And in the still hush of the solemn *night*-air,
True rest have I found in my closet of prayer.

When I 've seen of earth's vanity, felt, too, its woe,
And learned how unstable are all things below;
How fondest enjoyments and loves will decay,
And friends that are dearest too soon pass away!
I 've sighed, from a void deeply seated within,
For the world that is free from affliction and sin,
Till a glimpse of the glories awaiting me there,
My faith could behold from my closet of prayer.

'T is here I have mourned over indwelling sin;
Here, I trust, felt the joys of pardon within;
This my refuge to which earth's rude tempests have driven,
Where a foretaste I 've had of the sweet rest in heaven.
And when all too soon the dear spot I must leave,
To tread 'mid the snares which the tempter may weave,
"*Be faithful, that thou in that rest mayest share,*"
I hear, as I go from my closet of prayer.

THE WALTON BRIDLE.

EDITORIAL.

In the beautiful village church of Walton-on-Thames, in England, is still preserved a great curiosity, called "The Bridle for taming scolds." It is thus described: A small tongue of steel projects from the inner side of a horizontal steel band, which passes round the head, and, entering the mouth, confines the tongue, compelling the individual to bite the bridle in silence. A vertical band of steel, through which the nose passes, meets, and is secured to the horizontal band, as seen in the engraving above.

Two hundred years ago this instrument was regarded as a great improvement upon the "ducking stool," which had previously been used for a similar purpose, inasmuch as that not only cured, but generally *killed* the patient.

The occasion of the introduction of this Bridle appears to have been as follows: A traveller named Chester, passing through Walton, heard some of its fair residents using abusive language toward each other, whereupon he caused a bridle to be sent to them, with this inscription:

"Chester presents Walton with a bridle
To curb women's tongues who talk idle."

A DREAM.

After various valleys had been crossed, mountains scaled, rivers forded, and strange scenes traversed, I found myself groping my way in a very dark place, among fragments of old chairs and broken bedsteads, as I judged them to be by the shapes I was able to feel out; stumbling now against a chest and now a stove; turning my ancle by stepping on sundry boots and bottles and other odd things, promiscuously piled upon the floor.

I was almost suffocated by the dust, and was sadly puzzled to conceive where I could be. Raising my hands above my head, I plunged them into a mass of cob-webs, and shuddered severely at the fancy that hundreds of spiders might have already insinuated themselves into my clothing, and would soon attack my body at every point. While pausing in this distressing position, I heard a distant sound, which I could distinguish as the voice of a woman. It seemed to be far below me, and a moment's attentive listening convinced me that I was in the attic or garret of a large house. The sounds appeared to come from the lower floor. While making this out, I also perceived that the female voice which I heard had a very disagreeable tone. It was the tone of a fretful, scolding woman, and the voice had evidently acquired that peculiar character from the custom of loud and boisterous speaking.

As the tone of the voice suggests so much respecting the character of its owner, I imagined that the person must be a large, ugly-looking, tiger-like vixen, whom it would be a mercy never to meet. (Yet I subsequently learned, to my surprise, that she was of a small, delicate frame, with a fair cast of features and complexion.) Though distance lent all its power to soften those tones, and I was obliged to listen almost breathlessly to catch the sounds with distinctness, yet I was quite sure that there must have been a sad state of things down on that lower floor. In imagination I saw the children crouching in terror before that ugly giant of a dame, and the servants worried almost to desperation. The sounds of persons, tables, chairs, &c., hastily moving, which I could faintly distinguish, seemed to confirm these impressions. I also judged, by the echoes, that there were many and spacious rooms between my feet and that lower floor. It

was obviously a very splendid mansion, with ample convenience for a large household.

I was occupied, however, but a very few moments in this listening and these deductions, when my attention was again arrested by a noise quite near me. It was produced by some living creature moving among the old chests and rubbish. I spoke, and asked, "Who 's there?" A voice, not more than four or five feet from me, replied, "Who 's here?" "I am lost here," I said; "I know not where I am, or how I came here." "That 's very odd," returned the voice; "come in here to the light, and we 'll see how you look. I like the tone of your voice, and judge you to be a friend." With that he felt for my hand, and taking it in his, he led me a few feet, by a circuitous course, about the old furniture, then, dropping my hand, he drew a sliding board, and the light burst in upon us through a square opening in the wall. I now saw that we were in a narrow enclosure, divided from the rest of the attic by partitions, and that we had entered this tiny room by a rude and very small door. The room could not be more than five feet square, and it was only in the centre of it, immediately under the ridge, that a man could fairly stand upright. A small cot, lying diagonally across the room, one chair, a box, a bowl and spoon, a few books, a candlestick, and some tools in one corner, which I could hardly distinguish, made up the appointments of this *strange hole*, for it could be called nothing else. As soon as I could recover myself from my first strange sensations, I asked, with not a little vehemence of curiosity, "What *does* this mean?"

"Mean!" repeated the man; "it means that '*it is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.*'"

While over life's wide darkling plain
  Unheedingly we roam,
Through many a path of joy and pain,
  God leads His children home.
And though sometimes, in prospect viewed,
The winding way seems dark and rude,
Ah! who the backward scene hath scanned,
But blessed his Father's guiding hand?

REVERIES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. MARY FARMER.

THERE is something inexpressibly touching in the mellowed tint which time and distance give to the pictures of early life. The most gleesome hours of our childhood's hilarity we recall in later years with a sobered, tearful heart. There is a hush upon them then, not quite in consonance with the noisy unrest of our daily life. However the soul may yearn therefor, the buoyancy, the trustfulness, the unconsciousness of ill, and the peacefulness of those most hallowed years come not back in after life. Then was the paradise of our souls, and we can no more return to it than our first parents could pass the angel whose flaming sword barred the gates of Eden. But the memory of its vanished purity and beauty passes not with the passing hour; it is registered forever in the soul, and imagination collects, divides, multiplies and glorifies the precious reminiscences with prismatic effect, giving to them a wonderful distinctness and an ideal beauty, more ravishing to the inner vision than all the after dreams of maturer life. They are thoughts which waken a peculiar tenderness, because they are thoughts of things and beings gone forever! They chasten, yet are they cherished as "a joy to us forever." Scenes which we revelled in, and hearts that we treasured once, when, by some unaccountable association, they appear before us as real, must surprise us into an overwhelming tide of mingled joy and sadness.

To every one there are certain scenes and certain seasons which recall phases of past years, and put us, as it were, into magnetic communication with the beings and events which made the sum of our young life. Sincerely do I pity him who was so forlorn a little child, that no such salutary, blessed memories can ever brighten and embellish the grave recesses of his later life. I think that his brow must contract with a sterner meaning, and his eyelid fall more sunken and wearied than another man's; and I think, too, that I would not exchange the sweet reveries of past beautiful childhood, into which I sometimes fall, for all the wealth which might pour in to such an one, or for all the dignity, and pomp, and station, to which he might attain. Often do such slight tokens as a leaf, a flower, a breath of summer air, or a dancing sunbeam, carry me back to the days of my early

life, when I was a careless little child, from the calm, beautiful seclusion of my river-side country home, to the quaint old gambrel-roofed house, where, in the heart of a great city, I was born.

I sit with my book under the willows, my eyes pausing now on the cool, rippling stream before me, now wandering to the meadow and chequered hills beyond; now returning to rest with pride and fondness on the dear prattler at my feet, who is dotting herself and me and the green sward where we sit, with the white petals of the roses. What there is in all this which should transport me in imagination to the close, dim city mansion, I know not; yet there, indeed, I am. Again I see those beings of an elder time who sat round my grandsire's hearth. Again I hear the familiar voice of other days. Again I seem, in truth, a little child, full of a child's quick impulses and generous feelings; with a child's warm blood rushing through my veins, a child's bright fancies clustering at my heart. How pleasantly, how tranquilly, how securely, how surrounded with love, passed those young days! How fragrant is their memory! Yet, now, alas! how strangely mingles the sad thought of new-made graves with the precious recollection of by-gone joys! My little girl still pulls the roses to pieces at my feet, and the air is redolent of their sweetness. Slowly my eye wanders to the opposite bank of the river, and there lies in sunlight and in shadow the city cemetery; but the soft south wind bears to my ear no sound of tolling bell; no new-made grave is there. Nothing to the outward sense speaks of decay on this fresh June day; yet is my ear attentive to an inward voice which whispers of decay, death and desolation, — a buried brother and a sainted mother, whose dust is gathered to a quiet village church-yard far away! Alas! these vanished long ago, so that memory recalls nothing of lineaments which should have been so dear.

But other of the household forms there were, which often move before me in my dreams, or solemn reveries. In the dim, quaint, low-studded old sitting-room seems still to sit, as in years past, my venerable grandmother, erect and dignified, in her carved, high-backed chair, beside the hearth-stone, while the fire-light brightening her dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and gleaming on her active knitting-needles, formed a picture which I regarded with unqualified reverence. Never, to my young fancy, was brow so placid, or gray hair so soft and silvery, or lace-cap so white. Opposite this ancient and never-to-be-forgotten figure used to sit my uncle, whose refined,

intellectual, affectionate nature made him to be an object of devoted love to every one of that home-circle. I see, even at this distance of time, the little table at my uncle's elbow, with a few choice books, and hear him reading to eager listeners. He never regarded it as any sacrifice or any virtue, but simply as his proper mission, to surround his sisters and his doting old mother with comforts purchased by his own self-denial; to bestow upon them the rich treasures of his intellect, and to lavish on them that affluence of affection with which he was endowed. Evening after evening, year after year, would he sit among them, holding affectionate intercourse with them, cheering and brightening the quiet monotony of their lives with his fresh feeling and quick humor. Yet, could any have looked into the future, they would have seen him more than requited for his small sacrifices by being tended through years of pain and suffering, with an affectionate solicitude, such as no pen can describe. They would have seen the querulousness of protracted illness borne with woman's gentlest patience; a loving hand ever ready to minister to his slightest wish; the choicest fruits and jellies brought, with which to tempt a failing appetite; and the richest bouquets, tendered with love's own hand, to please the eye. The foot, the hand, the eye and the heart, which never wearied, because love sustained, were all busy in his service, and when, at last, he piously resigned his life into the hands at which he had received it, eyes heavy with watching and weeping followed his heavenward way, and hearts which only lived in him, enshrined him in their affectionate memory.

I do not love to dwell on that sad time when he passed from among us; I prefer to look back to the still winter nights when the home-circle was as I first knew it; when my two aunts, my little orphan brother and myself, used all to look with love and reverence to the occupants of the two chairs in the chimney-corner. My Aunt Kitty used to sit a little apart from the rest of us, a piece of sewing being her ostensible occupation, but with an indolent and absent air. She was the youngest child, and had, doubtless, been injured by a too fond parental indulgence. Her mind should have had careful training, for its exuberance needed pruning; but in the absence of this she had become abstracted, undecided and inefficient; fond of minute, vague and metaphysical speculations, tending to nothing; full of plans unshaped and ill-defined, and of thoughts in chaotic confusion. As it was, my Aunt Kitty was harmless, inoffensive and

affectionate, and held on her uncertain course, unmolested by her family. The plainness of her features made it exceedingly improbable that she should ever attract a single lover to her side, and yet I have always inferred, from sundry whisperings, that she had had her love secrets like other maidens; but, if so, they must have died a premature death, as nothing tangible ever came of them.

Aunt Milly was my favorite aunt, and always stands out the most prominent figure in my reveries. She was older than Aunt Kitty by some twenty years, but a far more animated and genial person. What a large soul shone forth from her benevolent blue eyes, and what a kindly smile glowed on her pleasant features! I wish that I could describe her, not only as she seems to me to-day, but as she seemed in my young days, when it was not the least of her attractions, that she knew the exact estimate little children put upon round-hearts, penny trumpets, picture-books, and the like, and that her ready purse had a habit of supplying the demands of a dozen of small people, myself being among the number. In fact, she had an amazing faculty of discerning, as by intuition, and of meeting the wants of great and small, and this was, perhaps, one secret of her influence with children, though, doubtless, a larger reason lay in her remarkable sincerity, and the confidence she possessed in others. Indeed, so little of doubt and mistrust had she in her nature, that she could never attain to that penetrativeness which becomes part of almost every character with advancing years. The veriest beggar could deceive her, and, on the other hand, the merest child could look into those mild eyes of hers, and read something there corresponding to his own trustfulness, which assured him of intelligent sympathy. Words of mine are inadequate to express the excellence of her character. If her intellectual attainments were few, her heart attainments had an unfathomed depth; her sympathies were large, ready and strong; her faith in human kind was the faith of a little child, and her cheerfulness had such a communicable quality about it, that the weariest and most disconsolate could no more escape its influence than the pale lotus flower can escape the fervor of a tropical sun. She was a model of patient endurance and quiet fortitude, able to veil her profoundest grief with a meek resignation, and to bear the acutest physical suffering uncomplainingly, lest another's keen sensibilities should be stirred for her. Her self-abnegation was so entire that it had often the effect to make others as forgetful of

her wants as she was herself; and such was her humility that she was ever best satisfied when thus cast into the shade. She was an humble, self-sacrificing being, with such a fund of patient hopefulness and ready sympathy as no vicissitudes or ingratitude could exhaust. Perhaps in all this there was something, which, to some, would appear insipid, had it not been for a certain serene dignity of character which she possessed, and over which in my childhood I had puzzled much, because it seemed to my young, speculative mind to be rather something grafted on to her nature, than an original part of it, but which, in later life, I have learned to regard as the result, in such gentle characters as hers, of true heart sorrow. The sorrow of sorrows had indeed early fallen on my Aunt Milly's young life, and cast its lengthened shadow athwart its whole pathway.

I never shall forget the morning, when, sitting by my side, Aunt Milly laid her knitting in her lap, and, meekly folding her hands and composing her features, told me the short story which had made life sorrowful to her. Her blue eyes seemed to be looking deeply into the buried past, her voice had a rich pathos in it, and her manner a pious resignation which could come only from a purified heart. I shall not attempt to give the tale in her own words.

She was the eldest of eight children, always delicate and ailing, and an unfit little creature to take the rough and tumble of life; yet she was her mother's sole assistant in rearing six boisterous, fun-loving boys, for the young Kitty was not given to the mother until the boys were men. Milly's mother, blessed with a hale, rugged, old-fashioned constitution, could neither comprehend nor make due allowances for the feeble little Milly; it was Milly here, and Milly there, from morning till night. Milly must make her father's tea and give the boys their porridge, brush out the parlors, rub the mahogany, tend the baby, and wait upon her mother, whom the cares of maternity kept often in the nursery. With advancing years, other cares were laid upon her young shoulders. The sewing of so large a family was no trifle, and this weary task likewise devolved upon Milly. Milly was so patient, so willing, so self-forgetting, that nobody ever thought her goodness was imposed upon; and yet little Milly ought to have been at school all this time; she ought to have been developing her delicate frame by wholesome exercise and fresh air; and her little childish heart ought not to have been all this time pining for companionship and sympathy. She rarely played like

other children; how could she, when the work of a full-grown woman was exacted of her? She saw her little brothers play, but rarely joined in their sports; if they wanted twine for their kite, she would run for it; if they wanted a ball, she would make it; but she never used such things for her own amusement; and so she became a woman in feeling, while but a child in years. A child-woman, — what a sad thing to be! If Milly had a sore throat, it must be looked to; if a fever, she must be nursed through it, for Milly's services were too valuable to be long dispensed with; but for any tenderness or sympathy beyond this, poor Milly knew not where to look for it. Thus she lived in a sort of nun-like seclusion, with no young friends, no kind of companionship; treasuring up the wealth of her young thoughts and affections — for what?

At last a cousin of her mother came to visit them. He was a young man, graceful, handsome, full of joyous, hopeful life. His eye fell on Milly's modest countenance, and her mild blue eye, and timid, gentle smile at once interested him. Days passed, and they remained under the same roof, her occupation the daily, unending routine, and his the constant study of her character. Day by day the beauty of her life, its piety, its sacrifices, its purity, its loneliness, became more evident to him. Business, which had called him here, at length called him home again, and months passed before Milly saw again his friendly face at her father's house. He now came with a strong motive at his heart, — a purpose to win Milly's regard, as she had already won his; and how would he succeed? Ah! never had his heart so failed him, as when he asked himself the question; for on his success, he felt, depended the happiness of his life. His strong self-reliance quite forsook him whenever he thought of it, and he almost felt a woman's blush upon his cheek when he met Milly, and heard her warm, innocent welcome. He had but a brief time to spend in her sweet society, and when again he said farewell, he was too uncertain of the impression he had made to venture his all upon the one little word; he preferred to wait, and let absence speak awhile for him to the maiden's soul. If we look into Milly's heart during that brief absence, we shall find the dear cousin's image holding quite a high place there, almost the highest; yet she, all unconscious how very near she was to the grand catastrophe in woman's life. To have one face always pictured in the mind's eye, to hold the whole world severely up to one model of ex-

cellence, and to pass the adverse judgment on the whole world instead of the model, is a dangerous state for a woman's mind; yet this was the present condition of young Milly's. One more visit from the mother's cousin and all was concluded between them. The most sacred, irrevocable vow was breathed into each other's soul, with no witness except the eye of Omniscience, and then they parted for a few weeks.

Milly had now found sympathy and companionship, which seemed all the brighter for the eclipse in which she had hitherto lived. Another heart beat in unison with hers, responding to its every chord, and making a harmony which she had not even dreamed of before; she knew she loved, and she knew herself beloved. Could any happiness transcend this? Thenceforth, what exertion could be to her a toil? How could she ever again feel herself to be little else than a drudge? Where was the difficulty that she would not encounter bravely? What the misfortune which she could not surmount, leaning on a strong arm and a stout heart, which were henceforth to be as much a part of herself as the little, nervous arm at her side, and her fluttering, timid heart?

The lovers had parted with the understanding that the secret of their mutual love should be shared with none until the traveller's return; so day after day passed on. To Milly they were days of such soul-sunshine as she had never known before; to the rest of her family they were much like other days, — they knew of no change, unless, indeed, they noticed an unwonted radiance in Milly's eyes.

The close of a damp, chill, November day brought the family, one after another, to the hearth-stone, when one, as he drew off the damp coat he had worn through the day, said gravely, "This is sad news for your Uncle Ben's family, mother, and sad for ourselves, too. Cousin Edward rode on the outside of the stage-coach, through two stages, during the fearful storm two weeks ago, because the coach was full, and took a violent cold, and by the next day fever set in, so that he could not proceed with his journey. From the moment he became delirious he had not his reason until he died." Upon this announcement, there was a stifled cry, a heavy fall, and Milly lay, as if lifeless, at the speaker's feet. He raised her up, exclaiming, "There has been fever in her eyes for days past. I have seen it; the poor girl is a slave to us all; she is not properly cared for; it is cruel." They bathed her brow, and rubbed her cold hands, and

called in medical aid. Consciousness slowly returned, but for weeks she languished between life and death. Youth and the vital principle at length prevailed, and she was restored to move again a good and useful spirit in her family. To them she seemed as ever before, only more tender, more devoted; but to herself, how changed, with all her newly-awakened hopes and promised joys buried in the tomb of her dead love!

Her secret lay unsuspected and hidden in her own breast; but how thoroughly it purified and elevated her affections, rectified her impulses, and spiritualized her whole nature, only those who knew her as I did, might say. It was when wrinkles were deeply set in her countenance and gray hairs parted over her forehead, that she first told me the sorrowful tale, which, till then, had remained fast guarded in her own pure heart.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

Love never sleeps! The mother's eye
  Bends o'er her dying infant's bed;
And, as she marks the moments fly,
  While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
Faint and distressed, she sits and weeps,
With beating heart! — *Love never sleeps.*

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form
  Forgets the tumult of her breast;
Despite the horrors of the storm,
  O'erburdened nature sinks to rest;
But o'er them both another keeps
His midnight watch! — *Love never sleeps.*

Around — above — the angel bands
  Stoop o'er the care-worn sons of men;
With pitying eyes and eager hands
  They raise the soul to hope again.
Free as the air their pity sweeps
The storms of time! — *Love never sleeps.*

And round — beneath — and over all,
  O'er man and angels, earth and heaven,
A Higher bends! the slightest call
  Is answered, and relief is given.
In hours of woe, when sorrow steeps
The heart in pain, — *HE never sleeps.*

CROWNS.

EDITORIAL.

THIS engraving represents modern Asiatic crowns, as found in Kitto's edition of "The Parlor Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," recently published by Gould and Lincoln. To this interesting work we refer our readers for a fund of useful knowledge on this and kindred topics.

The term crown properly signifies a diadem adorned with jewels, and worn by sovereigns as a badge of regal dignity. Originally the diadem consisted of a simple fillet fastened around the head and tied behind. The crowns awarded at the Grecian games were composed of evergreens, such as the pine with its delicate tassels, the laurel with its tasteful blossoms, and the olive with its lanceolate leaves and snow-white clusters. From such materials a beautiful crown might be wrought, but it would be evanescent as burnished hues of an evening cloud. Hence, the apostle says, when contrasting the case of those who run in the Grecian and Christian races: "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." The wreath which adorned the Grecian victor's brow would, during the lapse of a single sunny day, wither like the grass cut down by the mower's scythe; but when the chief Shepherd shall appear, the Christian shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

The one had no intrinsic value. A garland of flowers would neither procure food, nor raiment, nor any needful article. Even a royal diadem, though it should make the monarch's throbbing temples ache with its ponderous weight of gold and jewels, is worthless,

compared with the crown of life. That is a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Who ever read a sentence more energetic and expressive than this? It is equivalent to the declaration that all hyperboles fail to express the infinitude and boundlessness of the prize. The sentence is absolutely cumbered with ponderous epithets.

The crown conferred on the Grecian victor was less honorable, as well as less valuable, than that of the Christian. It did, indeed, distinguish the successful competitor, and called forth the applause of delighted multitudes. It secured the notice and approbation of those high in office. The gay caressed and the rich befriended him who wore this badge of distinction. But, after all, his honor was but a puff of empty air.

Higher honors will he possess who wears the crown of glory. He will receive the approbation of the virtuous from all worlds. Angels will congratulate him on his distinguished felicity. Gabriel will caress him. The benignant smile of Him whose favor is life, and whose loving-kindness is better than life, will radiate and gladden his soul.

But the honors of coronation fall not to the lot of all.

In the Grecian games a man was not crowned except he strove lawfully and successfully.

The civic crown among the Romans was not conferred except on those who hazarded life to save from imminent peril a fellow-citizen.

The military crown was bestowed only on those whose courage and valor in the hour of conflict had been tested to the utmost.

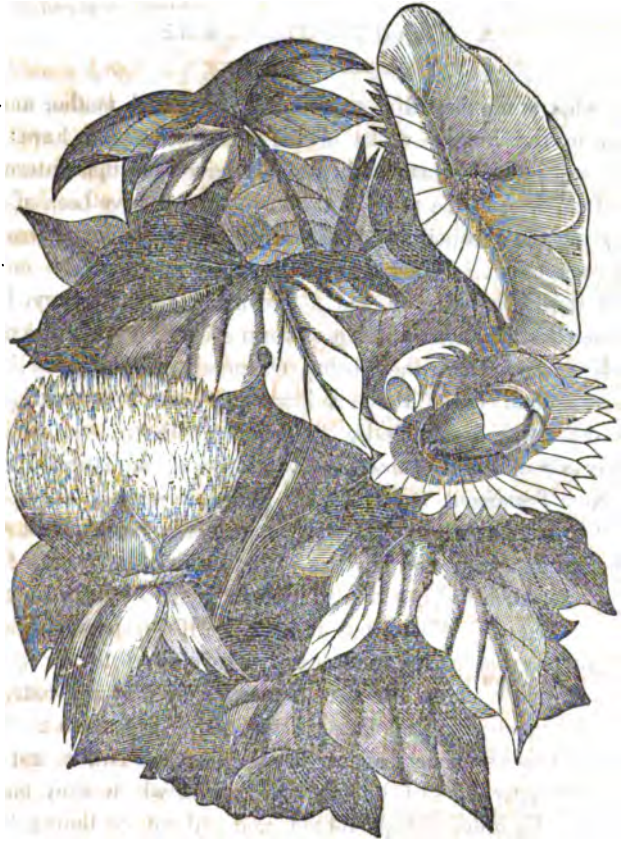
The crown of empire, aside from hereditary descent, is rarely secured except by wading to its possession through seas of blood and carnage, and then it has often proved but a crown of thorns.

For the "royal diadem," all in probation may become successful competitors. And from this all the thorns have been extracted and platted into a crown for thy Saviour's head. The flowers alone are reserved to encircle thy brow, where they may bloom in immortal beauty. Instead of fading, they will grow fresher and fairer as you approach that land of shadows where all things else decay.

EXERCISE is labor without its satisfaction.

COTTON.

EDITORIAL.



THIS plant is indigenous to America, but was not cultivated to any extent till the commencement of the present century. It is an annual, and grows to the height of about twenty inches, having leaves of a bright green color, which are divided into five lobes. There are three kinds of cotton growing in the Southern States, — the nankeen, the green and black seed. The latter is called the *long staple.*

The cotton pods are nearly triangular in shape, each having three

cells. "When ripe, these open and disclose their snow-white contents." In 1791 the whole export from this country was only sixty-four bags of cotton; now it is one of the principal articles of merchandise.

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

BY REV. J. COOKSON.

AND what is the beautiful scene? A father and mother and six children, in the humble walks of life, whose cottage I have often visited; and in every instance in which I have seen that interesting group of children in the room at the same time, I have been pleased in observing the affection and kindness which they uniformly exercise toward each other. If my curiosity induced me to search out the cause of this, I feel that it was a justifiable curiosity; and I soon found that this affectionate kindness sprang from the cultivation of a *peaceable disposition*, they being frequently reminded by *her* to whose immediate charge they are intrusted, never to speak harshly to each other, nor feel unkindly one toward another.

The importance of a *peaceable disposition* is emphatically taught in the New Testament, and is a plain and unvarnished exemplification of Christian charity; and, were it generally possessed, it would be embodied in action, and bind, as with a chain of gold, each family in love. For such a disposition to become general, where should its cultivation begin? Where, but at home? If brothers and sisters are taught to avoid giving unnecessary provocation to any in their own family-circle, or to others with whom they may associate, they will not fail to cherish and exercise the same disposition in future years, and become efficient agents in expelling contention and strife from every department of human society with which they may be connected. Its influences should not, and will not, be limited by the narrow circle of private intercourse, but extended to a much wider sphere, so as to embrace all, whether connected by the laws of nature or the institutions of man.

If it be our duty to promote peace throughout the various gradations which subsist in the great brotherhood of our race, there are, of course, narrower limits within which it ought to be most assiduously cultivated, and strictly observed. Those

"Whom love has knit and sympathy made one,"

where the strong ties of friendship and affection, of kindred and relation, and the range of endearments circumscribed by the closer barriers of domestic and family connection, exist, certainly have paramount claims on each other, to manifest a peaceable disposition. The propriety of such a course of action should often be impressed on the minds of children. They have eyes and ears, and are often close observers, when those of riper years are not aware of the fact.

Where a haughty and contumelious spirit and an ill-regulated mind exist, they will not allow their unhappy victims to resign the least iota of the point in dispute, or to make the first advances to reconciliation and peace, when true magnanimity would have led to generous acknowledgments. Such, whether they are children or adults, are usually haughty in their claims, dogmatic in their opinions, and unlovely in their behavior. Am I wrong, dear reader, when I trace all this to the absence of attention to the *disposition* on the part of those who had the training of the child, who has now become a man possessing qualities of mind which render himself unhappy, and when *Peace* knocks at the door of his habitation, she is not permitted to enter? If you think my conclusion wrong, just go with me into yonder neat, white cottage, and you shall see the household where the elements — the principles which constitute the *peaceable disposition*, are inculcated and exemplified.

SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

BY PROF. W. J. WALTER.

The little inmates of a cot,
On which, though fortune now smiles not,
Something of better days is shown,
Nor gentle feelings are unknown,
As witness in yon vase of flowers
That scents the room at morning hours,
In yonder neatly trailing vine,
Whose clusters o'er the porch incline.
Nor, least of all, in that Pet Lamb,
Which, yeaned untimely by its dam,
Was brought for shelter to their hearth,
And since has shared their woes and mirth.

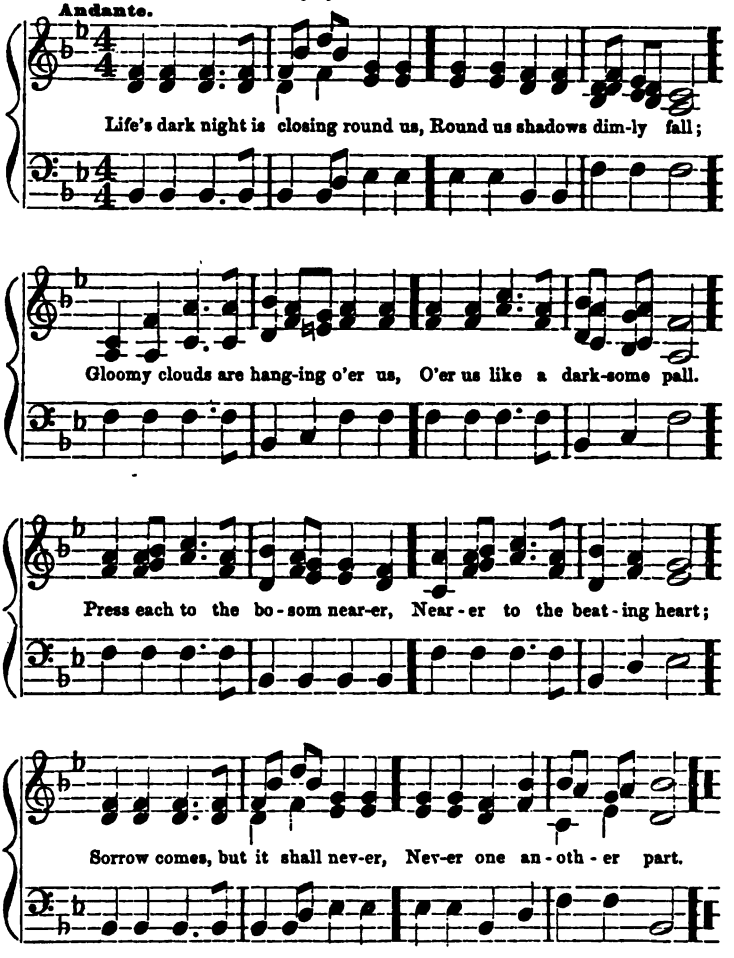
The youngsters will recall the day,
Though many a month has rolled away,
Since their kind father, in his arms,
Shielding its life from threatened harms,
Brought the poor tottering stranger home,
From that day forth no more to roam.
The winter's lingering snow was still
Upon the plain, and drear and chill
The wild blast whistled from the hill;
How did they nurse the feeble thing,
And with what fondness did they bring
The lukewarm milk to cheer its heart,
And every soothing care impart.

The day their father brought the Pet
Those children never can forget,—
'T was a remembered holiday,
And they were gayest of the gay.
Now, sad reverse! he has decreed
That the young favorite shall bleed;
Yet judge not rashly of the deed.
Not cruelty has doomed the life
Of the young victim to the knife.
'T is poverty's resistless call
That dooms the innocent to fall;
And see, the dreadful man is there
His purchase to his home to bear;
E'en now he counts the bargained sum;
While the poor housewife, downcast, dumb,
Stands with her half-averted eyes,
As shrinking from the shining prize;,
So needed for domestic use,
The tempting bribe, ah, how refuse!
Yet by her side stands one to plead
With brimming eyes against the deed;
And with a mother's fondness pressed
Close to her gently heaving breast,
Where not one sordid wish is known,
There lies a Pet Lamb of her own.
See the unfeeling boy, whose trade
His heart has hard and callous made,
Is ready with his cord to snare
The unresisting victim there;
And there too is the rope and dray
To bear their favorite far away.
How varied, and how warm the zeal,
These fond ones for their favorite feel!
See that stout champion, who would fain
Repel the intruder back again,
The lad who comes with cord in hand,
And look of insolent demand,
To seize his unresisting prey,
And bear it from their arms away.
Another, provident in zeal,
Has brought his favorite's parting meal,
While near a wooden bowl receives
The loved repast of gathered leaves,
Selected from the garden store—
What can his infant zeal do more?
A third his favorite caressing,
His arms around his neck warm pressing,—
Expressive act, that seems to say,
"They shall not tear my friend away,
Of if they do, then will I share
In all that he is doomed to bear."
See next a bolder urchin stand;
Look at his firm and outstretched hand,
His hat set firmly on his head,
His foot for ready action sped;
His attitude would seem to say,
"Why do you tarry here? Away!
The well-known wood is at our side,
Haste in its shades our Pet to hide."
Who does not feel his bosom glow,
Who does not find his heart o'erflow,
At such a scene of love sincere
As Collins' pencil traces here?
O, 't is in schools like this are nursed
Of virtues all the best and first;
Here, like the lamb, due strength they gain
Life's coming conflict to sustain,
And when the fiery trial 's past,
They own its influence to the last.

In one sense man is an isolated being. He comes into the world alone. He suffers and enjoys alone. He shapes his course of life alone. He abides his time and meets his destiny alone. True, he leaves his impress on others as he passes on; but after all, the mind, which constitutes the man, like a solitary traveller, comes and goes alone. No other person shares in the final retribution of his crimes, or reaps the permanent reward of his virtues.

LIFE'S DARK NIGHT IS CLOSING ROUND US.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THIS WORK BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

Poetry by James H. Brown.

Andante.
Life's dark night is closing round us, Round us shadows dim-ly fall;
Gloomy clouds are hang-ing o'er us, O'er us like a dark-some pall.
Press each to the bo-som near-er, Near-er to the beat-ing heart;
Sorrow comes, but it shall nev-er, Nev-er one an-oth-er part.

2.

Let the spirit droop, nor faint not,
Faint not on our lonely way;
Passing on, let us look calmly,
Calmly for the coming day.
For the One who kindly watches,
Watches o'er us from above,
He is now, as ever, guarding,
Guarding us with holy love.

3.

Let us in His sweet paths follow,
Follow in His peaceful ways,
And to Him sing everlasting,
Everlasting hymns of praise.
Visions drear and shadows darksome,
Darksome clouds shall fade, with gloom;
Visions brighter far shall light us,
Light us to our lonely tomb.

THE SWAN.

THE STRENGTH OF PARENTAL AFFECTION.

BY REV. J. G. D. STEARNS.

PARENTAL affection is one of the deepest principles which God has implanted in the soul of man. It is seen in the untiring efforts of parents for the welfare of their offspring. It is manifest in the unutterable solicitude which swells the heart of the parent, when sickness or peril betides the children of his love. It is felt in all its powers, when death snatches them away, and the heart of the parent is rent with anguish. There are tears, and there is a grief which none can know, but those whose inward fountains of feeling have been opened, who are called in person to pass through the deep waters of affliction. Happy for such, if they can cast their burden upon the Lord, and acquiesce in his perfect will.

In the strength of parental affection we see illustrated the wisdom and the benevolence of the Creator. He has thus provided, in the very constitution of human nature, for the care of infancy and childhood. God takes a deeper interest in the welfare of children, than the kindest earthly parents. He gave them their deep love for their children. The unseen hand of his providence often preserves the little ones from perils which no mortal could foresee. In his word he has given parents instructions to guide them in promoting the welfare of the children. If parental affection were always guided by heavenly wisdom and true benevolence, by a wise regard to the *whole* well-being of the child, his temporal and his eternal welfare, the results would be most happy. Suitable provision would be made for his physical wants. His social nature would be cultivated, and he would be prepared to enjoy the comforts and to discharge the duties of social life. His intellectual nature would be educated, and his mind well furnished with useful knowledge, preparatory to the active business of life. Above all, his religious education would receive that attention which its superior importance demands.

The moral and religious training of the young claims a greater amount of attention than is usually given to it. The education of the child for the life that now is, — for its duties, its success, and its happiness here, — is an object noble and grand, worthy of more wisdom

and exertion than it often receives under our best systems of education.

But the grandest and the most interesting light in which the parent can view his child, is in his relation to God and the future state. It is not for a lifetime only that he is to be educated. Everlasting ages are before him. Immortality is the duration of his being. That immortality, by parental faithfulness and the blessing of God, may be made honorable, glorious and blessed. The parent who does his duty with Christian fidelity, while he provides well for the temporal welfare of his child, will seek with supreme solicitude to promote his spiritual well-being. He will educate him for eternity. He will bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Parental affection, sanctified by divine grace, will lead him to care for the soul of his child. Natural affection, coöperating with Christian love, and guided by spiritual wisdom, will confer the choicest blessings on those committed to parental care.

A due degree of reflection would lead all parents to see the paramount importance of the religious education of their children. Considering the strength of parental affection, it is wonderful that so many are not led to reflect upon the highest well-being of their children, and the means of promoting it.

MAN THE WORST FOE OF MAN

In every clime, from Lapland to Japan,
This truth 's confessed — That man's worst foe is man.
The ravening tribes that crowd the sultry zone,
Prey on all kinds and colors but their own ;
Lion with lion herds, and pard with pard,
Instinct's first law their covenant and guard.
But man alone, the lord of every clime,
Whose port is godlike, and whose power sublime,
Man, at whose birth the Almighty hand stood still,
Pleased with the last great effort of his will ;
Man, man alone, no tenant of the wood,
Preys on his kind, and laps his brother's blood.

Salvation was first a purpose, then a promise, then a work, then a gift, and at last a glorious reality.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY MRS. ADALIZA CUTTER PHELPS.

The day was past, — the night dews were descending
Softly and gently on each folding flower,
From sweet-toned birds were vesper songs ascending,
From grove, from forest, and from sylvan bower ;
The sun had gone, yet all the sky was glowing
With rainbow hues, a rich, soft, radiance throwing
O'er all the earth. It was the very hour
When unseen angels linger by our side,
And spirits of the good around our pathway glide.

That dewy eve they met in sweet communion,
Jesus and his disciples, — well they knew
That never, never more that holy union
Would be enjoyed on earth. Closer they drew,
And closer still to their beloved Master,
While the blest moments hurried fast, and faster,
And sadder, sadder still their tried hearts grew;
Thick, heavy clouds of grief were hovering o'er them,
And shadows deep and dark were stretched away before them.

The Saviour spake, — "One of you shall betray me,—
One, one of you, my little chosen band,
Shall yield me up to wicked ones to slay me,
Shall lay on me his guilty, traitorous hand ! "
John was reclining on his Master's bosom,
Bowed there with love untold, as some sweet blossom,
Laden with dew, droops down, by soft winds fanned ;
"Who is it?" sighed the loved one in His ear.
"Lord, is it I?" said each, with trembling and with fear.

Judas, too, answered, with a seeming sorrow,
With feigned emotion, "Saviour, is it I?"
O, well the traitor knew that on the morrow
He was to give his Master up to die !
"Thou, thou hast said it. Woe to the betrayer,
Who yields his Lord and Master to the slayer
With treacherous kiss ! " the Saviour made reply.
He spake in pity, not in hate or scorn,
"'T were better for that man if he had not been born ! "

Then Jesus uttered words of consolation,
Such words of comfort, and of holy cheer,
They half forgot the hour of desolation,
The hour of woe, so swiftly drawing near.

"The Holy Spirit from above I 'll send you;
In hours of danger I will still befriend you;
So keep your hearts from trouble and from fear."
They gazed upon that Friend, with fond endeavor
To treasure up each word, each gentle look forever.

"A new command I give you, — love each other,
Even as I have loved you, long and well;
Cherish for each the kindness of a brother;
With generous feeling let each bosom swell.
By this shall all men know that ye are mine,
Bound heart to heart by love that is divine,
While here on earth together ye shall dwell.
My peace I leave you, peace the world ne'er giveth,
And by it ye shall know that your Redeemer liveth."

"My little children, I awhile must leave you;
I seek a place beyond the sky's blue dome;
Yet let it not too deeply, sadly grieve you,
That ye awhile alone on earth must roam.
I have fulfilled below my holy mission,
I go away to gain for you admission,
A bright, free entrance to your heavenly home;
A little while, my own, and ye shall be
In yonder world of bliss forevermore with me."

"Lord, I will follow wheresoe'er thou goest,"
With earnest words warm-hearted Peter cried;
"My love for thee, O Saviour, well thou knowest;
I evermore would linger by thy side!
Where'er thou art, there, Saviour, let me be,
I would lay down my very life for thee!"
"Peter, I soon by thee shall be denied!
Thou too self-trusting, ere the cock crow twice,
With bold and impious lips thou shalt deny me thrice!"

He took the bread, and o'er it breathed a blessing,
Then brake, and gave to those who sat at meat;
And then he spake, his chosen ones addressing,—
"This is my body, take ye all and eat."
He took the cup, and blessed the red wine glowing,—
"Drink, drink ye all, it is my life-blood flowing;
And evermore, when in communion sweet,
Bound heart and hand by love's enduring cord,
Then eat and drink as now, in memory of your Lord."

A hymn was sung, — at first all faint and trembling
The notes arose, then died in grief away,
The sweet, wild strains of the wind-harp resembling,
As o'er its chords the fitful breezes play.

Then stronger, clearer came the music swelling,
Louder and fuller, sweeter still upwelling,
From hearts upborne by an o'ermastering sway.
That song of praise like incense sweet ascended,
That hymn, in grief commenced, in strains of triumph ended.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE IN DRESS.

A LITTLE boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got! what a blue jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes! It is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, Miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, Miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep, grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

INFLUENCE AND ITS RESULTS.

BY MRS. AMANDA P. MATHER.

"WHERE is Frank?" said Mrs. Lester, as she seated herself in the drawing-room after dinner. Mr. Lester was, at the moment, occupied at the window, pointing out to Mrs. Maysville and Ellen, a merchant ship about getting under way for a foreign voyage.

"It is the Sarah Jane, bound to the Mediterranean," said Mr. L., "and a noble ship she is." She had for some time been lying at her anchorage, listlessly waving to and fro with the mimic billows of the harbor, and as, with sails closely wrapt, she stood up in bold relief against the evening sky, with towering masts and extended yards, she seemed some giant phantom. But another scene now presented itself. She had neared the wharf, taken in her lading, dropped off again into the stream, and boats were now plying to and from the shore, busy feet with rapid steps passed over her decks, gay streamers fluttered from her topmast, the yards were manned, her canvass already unfolding to the breeze, which was soon to bear her far away over the pathless waters. The sight of such a ship is always one of beauty, but in the mind of Mrs. Maysville the scene was associated with reflections of deep interest, which, though sad, seemed to possess the power of a charm over her spirit. Mr. Lester turned away to reply to the inquiry of his wife respecting Frank; Mrs. M. and Ellen still gazed at the noble spectacle.

"Where is Frank?" he repeated. "Why, it is Wednesday afternoon, and he is as busy as my neighbor Jones on discount day. Frank does a driving business, as we say down town. I dare say he is off before this time, and I shall be obliged to do the same;" and, bowing to the ladies, he left the room. It was seldom that Mr. Lester paid any more attention to Frank's movements than in the present instance, and his wife seldom less. The overwatchfulness of the one, expressed, as it usually was, in ways annoying to him, had an effect quite as unfavorable on his mind as the neglect of the other. Mrs. L. had now seated herself by the window, but the luxurious ease of her velvet cushions, and the delightful breeze which came in through the rich drapery, swaying the crimson tassels and snowy muslin, had no power to give quiet and peace within. For some time all were silent. Mrs. Lester was much vexed with Frank,

because he had disobeyed her, and out of humor with her companions because they sympathized so little in her feelings. Mrs. Maysville, lost in reverie, with her eyes upon the vessel, watched almost unconsciously its motions, and Ellen, with delicate politeness, remained at her side. At length the song of the sailors at the capstan came across the water. It was intended for a merry strain to cheer them to effort in drawing the heavy anchor from its strong hold.

The husband of Mrs. Maysville had been for some years commander of a ship engaged in the European trade, and she had herself often accompanied him abroad. He possessed the rare excellence of being equally respected by those whom he served and those whom he commanded. He was faithful in the execution of trust, and kind and judicious in the exercise of power. And still more, Captain Maysville had lived the life of a faithful Christian, and, when summoned away from earthly cares by sudden fever in a foreign port, he died the Christian's death, leaving his wife and son, afflicted, but sorrowing in hope. Trial and bereavement were not new to Mrs. M., and, with her views of God's providential government, she accounted it not a strange thing. Infancy in its loveliness, and youth in its promise, had been given to and taken from her. Thrice and again she had said, in respect to her children, "The Lord hath given, and he hath taken away," and, with overflowing heart, "blessed be his name." These and other trials had taught her sweet submission to his will, and firm confidence in his care and love. She was prostrate, but not crushed; bowed down, but not broken. "The harp of the human spirit never yields such sweet music as when its frame-work is most shattered, and its strings are most torn." And they who breathed the sweet savor of her humble piety, and saw its steady light, were often surprised, "that from a soul, around which had gathered deep and stern shadows, there should be ascending the rich notes of praise, and the stirring strains of hope."

Her son had already commenced a course of education in a German university, at the time of his father's death, and, to avoid separation, Mrs. Maysville decided on fixing her residence, temporarily at least, among strangers. But with a heart so full of kindly sympathies, and hands so ready to obey its promptings, Mrs. M. could not long be alone. The rich and happy loved her, for her ready appreciation of all that was pleasant and good; the poor and sorrowing blest her, for her compassion and pity. Thus happy in

herself, and a blessing to others, she had passed several years at the time when our story commences. Business, in relation to the settlement of some property, at this time called her to the land of her birth; and, leaving Edward in the pursuit of his studies with much success and promise, she came and accepted the urgent invitation of Mrs. Lester to reside with her during her stay at P——. Mrs. L. and Mrs. M. were remotely connected, and in early years were intimate friends, since which they had been widely separated. This youthful friendship had been pleasantly remembered, neither suspecting how differently their respective characters were forming, or being conscious, when they again met, how little there was in common between them, on which harmonious friendship could be based. Mrs. Lester had been a professor of the same religion as Mrs. Maysville, and had acknowledged its principles as the only rule of human action; but her time, energies, and influence, had been given to fashion and pleasure, and it was hard not to believe that "where the treasure is there the heart is also." And while the shadows of affliction had given soft loveliness to the character of the one, as twilight imparts beauty to natural scenery, so the service of the world had rendered the other haughty, narrow-minded, and selfish. Neither was long in observing the changes above described; and while politeness required Mrs. Lester to pay as much deference as possible to the feelings and opinions of her early friend and guest, Christian kindness, and an earnest desire to do good, led Mrs. Maysville to do all in her power to win Mrs. L.'s confidence, and gain her respect and affection.

Ellen and Frank were orphans. Ellen, the eldest, was but four years of age at her father's death, and, but a few months subsequent to that event, her other parent, a pious, judicious mother, was laid in the grave. Ellen was too young to appreciate her loss, but she felt it deeply, and even in after years memory tenderly cherished all it could retain of the scenes and events of her early home. Mrs. Lester had incidentally met with and learned the history of the orphans, while on an excursion of pleasure, and, being without children, she proposed to adopt them as her own. Her proposal was accepted, and the children soon conveyed to their new home.

Novelty and beauty are powerful charms to children, and everything in the splendid mansion of Mr. Lester was tasteful and elegant, and to Frank and Ellen entirely new. But to Ellen it seemed very

strange; and even little Frank, when he came bounding in at evening from his play, with flushed cheek and beaming eye, would become quiet, as Ellen stole to his side, and, for want of sympathy elsewhere, converse with him about their lost home. He would look seriously up into her tearful eyes, as, drawing him aside to a window recess, she would place her hand on his shoulder, and say, "Oh! don't you remember, Frank, how I used to go down with mother, and draw your little wagon by the river-side at night, and how we used to get the sweet lily-buds, and, after the grass was cut down and carried away from the meadows, the bright cardinal flowers and blue gentian? And don't you remember the great ash-tree out by the door, where it was so cool and shady in the summer mornings?" So often were these scenes presented to his mind's eye, that he soon began to reply, "Oh! yes, Ellen, I do remember;" unconscious that it was the picture her artless description had portrayed to him, rather than the reality, which he recalled. Sometimes she would speak of the prayers their mother had taught them, and of her dying request, that they would pray every day, and ask God to be their father, when they were orphans. "You must pray every day, Frank," she said, "and God will hear us, and when we die he will take us to heaven, where our dear father and mother are with him." "Is mother there with him now?" asked Frank. "Yes," Ellen replied. "Well, I will pray to Him, then," said the child, "and perhaps mother will hear it too, if she is there with God."

Mrs. Lester spared nothing in the training of Ellen and Frank. They were elegantly dressed, provided with expensive instruction, and everything was done which she deemed necessary for their wants in all respects. As years passed by, they made rapid improvement, and Mrs. Lester, priding herself much in their attainments, began to congratulate herself highly on her success. It was very agreeable to her to hear Mrs. A. remark, during a morning call, "Well, really, Mrs. Lester, you must love to do good, or you would not assume a charge so responsible. Why, it is more than I can do to bear patiently, at all times, with my own children, and you do all this for those not your own, and with no return!" "Not without her reward, however," Mrs. B. would add, and Mrs. Lester began to feel that she was doing a very meritorious act in the sight of Heaven, while one honest look into her own heart might have shown her, that, to please herself was the highest motive ever operative there, however much

her acts had been made the occasion of good to others. Ellen's early impressions gradually faded away, amid the influences by which she was surrounded. She learned to love her gay companions and their pleasure; she became ambitious to excel in her pursuits, proud of her accomplishments and personal charms. She had naturally too much feeling to love one so heartless as Mrs. Lester, and too much common sense to feel much respect for her; but she felt some sense of obligation for Mrs. L.'s favors, and too much pride of character to treat her otherwise than with becoming deference. Sincerity and truthfulness are rarely learned in the schools of fashion, and Ellen's moral training had been such, that she found no difficulty in being one thing, and seeming to be another. With Frank, the case was quite different. Ardent, impulsive and hasty, yet, yielding readily to persuasive kindness, firm authority, enforced in love, had easily subdued his will. But the means adopted by Mrs. Lester seemed themselves to thwart the end she sought to attain. As Frank became older, and his waywardness and passionate temper were more manifest, Mrs. L. urged upon him the obligation he was under to her, reminding him often of his dependence on her bounty, which she threatened to withdraw, should he persist in disobedience. His independent spirit and imperious will could not well brook a course like this. Mr. Lester, immersed in business, never interfered in the matter. It was Mrs. L.'s own plan, he said, adopting the children, and he left her to carry it out in her own way. But he often praised Frank's manly spirit, and was gratified with the proficiency he still made in everything he attempted to learn. Mrs. Maysville had been but a few days a guest of the family, when she perceived, with much pain, the existing state of things. There was much in Ellen to awaken in her mind a lively interest; and, with prayer for wisdom from above to guide her, she immediately set about the work of withdrawing Ellen's mind from the influence which surrounded her, and of leading her to the adoption of better principles, and the formation of better purposes. She had much natural loveliness of character, cultivation of mind, and grace of manner. "Oh!" thought Mrs. M., "could I see all this consecrated to the Redeemer's service,—could I see the beauty of holiness add its lustre to every other charm,—I should be abundantly rewarded for any effort." And when she remembered the prayers which had ascended in Ellen's behalf, even

around her cradle, and the faith with which a dying mother had given her up to a covenant-keeping God, she was hopeful of success.

But we must now return to Mrs. Lester's parlor. Frank was, as Mr. Lester had anticipated, off, and the evening drew near without his return. "I am exceedingly tried with Frank," said Mrs. L. "I gave him positive orders not to go out this afternoon. He has formed an intimate acquaintance with George and Henry Darling, and their father has a foolish notion that the only way to keep boys from mischief is to set them at work, and he allows them, when out of school, to go down to his store, and there busies them in various matters, such as would be suitable employment for a mere errand-boy, and then pays them a certain sum for their labor. I am astonished that a gentleman of Mr. D.'s standing should wish to train his boys in such a way; but Frank enjoys the fun, as he calls it, of stowing away boxes, and carrying bundles up and down stairs. One day, as I chanced to go out for a walk after dinner, passing the residence of Mr. M., in C—— St., to my utter amazement, I met master Frank just going up the steps with a bundle of shawls, for Mrs. M.'s inspection. Fearing the recognition of the servants, and mortified and vexed, I walked rapidly away." Mrs. Maysville could scarcely suppress a smile at the adventure which had so shocked her friend, but she inquired if Mr. D. was aware of Mrs. L.'s objection to the employment of the boys. "O, no, for, before allowing Frank to take any part in the matter, he mentioned it to Mr. Lester, and you must have observed that his ideas of propriety are little better than Mr. D.'s, and Mr. Lester told him he had not the least fear that Frank would ever injure himself by work; and when, at tea, he told me this, and I remonstrated with him on the subject, he replied, in Frank's presence, that he could see no reason why a boy's activity should not be spent on boxes and bundles as well as in exploits and capers at the gymnasium. It was with him quite an object to combine recreation and usefulness." "I am sorry to differ from you," said Mrs. M., gently, "but from what observation and experience have taught me, I think Mr. Lester's ideas are correct."

"I am sorry, too, that we cannot agree in our opinions," was the reply, "and I have often noticed that your views, in many respects, are singular; and I should esteem it as a favor, Mrs. Maysville, if you would give them to me more fully. I used to think that,

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclined;'

but I have met with so little success in the unwearied pains I have taken with Frank, that I begin to conclude there is more poetry than truth in it." "It seems to me the great thing is to bend the twig," said Mrs. M. "Some fruit-trees, which I once saw trained like a vine to the wall, seemed to me to afford a good illustration of some points in relation to education. The wall was many feet high, and the trees were planted on the south and east sides of it; each extending shoot was confined to the wall by strong ligatures, so that, when the trees were grown, they presented a flat surface on the front side, like the picture of the royal oak in the old primer, drawn without much attention to perspective. Between the leaves, which were not very abundant, the peaches and plums appeared in tempting richness, an earlier fruition being attained by this process, and a finer quality of fruit. But where was the symmetry of proportion, which nature designed as the perfection of a tree? Where the beauty of the waving branch, and its cool and pleasant shade? Yet the end sought was perfectly attained; 'just as the twig was bent the tree inclined.' Now, much of the training of children is as artificial as this method of the gardener, and as entirely contrary to nature, and, still more, its aims fall far short of the great end which must ever be kept in view, if we hope to see any true excellence of character. Its results can never be satisfactory on those who have not only physical powers to be developed by healthful influences, mental capacities to be enlarged by cultivation, but a moral nature also, diseased by sin, to be made whole, and its estranged affections fixed again on God. Polished manners, intellectual cultivation, and elegant attire, may give a superficial beauty, but, like that of the wall-trained tree, it lies wholly on the surface, and the short season of its triumph must soon pass away. But let us bring our children to Christ, that they may learn of him, who was meek and lowly, and seek, by prayer, for them that Spirit which alone can restore the lost image that sin has effaced from their souls; then will they possess a far more enduring beauty, to which all other charms may be added, and which will more resemble that of the cedar of Lebanon, standing erect on the mountain's brow, presenting the same proportions of grandeur and strength on every side. It is said that the ebony is a plant, having no leaves or flowers, but only roots, buried so far below the surface of the ground, that they are only found by careful search; hence, its induration and extreme blackness. Now a

character may be formed buried deep in worldliness, where the light of heavenly truth and the dews of religious influence can never reach it; it may possess many desirable elements, and even, like the ebony, be susceptible of high polish, but it will, also, like the ebony, be dark and hard. The great object should be to train the moral nature, to calm the passions, subdue the will, to cherish love and kindness in opposition to that selfishness so early exhibited by children; and, to do this, we must bring them under the influence of religion. The word of God must be our guide, rather than the maxims and customs of society, and the converting and sanctifying power of His Spirit alone must be relied on to make them truly good. Pardon me if I speak plainly, my dear Mrs. Lester, for my motive's sake,—which is anything but a wish to injure your feelings,—and allow me to apply what I have said to this instance of Frank's disobedience. Suppose you had taught him to feel that in disobeying you, who hold the relation of parent to him, he was displeasing the Saviour, and breaking the command of God; would he not feel the pressure of motives far more powerful than any which now bear upon him, inclining him to do right?" Mrs. L. made no reply to this kind and earnest appeal. But the serious expression of her face, and her gentleness of manner, led Mrs. M. to hope that some conviction of its truth had fastened on her mind.

A few weeks before the time when our story commences, Frank had been told by Charles Sands, one of his companions, of an excursion he had taken with his father down the bay; and, as he listened with delight to the relation of Charles' adventure, a strong desire was enkindled to participate in the same pleasure. Mr. Sands, the pilot, readily consented to take Frank down with him at some convenient time, if Mr. Lester's permission could be obtained. Frank knew it would be of no use to mention the matter to Mrs. L., for she disliked his intimacy with Charles, as much as that with the Darlings. and for similar reasons; he therefore said very incidently to Mr. Lester one day, as they walked up from Mr. L.'s counting-room together, "I should like very much to go with Mr. Sands, at some time when he is going down the harbor, and return in his pilot-boat, if you have no objection. He takes Charles sometimes when the captain is willing." "O, no!" said Mr. L., who listened only with the outward ear, his mind being wholly occupied with business schemes, "but don't let any of those big ships take you off to India, Frank."

This was enough, and, highly gratified with his success, Frank awaited an opportunity to carry his darling plan into execution. On the morning of the day on which the Sarah Jane was to sail, Charles informed Frank that his father was to take her out to sea, and would take them both, with Capt. K.'s permission, which had been given. After dinner, getting excused from dessert, he left the room as quickly as possible, walked quietly away, and, repairing to the wharf, was just in time to spring into a small boat, about to pull off, and the oarsmen, with rapid stroke, soon brought them alongside the Sarah Jane. "Now," said Frank, springing on the deck, "I am free for a time, at least;" and while enjoying the novelty of the scene, and watching the various manœuvres in getting under weigh, he little suspected that the circle in Mrs. Lester's drawing-room were watching, as intently as himself, the movements of the same ship.

On her first tack she made pretty good head-way, and Frank and Charles observed, with much pleasure, the receding shore, making many calculations how long it would take them to reach "Smith's Point," "Clark's Light," and other way-marks on their ocean-path. But the breeze gradually died away, and the ship seemed at length to stand still; or, so imperceptible was her motion, that it was only by marking their relative position, from time to time, to objects on the shore, which Charles taught him to do, that Frank could be made to believe she moved at all. "Well, my lads, how do you like going to sea?" said Capt. K., passing Charles and Frank.

"I should like it much better, sir, with a good wind," said Frank. "Be patient," said Capt. K.; "you will hear more from the wind before you get home, quite as much as you will wish, perhaps." The air, notwithstanding the breeze, had been sultry during the day, and the sky hazy. And now the whole west became of a deep dun color; and, as the sun drew near the horizon, the outline of dark clouds might be traced, which spread with threatening aspect over the city they had left.

"I think you will spend the night with us, Mr. Sands," said Capt. K., coming up to the pilot, who stood looking thoughtfully across the darkening waters.

"I don't know, sir," was the reply; "if I can get you over the bar before it comes too strong, I can make a quick run into the cove on the other side, and lie snug enough till morning."

"There it comes," said the captain, looking above his head, as a slight flaw struck the sails. It passed shiveringly over them, and all was again calm as before. It was soon repeated, however, and each succeeding gust pressed the sails with more strength, now and then accompanied by big drops of rain, falling on the deck. Distant thunder was also heard from the dark western clouds. Charles and Frank had for some time sat watching the sky, and as twilight deepened into evening, they grew rather silent; Charles occasionally pointing out to his companion some one of the many lights which gleamed with unusual brightness through the misty atmosphere. Frank's mind, for the first time, began to turn homeward. We can never be entirely happy when doing wrong; but Frank was taught this, by many a lesson of bitter experience, before he could fully believe in its truth. He endeavored, as far as possible, to stifle the voice within, which spake reproof and warning. "She is not my mother," he would say to himself, "nor did I ever wish her to take my mother's place. I would a hundred times rather be still with my aunt, where Ellen says we were when Mrs. L. took us."

"But she has taken your mother's place," conscience would reply, "and done much more for you, for which you should be grateful: and though the restraints she imposes may sometimes be unreasonable, it gives you no right to disobey." These and many similar thoughts passed through his mind, as he sat watching the white surge in the wake of the ship, and the thunder rolled, and the lightning became more vivid. They at length reached the point outside, where Mr. Sands had designed to leave the ship, and, supposing they might without difficulty run into the cove, they took their boat amid rain and darkness, and were soon in a place of safety. After having made all snug for the night, Mr. Sands went below, into what could hardly be called a cabin, with the boys, who were glad of any place of shelter from the storm, which was now terrible in its violence.

"These are not exactly such quarters as you are accustomed to, master Frank," said Mr. Sands, "but there's many a sailor and landsman too, who would be glad of as good a berth as that, to-night," as he pointed to a little shelf, between which and the deck, it seemed to Frank, it would be no easy matter to "stow himself away," as Mr. Sands expressed it. The exciting scenes through which they had passed, and the raging of the storm, absorbed their attention so

fully, that the refreshment provided by Mr. Sands, was but slightly partaken.

"And now," said he, "before we sleep, we will kneel down and commend ourselves to Him, who can protect us here in this lonely place of shelter, the same as if we were in our beds at home; and I hope you both love to pray," he added, looking kindly at Frank. "You will meet with a good many storms and dangers of every kind in making the voyage of life, but you will always have some place of shelter, when the thunder rolls, and lightnings flash around you, and an anchor that will keep all fast in the hardest gale." Calmly, then, amid the wild strife of the elements, he lifted his voice in prayer to Him who once slept upon the angry waters of tempest-tost Galilee, and, at the request of his fearful disciples, "rebuked the sea, and it was calm."

Weariness brought welcome slumber, even in their strange resting-place, and before the watches of the night were numbered, the sky was again clear, and the stars only grew dim when the breaking dawn lighted the earth and heavens with the glorious sun. It was beautiful, from that quiet bay, to see the sun rise from the ocean far away in the east, where wave and cloud seemed to unite. A faint gray light was first perceptible, which gradually increased, extending along the horizon from north to south, skirted above by dark, low clouds, which became less and less dark, until they lay like golden fleeces on the glittering sea.

"And then, in that moment of glory and song,
To see, while the hill-tops were waiting the sun,
The glittering host, which kept watch all night long
O'er love and o'er slumber, go out one by one;
Till the circle of ether, deep, rosy and vast,
Scarce glimmered with one of the train that was there;
And their leader, the day star, the brightest and last,
Twinkle faintly, and fade in that desert of air."

And was there not moral beauty in that scene, when, at the early dawn, while his companions were still sleeping, the pilot again knelt on the deck of his boat, and poured out his heart in thankfulness and praise to the "God of the morning?" There was delightful meaning to him in the expression, "God of the morning," which the indolent and bed-loving could not understand. The fresh, cool air lifted the gray locks from his brow, where the tracery of time and care was

visible, but there was an expression of peace deep-seated there, such as they only know whose feet are placed upon the "Rock of Ages."

When, at evening, Mr. Lester learned Frank's protracted absence, he made inquiries respecting him, and found that he had been seen on board the Sarah Jane at the time of her sailing, and also that Mr. Sands was to take her out to sea; this reminded him of the permission he had almost unconsciously given, and he readily conjectured the facts in the case. This he immediately communicated to the anxious circle at home. The real solicitude which Mrs. Lester felt during the night for Frank's safety, and the feelings which Mrs. M.'s conversation with her had awakened, prepared her to receive him with less displeasure, on his return in the morning, than she would otherwise have done. Still there was no cordial reconciliation between them, nor was her course of management essentially changed. Ellen's influence over Frank had always been of rather a conservative nature; and now that her own sense of right and wrong was becoming more clear through Mrs. Maysville's instructions, and she had begun in some measure to realize her accountability to God for the thoughts, words and deeds of every day, she sought in every way to induce him to be obedient and good. But, while Frank loved Ellen, he did not love his home, and, to boys especially, nothing can compensate the loss of a happy home. There are many temptations abroad; they can always find pleasure somewhere, and they will find it elsewhere if they fail at home. Let them return at night to find the parlor dimly lighted, the coal-fire almost out, the mother just come in, and, to silence the reproofs of her own conscience for neglect of duty, scolding the servants for inattention to theirs; the little ones in the nursery crying for their supper, and every one thoroughly "out of sorts;" they will, if possible, escape from the scene of confusion, nor be very scrupulous as to where they go, or with whom they associate. Frank never came home to find disorder or confusion; but he found unreasonable restraint, quite as irksome to him, and an entire want of sympathy, on the part of Mrs. L., in his boyish pleasures; and her will was emphatically the law of the house. Frank's delinquencies were a source of much trial to Ellen, and she thus learned many a lesson of patience and forbearance, which were afterward invaluable to her. And now a new trial awaited her, in the departure of Mrs. Maysville for Europe. The fountain of affec-

tion, which had been sealed in Ellen's heart since her mother's death, had poured forth its warm current in return for the deep Christian interest Mrs. M. had felt for her; and now whither should its rapid waters flow?

"What shall I do when you are gone?" she asked, as they were sitting together, in Mrs. M.'s room, a week before her departure.

"Do what I want you to do now, my dear child," said Mrs. M., putting her arm tenderly around her; "give yourself to the precious Saviour, who loves you far more than I do, and will be to you father, mother and friend. Oh, Ellen, you would find it so sweet to hold daily communion with him, casting on him all your cares, and receiving strength for all your trials!"

"I should be, indeed, happy then," said Ellen, "and I sometimes feel as if I would give worlds to know, by experience, the joys of a Christian; but I seem to fail in all my efforts, and I am almost discouraged from trying. I resolve not to get angry, and, while I am watching against this sin, I find I have been vain and foolish; then I strive against vanity, and fall into selfishness. Indeed, Mrs. Maysville, instead of being better, I find only more and more in my heart that is wrong."

"How I wish, Ellen, you were willing to come to Christ just as you are, without waiting to become better!"

"But I cannot come to him with pride, and selfishness, and anger in my heart."

"Oh, no! but cast these all down before the cross, with everything else, and say to the Saviour, 'It is all that I can do,' and he will give you humility for pride, gentleness for anger, and love to others for selfishness. I fear, Ellen, you do not understand what it is to be a Christian."

"If I could come just as I am, I think I can give up everything," said Ellen, solemnly, and with much feeling. She held in her hand some beautifully-colored seeds, which Mrs. M. had brought from the banks of the Rhine.

"Look at these seeds, Ellen," said Mrs. M. "Now, suppose you wish to obtain the plant of which I have told you, you will bury the seed, and give it entirely up, beautiful as it is, to decay in the ground; you might moisten it with dew and warm it in the sun—all would be in vain, the plant would never be produced, until the seed decay. But bury it in the dust, and, at nature's bidding, the germ

starts forth, a new principle awakens, and a new form of life and beauty will be the result. Now, in accepting Christ as our Saviour, and in taking his righteousness as the ground of our salvation, all our own merits, all that we can do, in any and every way, to make ourselves better, must be given up like the buried seed, and we must come depending on him alone, and a new life will be given to the powers of the soul, producing the fruits of love and holiness."

Ellen listened with deep emotion, and then bowing down before God, where they had often before knelt, their supplications were poured forth to the listening ear of mercy. And, from that time, Ellen felt that she could say,

> "Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave, and follow Thee."

We do not mean to say that pride, selfishness, and many other sinful feelings, never again came into her heart, for they did return often, and in various forms; but there was this difference: before they were strengthened, cherished and loved, now they were mourned over, striven against, and hated.

But while Ellen was becoming better prepared for life and its duties, Frank became more dissatisfied and impatient, until, not long after Mrs. Maysville's departure, he declared to Ellen his fixed determination to leave Mrs. Lester in some way. Ellen, after every attempt had failed to induce him to a different course, with much difficulty obtained Mrs. L.'s consent for him to go to New York, and, through Mr. Lester's influence, a favorable situation as a clerk was procured for him. Ellen parted with Frank with many tears, and everything which the tenderest affection of a sister could suggest was done to guard him from temptation, and encourage him in the path of virtue and propriety. Scarcely had the excitement attendant on this event passed away, when Mrs. L. was seized with sudden and dangerous illness. And now the new principles Ellen had adopted were put to a still stronger test. The irritability of Mrs. L.'s natural temperament, added to the restlessness of disease, made it no easy task to watch beside her bed and to minister to her wants. And with that caprice which often actuates the sick, she insisted on Ellen becoming her constant attendant, while, with inconsistency arising from the same cause, she constantly found fault with her services. With the utmost patience and gentleness, Ellen watched day after

day, and often by night, in that darkened room. "Had I been called to this a few months since," she would say to herself, "how differently I had borne it; but God has, in his mercy, prepared me for what he had prepared for me, — blessed be his name!"

The fluctuations of Mrs. Lester's malady brought no hopes for the better, and its fatal termination at length drew near. Ellen had improved every moment of consciousness and freedom from pain, to lead her mind to the future, and often, after smoothing her pillow, and bathing her throbbing head, she would take her little Bible, the gift of Mrs. Maysville, from her pocket, and read some well-selected portion of its contents. Mrs. Lester did not oppose these efforts, but while she listened to the truth, its effect seemed slight and soon effaced. A short time before her death, starting up suddenly from her almost constant lethargy, she glanced her eye rapidly around, and, perceiving no one but Ellen beside her, she said, "Ellen, I have spent months and years in trying to prepare you to live, but if you will spend one hour in earnestly preparing to die, it will be worth more to you than all."

Before Ellen found words to reply, she sunk again into her usual unconsciousness, from which, in this world, she awoke no more. How like a mockery of woe seemed now the elegance and splendor of that lonely dwelling to Mr. Lester and Ellen! Nor had the tide of adversity yet reached its full. Mercantile affairs had for some time taken an unfavorable turn, and Mr. Lester had become involved in the falling fortunes of others, until he could no longer keep his own footing, and failure for a large amount added its crushing weight to his already heavy burden of affliction. Ellen's fortitude and ready sympathy were now a source of much comfort to him, and many beheld with admiration the cheerfulness with which she parted with everything, except such as were necessary to their decent and comfortable establishment in a boarding-house, where they had taken rooms. A few months after, the following extract from a letter to Mrs. M. will unfold her plans and purposes:

"Knowing, as you do, the strong wish I have for some time felt to be more actively engaged in the cause of Christ, and at the same time to feel that I am not a burden to my kind friend, Mr. L., you will rejoice with me that a way seems opened. Rev. Mr. S., who has labored some years at the west, is, with his wife, just returning; and they are very desirous that I should accompany them to their home and take charge of an interesting and important school, for which Mr. S. has been seeking a teacher."

Ellen had one other motive in seeking a western home, which was her solicitude respecting Frank. He had soon become inattentive to his duties in New York, and the last she had heard of him was of his temporary employment in a western city. We must now pass over several years of successful, though often self-denying, efforts, in her sphere of usefulness, during which her character was maturing in excellence and loveliness; and, at the end of that time, extract the following, from another letter to Mrs. Maysville: —

"I cannot tell you, my dear friend, the mingled emotions I felt on receiving your letter. To learn of your safe arrival in your native land, and that you were really established at home, so near me as New York, gave me pleasure I cannot express. And now, what shall I say to your kind invitation to come and spend the summer with you? Mr. and Mrs. S. said at once that I must go. My school duties are for a time, suspended, by the re-building of our house, which was entirely too small for our present accommodations. My health has given way a little to the pressure of care during the past season, and my friends here feel that future labor will be secured by rest for the present. I joyfully decide, therefore, after much hesitation as to what I ought to do, that duty, as well as inclination, will permit me to come. I cannot close without adding, that my dear brother is with me here at B——ville, and is, I trust, forming steady habits, and a good character."

How pleasant are the joys of Christian friendship, and how sweet the communion of those who love "to sit together in heavenly places in Christ!" Ellen found in Mrs. M. the same warm-hearted friend, and wise counsellor, which she had been in former years; in Mr. M., her son, a gentleman, whose piety, talents and accomplishments gave promise of high usefulness in his profession, that of the Gospel ministry. Mrs. Maysville and Edward had much to communicate of life and scenes abroad, which was new to Ellen, and she, in turn, would tell of her western home, and, by her truthful description of the state of society there, plead the claims of that distant field to the sympathies and efforts of Christians.

The time of her visit passed rapidly away, and Ellen awoke as from a dream to preparation for departure. Desirous as she was to resume again her duties, and joyous as was the welcome she knew awaited her from her affectionate pupils and friends, sadness, she could not dispel, gathered heavily upon her spirit. At the close of a September day, which had been unusually chilly for the season, dark clouds passed rapidly over the sky, and the blast swept through the streets and revelled among the rustling leaves.

"Ellen," said Mrs. M., "I am sorry to leave you alone this

evening, but I have promised to sit with Mrs. L., who is very low, to-night, and, as the best thing to cheer you, I have ordered a wood fire in the library; it will not seem so cold and lonely as this large, unsocial room; and now go, my dear, and see if you can't get ruddy by its warmth, for you are pale to-day; I fear you are getting home-sick." Ellen repaired to the library, scarcely sorry, in her present state of mind, that she must necessarily spend the evening alone. As she sat musingly watching the fitful shadows of the firelight, the past came up in review before her, and, retracing life's pathway, she went back to childhood's years. Again she stood by that mother, for whose love she had never ceased to yearn through all her orphan pilgrimage; again she wet her hands pulling the long lily stems, and gathered bright cardinal flowers and fringed gentian from the river's bank. "O, my mother, would that I could lay my head on thy bosom, as in those days of careless childhood!" was her mental exclamation, with fast-flowing tears. If repose and trust in maternal affection is ever priceless to a daughter's heart, it is when love's first distant whisper touches the electric chain of thought and feeling, and half joyous, half afraid, new and contending emotions struggle for mastery there. Tears brought their accustomed relief, and, as Ellen became calm, she sought to commit her way more entirely to her heavenly Parent, and to repose with more confidence in his care and love. While thus engaged, her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Maysville, whose return had not been anticipated until a late hour.

"Well, this is really pleasant," said he; "the air without has a wintry chill to-night. I think, Miss Lester, you have been planning an agreeable surprise for my mother."

"Oh, no! it was her kind arrangement to cheer me, during her absence," said Ellen, a little embarrassed.

"Well, it matters little by whom the plan was designed, it is a good one, and these glowing embers speak well for its execution. I trust you will permit me to share its comforts." Ellen quietly assented. Mr. M. perceived her constraint, and, with delicate tact, gave the conversation a general turn, that she might regain her composure, which his abrupt entrance had disturbed.

"I have often thought it a question worthy the attention of the curious and philosophizing," said he, "what effect the change from the bright wood-fires, which fifty years ago warmed almost every

hearthstone in New England, to the dusty, gaseous coal, and dark stove heat, which is now almost universal, has had upon the social character of the many, who, during the time, have gathered in its home-circles. A coal-fire may, indeed, impart warmth to the animal system, and keep the 'northmen' at bay, but it is decidedly dull and prosy, in its best forms; while this bright, blazing wood,—why, it is the very poetry of comfort!" Ellen smiled at his enthusiasm, and was about to tell him of the huge log-fires she had sometimes seen at the west, which, like the sun, were a source of both light and heat, but for some reason the words died away upon her lips, and she was silent.

"I have, of late, been thinking much of the future," said Mr. M. at length, seating himself beside her; "I have received several communications, inviting me to enter some portion of the great field, and I must not longer delay. And I have, for some time, wished to tell you how intimately you are associated with all my plans."

Ellen bowed her head, and spoke not, but she listened, while, in low tones, he told her his love, his hopes, and mingled fears, lest he might not win the prize he sought. "As to the question where I shall go," he said, "I have made it a subject of prayerful consideration; and now, dear Ellen, if you will permit me to return with you to your far-off home, we will seek some part of the vineyard of the Lord, and together spend and be spent in his service."

"And your mother?" murmured Ellen, "to whose influence, with God's blessing, I am indebted for all that I am, worthy the interest of any one —"

"Will be yours, and go with us cheerfully wherever we may go," was the reply. Ellen's cheek was not pale when Mrs. M. returned, and her eye, if a little tearful, was as bright as an April sun, when the rain is passing by. We will only add that the joy which then filled her heart was but as the first-fruits gathered from affection's tree. Set in a soil of purity and truth, its roots struck deep, and its branch never became dry. When summer flowers and autumn hues had faded, its leaves grew greener amid winter's age, and its lengthening shadows were also broad and full. Neither looking for perfection in the other, but each seeking its attainment in themselves, in respect to all the duties of their mutual relation, love became to them a disciplinary process, a purifying principle, as well as a pure enjoyment, and, from its nature, could not die.

"They sin who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Voice of the Dying Year! I hear thy moan,
Like some spent breaker of the distant sea,
Chafing the fretted rock. Is this the end
Of thy fresh, morning music, gushing out,
In promises of hope? Have the bright flush
Of Spring's young beauty, crowned with budding flowers,
The passion-vow of summer, and the pledge
Of faithful, fruitful Autumn, come to this?
I see thy youngling moon go down the west,
The midnight clock gives warning, and its stroke
Must be thy death-knell. Is that quivering gasp
The last sad utterance of thine agony?
I see thy clay-cold fingers strive to clasp
Some prop,—in vain!
And so, thou art no more,
No more! Thy rest is with oblivious years
Beyond the flood. Yet when the trump shall sound,
Blown by the strong archangel, thou shalt wake
From the dim sleep of ages. When the tombs
That lock their slumbering tenants cleave in twain,
Thou shalt come forth. Yea, thou shalt rise again,
And I shall look upon thee, when the dead
Stand before God. But come not murmuring forth,
Unwillingly, like Samuel's summoned ghost,
To daunt me at the judgment. No! be kind,
Be pitiful, bear witness tenderly;
And if thou hast a dread account for me,
Go, dip thy dark scroll in redeeming blood.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

BY MRS. S. P. ELDRIDGE.

"*I 'll tell mother*," said a sobbing little one, as a rude boy jostled her off the sidewalk. "*I 'll tell my mother.*" What a world of consolation was implied in that short sentence! The blow itself was trifling, but the *feelings* were hurt, — the little affectionate spirit was wounded. But there was a balm at home. It mattered not how many cares and anxieties pressed upon the mother; her child knew the fount of sympathy was never dry. The ready ear, the pitying tone, the smile of welcome never failed. What an angel's mission is a mother's! Every word, look and gesture *tell* for eternity. To balance nicely the scales of justice, to mete out fitting reward or punishment for each little expectant, to encourage the drooping and timid, check the bold and presuming, to suppress the hasty word which the overtasked spirit sends to the lip at some daring outbreak of disobedience; to rule one's own spirit, and wear an unruffled brow in the midst of life's conflict, — "who is sufficient for these things?" *Not the prayerless mother.* Not she, who, allured by dress, fashion, and vanity, leaves her precious charge to the care of servants, from whom the frightful nursery-tale or indelicate allusion is often heard, leaving a stain on the pure young mind which after years may never efface. Not she, who secures obedience by bribes, or breaks a promise to trusting childhood; nor yet she, who, arraying her favorite Joseph in his "coat of many colors," sows the seeds of discord and envy among brethren; not she, who preaches one thing with *the lip*, and another with *the life;* more than all, *not the prayerless mother!*

"*My strength is sufficient for thee.*" Amid all these responsibilities, from which an angel might, trembling, shrink, *lean thou on this staff of promise*, which shall never prove to thee a broken reed. Thou hast thy hours of sadness and discouragement. Day after day, thou walkest the same path, performing the same duties, in the midst of thy restless unquiet ones. "Tares" begin to multiply; the good seed delays its springing; faith and hope falter. There is a laurel for the hero; there is praise for the conqueror; there are ringing plaudits for great and noble deeds; but who marks

the declining strength and the flagging step of the patient, overburdened, overtasked mother? Cheer thee! an approving *eye resteth* on thee; a recording pen hath noted that silent victory over thine own spirit, that temptation to forsake thy duties or perform them lightly. These, thy jewels, though slow in the process of setting, shall yet sparkle in thy crown. Then, how light thy trials here! Then, what joy to say, "Behold, I and the children whom thou hast given me!" It may be, the Great Reaper hath already cut down thy fairest flowers, — the children of thy love, who had just begun, with their smiles, and loving words, and grateful care, to repay thee for thy wakeful nights and toilsome days, and they are hidden from thy sight. Still, cheer thee, in thy desolate home. If thou hast submissively laid thy hand upon thy mouth, if, smiling through thy tears, thou hast yielded unmurmuringly to the Giver what was only loaned thee, then know that what thou hast "sown in tears, thou shalt reap in joy." "Jesus wept." He knoweth what it cost thee, and great shall be thy reward in heaven.

THE TOILET.

BY MISS ELIZA PAINE.

LET the Bible be thy looking-glass; the meekness and humility of Jesus thy attire; the wisdom of the Lord the crown of thy head, and the light of his countenance the joy of thine own; a word fitly spoken the health of thy lips; the righteousness of faith thy robe; the salvation of the Gospel thy shield of defence; truth thy beautiful girdle; the precepts of the Lord the sandals of thy feet.

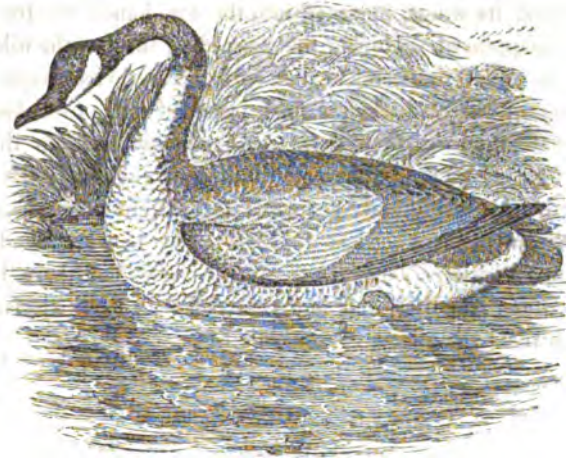
Now let the graces of the Spirit be thine ornaments; love and peace the gems to sparkle amid thy hair; long-suffering and gentleness, goodness and temperance, the chain about thy neck; the pearl of great price, the diadem upon thy breast; the Saviour's last command the bracelet on thine arm; and charity, which is the bond of perfectness, its clasp.

Yet stay. Snatch up that golden key, and wear it closely pressed unto thine heart. It is prayer, the key to unlock the day, the key to lock out the night.

Now art thou clad in thy beautiful garments. Go forth, and, verily, thou shalt have praise in the gates of the King's Heavenly Palace.

WILD GEESE

EDITORIAL.



Birds of this description are universally known throughout the extended regions of the American Continent. They migrate to the north in the spring, and probably spend the summer in the Arctic zone, amid the splendors of perpetual day, where food is abundant, and the fell destroyer man comes not to molest. Here they rear their young, and then return to milder regions to spend the winter.

During their migrations multitudes are slain. The English at Hudson's Bay are said to kill three or four thousand a year, and barrel them up for use. One Indian will sometimes kill two hundred in a day.

Wild geese have frequently been domesticated, and then they readily pair with tame ones. In Europe they mate familiarly with the swan.

They are peculiarly sensible to the changes of the atmosphere. At the approach of spring, those that are confined exhibit great uneasiness, and sometimes, breaking from the enclosure, they travel many miles on foot in a northerly direction.

A farmer on Long Island, having wounded a wild goose in the wing, put him into his yard with a tame flock. The wing healed,

and the goose soon became apparently domesticated. The following spring, when the wild geese migrated to the north, a flock passed over the farmer's barn-yard, and just at that moment the leader sounded his bugle-note, while the goose, in whose bosom had not been quite extinguished the love of liberty, remembering the well-known sound, spread its wings, mounted into the air, joined the travellers, and soon disappeared. During the succeeding autumn the wild geese returned, in great numbers, to the south. The farmer happened to be standing in his yard when a flock passed directly over his barn. At that instant he saw three geese detach themselves from the rest, and, having wheeled around several times, they alighted in the middle of his yard. He was greatly surprised and delighted to recognize in one of the three, his long-lost fugitive. She had wandered many hundred miles perhaps beyond the Arctic circle, had there hatched and reared her offspring, and now returned with her little family to share with them the sweets of domestic life.

THE SWAN.

EDITORIAL.

THERE is no more beautiful object in all nature than this bird, when smoothly gliding over the water. The color of the tame swan is perfectly white. Its weight is twenty pounds. It will swim faster than a man can walk, while every transition is most easy and graceful. The swan is as delicate in its appetite as it is elegant in its form. It is a very long-lived bird, sometimes attaining the age of more than a hundred years.

It generally builds its nest on some islet in the stream. The engraving represents one darting furiously at a fox, who was swimming toward her nest, whom she is said to have attacked and drowned. It is quite dangerous approaching them when surrounded by a flock of little ones. They have been known to throw down large boys and trample upon them. An old swan will sometimes break the leg of a man by a single stroke of its wing.

THE pride of man is what he knows
Keeps lessening as his knowledge grows.

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